

Gc
929.2
M296801m
1921401

M. L.

REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01328 7922



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019

<https://archive.org/details/somemallorysbell00mall>

- Some -
Mallorys and Bells

Compiled by J. R. Mallory

Published by Greenville Printing Company
Greenville, Texas

Cartoons by B. P. Denney

Photo-Engravings by Herman McCain

Copyright Applied for, A. D. 1950

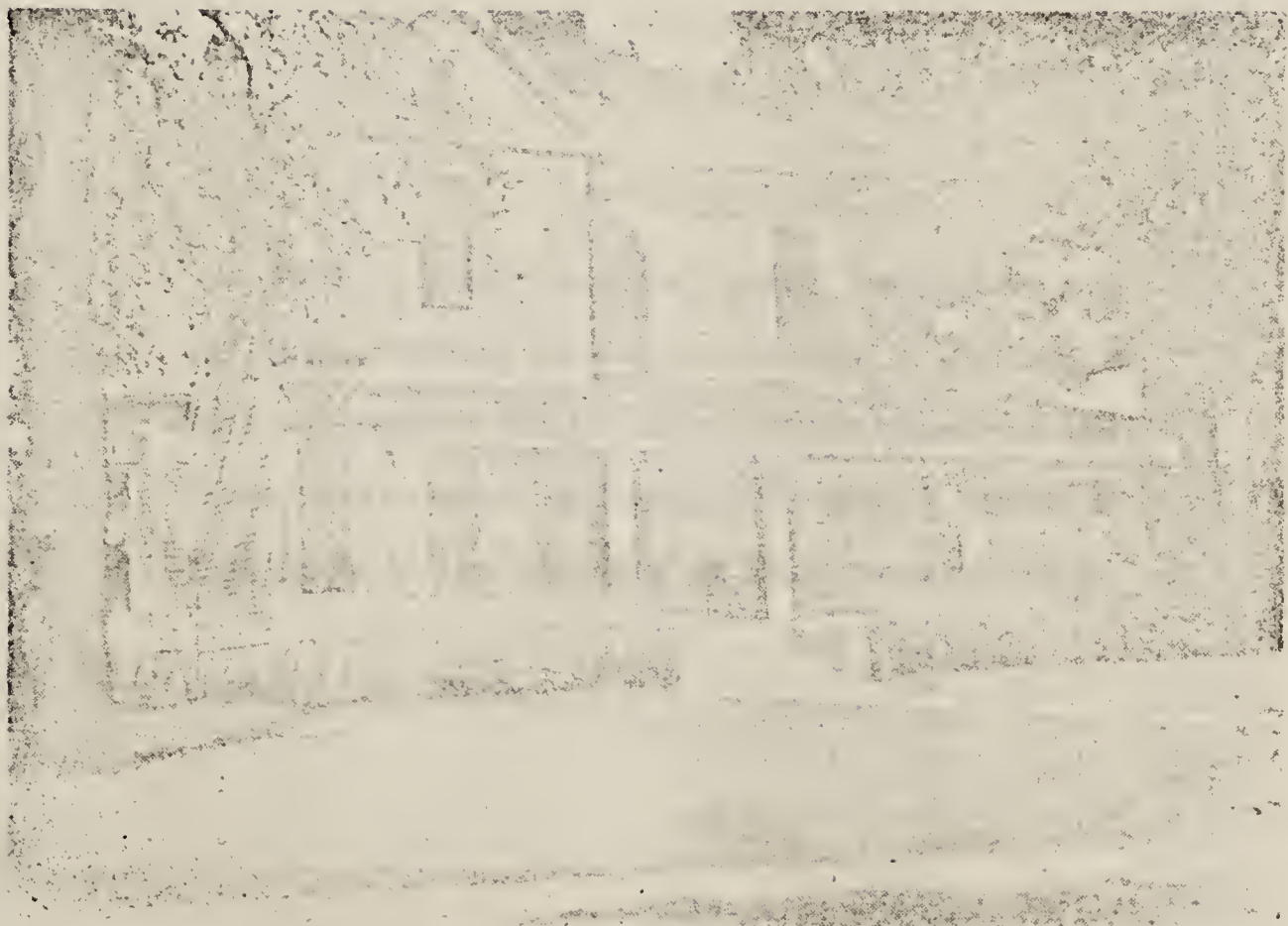


Arms: Mallory of Studley: Or, a Lion rampant, gules, tail forked, collar ar. Impaling, Zouch: gu. fifteen bezants, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, a canton erm, crest; a nag's head, couped gu.

THOMAS MALLORY, Dean of Chester: Or a Lion rampant, gules, in dexter chief a crescent second, for the difference. (From "A Cheshire Ordinary of Arms", 1629. Cheshire Sheaf, Volume 2).

See "Lords of Studley in Yorkshire", by John Richard Walbran, Ripon 1841, reprinted Val. LXVII, Surtees Society Publications, 1878.

1921401



HOME (1930)

11-5-76 R

R927.3
M255m

With a heart full of pride and gratitude
for their having been my parents, and with a
full realization that I have never deserved the
honor that comes of being their son, I dedicate
this book to the memory of Mamma and Papa.

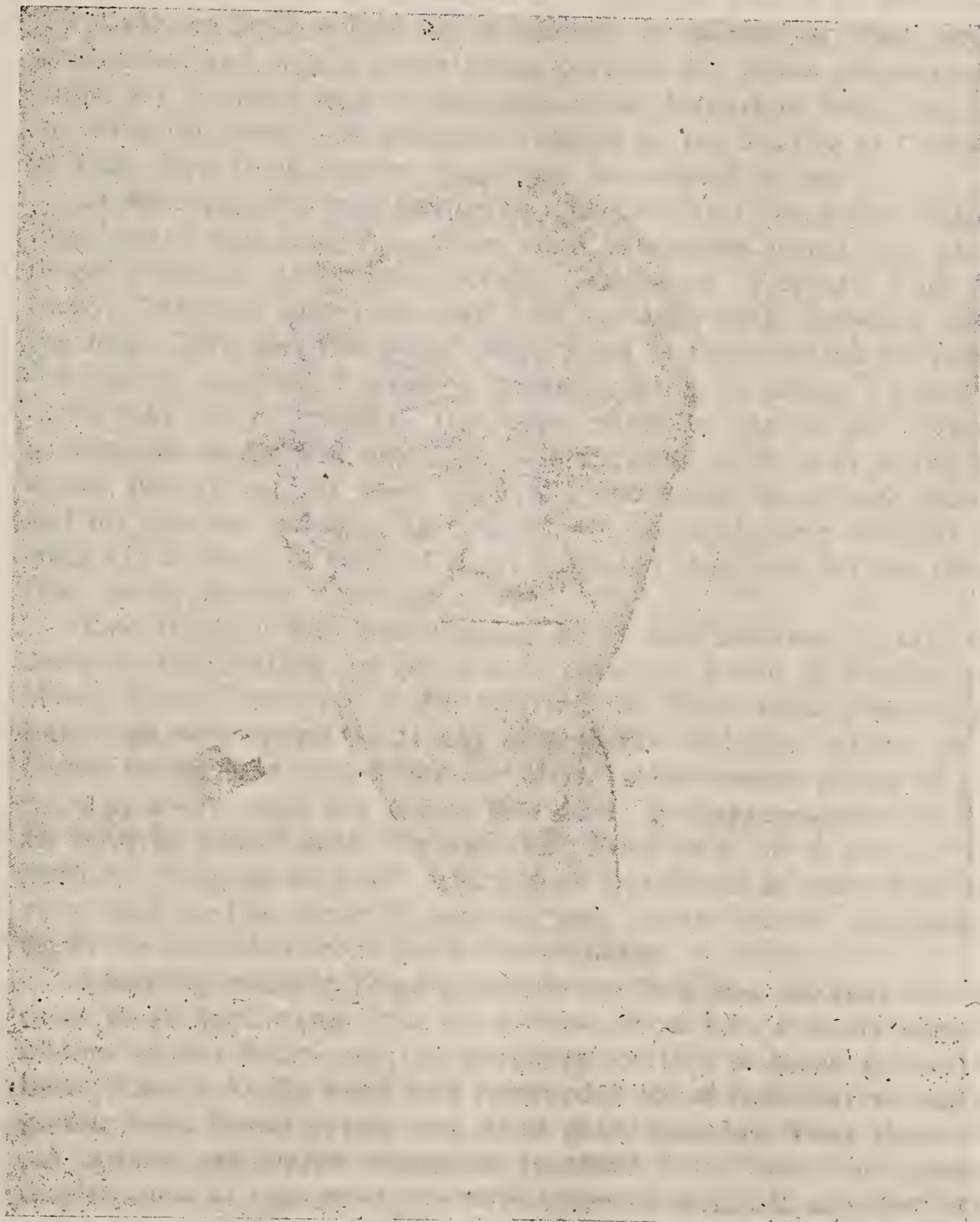
—Bob Mallory.

January 21, 1950.

70018327 1-1



FRANK DRAKE MALLORY
Our Father
May 30, 1861—March 24, 1943



SALLIE BELL MALLORY
Our Mother

March 26, 1866—April 4, 1949

PREFACE

A national poll taken some time ago indicated that the desire to "write a book" surpassed all other aspirations of the adult population of the country. It has never been my aim nor my ambition to write a book, but in 1929 while living in Tulsa, Okla., the idea came to me that a record of the dates of important events in the lives of the Mallorys-Bells might be of interest to some of the present generation and might serve some purpose for other generations to come. My purpose was to assemble some dates and data, put it all in pamphlet form and distribute copies to the family at Christmas of 1929. How little I knew about the job ahead of me.

A stenographer was employed who listed all the Bells, Mallorys, Burghers, Scotts and Van Weys from telephone directories of the larger cities of Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia and Kentucky. Mamma and Papa had told me that their forbears had in the late 1700's and the early 1800's lived in these states. To each of the names selected, I wrote a personal letter in which I broke the news that the recipient of the letter might be kin to me. Although a stamped, addressed envelope was inclosed with each letter, only about twenty replies were received, and these were calculated to kill my yen for scraping up cousins, etc. None of them thought they were kin to me and each of them indicated they had all the cousins they could handle—and no funds.

One friendly and encouraging letter was received. It was from John Milton Mallory of Savannah, Georgia, a son of Papa's Uncle Wiley Brooks Mallory. J. M. had written Papa some years before, but Papa was about as fluent and prolific a letter writer as his father before him, who wrote one letter to his mother in the 17 years he was away from her before she died. I corresponded with J. M. for several years while he was compiling data for a book, "John Mallory, Virginia Soldier", which was published in 1939. This book goes back to the eleventh century and is as nearly complete as could be compiled from the data available.

I ran up many a blind alley on the Bell and Burgher ancestry until Wess Reed came into the picture. Wess had a fairly complete history of the Bells and the Burghers for two or three generations back. Cousin Dodie Reed had recorded a lot of information she had gotten from Uncle Young and Aunt Mary Burgher. Then there were old letters, newspaper clippings, recorded interviews, and personal recollections of conversations with Grandpa Bell, all of which round out a fair but incomplete history of that branch of our family.

Since that day in 1780 when our Maternal Great-Great-Grandfather General Charles Scott signed and personally delivered an honorable discharge from the Revolutionary Army to our Paternal Great-Great-Grandfather Corporal John Mallory at Fredericksburg, Virginia, the Mallorys and the Bells have so intermarried and interwoven that the thing becomes terribly complicated at times. For instance, Claiborne Chisum and Epps Gibbons, prominent early settlers of Lamar County were cousins of our Grandmother Mallory

and of our Grandfather William Bell. Then our Uncle Young Burgher married our Aunt Mary Bell, and as if this were not enough, our father, Frank D. Mallory, a nephew of Young Burgher, married our mother, Sallie Bell, a niece of Young Burgher's wife, our Aunt Mary Bell Burgher.

While there is no concrete evidence to substantiate it, my personal opinion is that the Charles Scott family and the John Mallory family were closely allied in Orange County and Louisa County, Virginia. Both families left there in the same year, 1794, and moved to adjoining counties in Kentucky—the Mallorys in Nelson County and the Scotts in Woodford. Our Great-Grandfather Wiley Mallory married Patsy Freeman in Kentucky and her marriage bond was signed by Hamlin Freeman, a relative, who was also related to either Charles Scott or to his wife, Frances Howard Sweeney.

During my life I have often been asked for my nationality, and my stock answer has been "Scotch-Irish". This is wrong. The Mallorys came from England, the Burghers from Scotland, while the Van Weys were Dutch, of course. God knows where the Scotts came from—England, I guess. The Mallorys were all clergymen in England except one who was "The Drugster of London", and while it is true that the last few generations have gotten away from the Clergy, it is likewise true that none of them have been convicted of a felony—of course getting into the clink for fightin' and feudin', gambling and drinking and such pastimes don't count.

Of our grandparents, only one could be classed as "deeply religious" and that one was Grandma Magdalene Mallory. Grandpa Mallory was by no means a church man, but I have heard from many sources that he was a very good man morally, and that he would not countenance a man who was not upright in his dealings with his fellow men. Papa was very religious and his life was built around the church and the Bible. I have always and do now, consider my father the best man who has lived since Christ walked this earth. Those who knew him share with me this belief.

Grandpa Bell taught a Sunday School class at Honey Grove, Texas, as did Grandma Bell. They were religious alright, but in a mild way. They didn't work at it like puttin' out a fire. They were good, Christian folks but didn't make any fuss about it. Mamma and her attitude towards Christianity and things religious are well known to all of us. She abhorred sin and dirt in all their shapes and forms and was quite active in church work, in an executive sort of way. She could stage rummage sales, concerts, shows, liniment sales, and raise more money for the church than any other man or woman in the church, but when it came to praying in public or going out into the byways and bringing the sinners to the foot of the cross, she just couldn't do it. God bless her heart, if she hadn't been a true Christian she would have drowned us all when we were kids.

In the following pages I have written things about folks in and out of the family which might be considered unfriendly if taken

literally. If one word has been written which might work an injustice upon anyone, all I can say is that I was joking. For instance, I speak of Grandpa Bell and his aversion to work in all its nauseating forms. Remember though that Grandpa was sixty years old when I first knew him, and I know how he felt because I have passed my sixtieth birthday. Work has never appealed to me, and since my sixtieth birthday I hate it with a passion—in fact with about all the passion I have left in my brittle old bones.

Since writing and rewriting these pages many, many times, my brothers and sisters have all reminded me of things which should have been recorded by all means, and of incidents and characters which should not be mentioned even in a whisper. It's too late. The printer gave me a flat price as is.

For the information contained herein I am grateful to all who contributed—Wess Reed, Mary Bell Strong, Mrs. Fannie Rountree, Mamma and Papa, brothers and sisters, and to the late John Milton Mallory. For the cartoons, my thanks to B. P. Denney who so graciously gave of his pronounced talent. For listening many times to the reading of every paragraph and sleepily telling me I was doing alright, my thanks to Carrie. Until I had read the final draft it had not occurred to me that the thing was so disconnected. For this and the further fact that some of it don't make sense, I apologize. From a grammatical viewpoint, no one knows better than I that the whole thing is a shining example of what will happen to a fellow who will not study at school.

Incomplete, disconnected, inaccurate and dull as it may be, I hand it herewith to Carrie, our children, my brothers and sisters and their wives and husbands in the hope that they and their children may find a place for it and that it will serve the purpose for which it was written—a history of the Mallory-Bell families and a reminder of the many happy years we have managed to live together in peace and harmony. Well, we might just tone it down to "lived together for many years" and let it go at that.

Sir Thomas Mallory

—and—

HIS DESCENDANTS

Quoting from a book "John Mallory, American Soldier", published in 1939 by John Milton and Frank D. Mallory, Richard Le Aleman was Lord of Studley in 1180 A. D. and the manor passed through several hands until by an heiress it went to the family of Le Gras, and from them in the same manner to Isabel, wife of Sir Richard Tempest, Kt., 2nd son of Richard Tempest of Bracewell.

Isabel died in 1421 and the property passed to her son, Sir William Tempest of Studley, Kt., who married Eleanor, daughter of Sir William Washington. Wm. Tempest was knighted in 1409.

To William and Eleanor Tempest was born a daughter, Dionisia, who was married to William Mallory, Esquire, who thereby became Lord of Studley. Wm. Mallory was from "an ancient and well allied family".

Sir Thomas (1) Mallory married a daughter of Lord Zouch. They had Sir Christopher (2) Mallory who married Joan, daughter and heiress of Robert Conyers, whose ancestor, Robert Conyers, owned Hutton Conyers, Yorkshire, in 1246 A. D. Sir Christopher and Joan had William (3) Mallory who married Katherine, daughter of Ralph Nunwick of Nunwick. William and Katherine had William (4) Mallory who married Joan, daughter of Wm. Plumpton of Plumpton near Knaresborough.

William (4) and Joan had William (5) Mallory who married Dionisia Tempest of Studley.

My folks have always wondered how we ever got hold of Studley, and sure enough here it is. Even today there are intimates who refer to me as Old Stud. It all came about by the marriage of Uncle Billie and Dionisia.

Through these marriages, both Studley and Hutton came into possession of the Mallory family, and although both estates took a terrible bombardment in the Civil Wars of England, both were maintained by the family. They were especially marked because of the zeal in the Royal Cause of Sir John (6) Mallory, son of William and Dionisia.

Sir John (6) Mallory of Studley and Hutton Conyers, Kt., married Isabel M. Hamerton of Hamerton in Craven. Sir John was founder of the chantry of St. Wilfred in Rippon ministry, whatever that means. Sir John and his wife had three sons, the eldest being Sir William (7) Mallory, who married Joan, daughter of Sir John Constable of Halsham, by his wife, Lora, daughter of Henry, Lord Fitzhugh.

Sir William (7) died July 14, 1498 and Sir John Mallory (8) is listed as his next heir. Sir John (8) was married four times. By his first wife, who was Margaret, daughter of Edwin Thwaites of Lund on the Wolds, he had as his heir and son, William (9) Mallory.

William (9) of Studley and Hutton married Jane, daughter of

Sr. John Norton Conyers, and his wife Margaret, who was a daughter of Sir Roger Ward of Givendlae. Sir William (9) and Jane had nine children, among them Sir William (10) who married Ursula, daughter of Gorge Gale, Esq., of York, Master of the Mint and Lord Mayor.

Sir William (10) was a member of Parliament from Yorkshire in 1585 and Sheriff of the County in 1593. He was "exceedingly zealous in the suppression of popery." (Catholic troubles.)

Sir William and Ursula had fourteen children, among them being Thomas (11) Mallory, born in 1566. He was a B. D. in Cambridge, was instituted June 27, 1599, to the important living of Ronaldkirk in the North Riding of Yorkshire, was instituted Arch Deacon of Richmond, November 6, 1603, and presented to the Deanery of Chester, July 25, 1607. During the wars, he and his sons were active adherents to the King. He died at Chester April 6, 1644.

By his marriage to Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Vaughan, Bishop of Chester, he had thirteen children, two of them being Rev. Thomas (12) Mallory and Rev. Phillip Mallory.

Rev. Phillip Mallory was not a direct ancestor of ours but a brief sketch of him is given here to show what a man he was and to indicate how fond he must have been of tobacco.

Rev. Phillip matriculated at Oxford May 28, 1634, and a B. A. from St. Mary's April 27, 1637. An M. A. January 16, 1639 and was Rector of Norton from 1641 to 1644. He was ejected as a Loyalist in 1644 by Parliamentary authorities and went to the West Indies with Prince Rupert. He settled in Virginia prior to 1656. His wife was Katherine, daughter of Robert Batte, Vice-master of Oxford. Phillip and Katherine had no issue. His will was written July 23, 1661, and he had amassed quite a fortune in lands, etc., both in Virginia and England.

He was one of the most prominent members of the Colony and was paid 2000 pounds of tobacco for preaching at two assemblies and was engaged to preach at the next assembly where "in token of his faithful ministry and diligence in advancing all means that might conduce to the progress of religion in this country", a resolution was unanimously passed requesting that he undertake the soliciting of Church affairs in England, for which he would receive as a gratuity 11,000 pounds of tobacco. That, my friends is many a chew.

Rev. Thomas (12) Mallory, son of Dean (11) Mallory was really considered the father of our forbears who came out to Virginia. He, like his brother, Phillip, matriculated at Oxford in 1624, B. A., May 7, 1628, M. A., January 17, 1631, and was Rector of Easington, Oxfordshire from 1632 to 1634, when he too was ejected for his Loyalist leanings and his rectory sequestered. After a year of siege, he and his small band surrendered from Robert Talton's mansion to the Parliamentarians, and Thomas was imprisoned. July 6, 1660, he petitioned the King, stating that "he had served the late King in

the War, and his present Majesty in the late abortive attempts of the Cheshire Gentlemen."

A committee appointed by the King reported favorably, and on July 30, 1660, he was released and made Canon of Chester and created D. D., December 1, 1660. He was married three times, and by his wife, Jane, he had three sons and three daughters. He died September 8, 1671.

The sons of Thomas (12) Mallory were Thomas, who moved to Virginia and was the father of Francis M., Sheriff of Prince George County, Virginia, in 1705, John, the Drugster of London, and Roger (13) Mallory, born in 1632, and who obtained a grant of land in Virginia in 1660.

Roger (13) Mallory's Uncle Phillip had no heirs, and so he willed to Roger all his holdings in Virginia which made Roger one of the wealthiest men in the Colony. Roger was Justice of the Peace of New Kent County, Virginia, 1680-1690 and of King and Queen County in 1693. In 1704 he was Justice of William County. During the years 1688 to 1700, he acquired 4,814 acres of land in addition to his vast holdings inherited from his father and his Uncle Phillip. From 1676 to 1693 he was referred to as Captain Roger Mallory, Gentleman. It is possible that he may have married somebody, because he had three sons, Roger (14), William and Thomas.

Roger (14) Mallory bought land at Pomonkey Neck, Orange County, Virginia in 1695, was Justice of King William County at one time and this completes his record as history does not give the dates, etc., of his marriage or death. Roger (14) Mallory did have a son, John (15) Mallory, who was in Spotsylvania County in 1730. He was constable of Orange County, Virginia in 1740 and was married to Anne Coyne, daughter of Edwin and Elizabeth Coyne. He died in 1774. His sons were John, Henry, and Roger (16) Mallory. Roger Mallory married Mary Payne, and they had five children, Thomas, Sarah, Frances, Ann, and John (17) Mallory, who was born March 11, 1756, in Orange County, Virginia.

John Mallory

John (17) Mallory is getting down closer to home and is the gentleman whose name graces the title of our Mallory Family Book. John Mallory enlisted in the 2nd Regiment, Virginia, in 1777 from Orange County, Virginia, under Corporal Ambrose Dudley and later under Captain Long. He was a saddler in the army and held the rank of Corporal. He was in the Battle of Monmouth under General Charles Scott, our Grandpa Bell's grandfather. He served in Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Old Jersey, and New York. Was one of a detached party under General Wayne, who destroyed Stony Point Fort. (Note: The story of this action published by Funk and Wagnalls is very interesting, and the narration gives General Chas. Scott and his Virginia Army credit for the victory, as they reached the fort just in time to save Wayne's Army.)

... Great-great-grandfather, Corporal John Mallory received his

honorable discharge from the Revolutionary Army in 1780 from Great-great-grandfather, General Charles Scott, at Fredericksburg, Virginia. What a small, small world.

On his second enlistment, John Mallory went in as a Private but was again made a Corporal. The second enlistment was for seventeen months only, and he enlisted from Louisa County, Virginia, under Captain Smith, Col. Gaskin's Regiment, and was marched to Piney Fork on the James River. In his application for a pension, John Mallory stated:

"As Cor. Tarleton and the British advanced, we retreated to Staunton, were then ordered to Jamestown, Williamsburg and York where we remained until after the surrender of Cornwallis; then put under command of Captain Beverly Roy and marched to Powhattan Old Court House for Winter Quarters and stayed there until February 1732, then to Ebenezer on the Savannah River; there were joined by General Wayne's forces and marched to Big Ogeechee Creek where we defeated the British in a skirmish June 1, 1732; then to Widdo Gibbons' place where General Washington was quartered and stayed there and fought the Indians and Tories until August 1, 1782, when the British evacuated Savannah; then General Wayne took possession, and we stayed in Savannah for a few days; then under General Greene to Charleston, then to Old Cumberland Court House, Virginia, where my discharge was given to me by Brig-General Chas. Scott. I have lost my discharge papers."

John (17) Mallory was married four times. The date of his first marriage is not known, nor is the maiden name of his first wife. The name is thought (by me) to have been Samantha Allen. His second wife was Lucy Southerland, whom he married in Orange County, Virginia, June 15, 1785. The third was Elizabeth, and the fourth was Nancy Brown, whom he married in Greene County, Georgia, November 6, 1813.

His children were by his first wife:

- 1—James, born 1781, married Sarah
- 2—Samuel, 1782, married Fany Smith in Fayette County, Kentucky, 1804.
- 3—Wiley (our great-grandfather) born 1784, married December 25, 1805, to Martha (Patsy) Freeman.

By his second wife, Lucy Southerland:

- 4—Mary Coleman, born 1786, married Geo. Salley.
- 5—Patsy (twin) 1788, married Isaac Long.
- 6—Lucy (twin) 1788, married Levi Highland.
- 7—Jane, 1789, married Wm. Smith.
- 8—Elizabeth, 1791.
- 9—Sally, 1793, married Jos. Wood.
- 10—Henry Hickerson, 1794, married Polly Porter.
- 11—Roger, 1796, married (1) Nancy, (2) Elizabeth.
- 12—John, Jr., 1798.
- 13—William, 1800, married Eliza Blackwood.

John (17) Mallory left Orange County, Virginia, in 1793 and

went to Goochland County, Virginia, then to Nelson County Kentucky and later to Greene County, Georgia, where his brother, Thomas had gone before him and had married Patsy Moore. We know that John arrived in Greene County prior to 1813 (likely in 1810) because in 1813 he married Nancy Brown of Greene County, November 6th.

April 17, 1822 he applied for a pension and August 30, 1825 he made his will in Greene County, Georgia. In his will, among other things he left to his son, Henry, one negro Milly, one negro boy Wylie, one boy Lewis, one bay mare, one grey mare, one yoke oxen, eight cattle, eight sheep, one feather bed, two pots, one oven, twelve geese, one wagon and gear, etc.

For those Mallorys wishing to qualify for D. A. R. membership, the following is given here: John Mallory, born March 11, 1759, in Orange County, Virginia, died November 5, 1840 in Benton, (now Calhoun) County, Alabama. Enlisted in 1777 in the 2nd Virginia Regiment, Orange County, Virginia; was a Corporal and a saddler, honorably discharged at Fredericksburg in 1780 by Brig.-Gen Charles Scott. Applied for pension January 21, 1833 from Limestone County, Alabama; applied second time for pension November 11, 1835 from Benton County, Alabama, which was rejected because he was already receiving a pension. (How many pensions did Gramps want, anyhow?)

John Mallory's name as a Soldier of the Revolution is inscribed upon a bronze tablet on a boulder in the court house square at Anniston, Alabama, as being buried in that county and giving his age at the time of his death as eighty years.

Wiley and Martha Freeman Mallory

Continuing with the Mallory family, we know that in 1804 three brothers, James (1781), William and Wiley (1784) came into Henry and Stewart Counties, Tennessee. They were sons of John Mallory by his first wife whose name is not known (personally I think she was an "Allen".) James served as Deputy Sheriff in Stewart County for some time and was later elected Sheriff, in which capacity he served for about ten years. William returned to Virginia in 1810 where he was "killed in a personal encounter".

Wiley leased land for a time in Montgomery County, Tennessee, later (probably 1812), moving to Dover, in Stewart County where he leased the Upper Ferry. Then in 1822, when Calloway County, Kentucky, was organized he homesteaded 640 acres on Wild Cat Creek in that county at New Concord, a settlement near Murray, Calloway County, Kentucky. In 1838 he purchased 160 acres adjoining his 640 from Thomas B. Lawson. Wiley Mallory died in New Concord, near Murray, Calloway County, Kentucky, between March 4, and June 4, 1872, while his wife, Martha, died there in 1871.

In his application for a pension, Wiley Mallory gives his marriage date as December 25, 1806, and the place as Washington County, Kentucky. The marriage records of Nelson County, Ken-

tucky, however, say that the marriage took place in Nelson County where he was married December 23, 1805, to Martha (Patsie) Freeman at the home of her mother, Nancy Freeman, who gave her consent while Hamlin Freeman was bondsman.

Hamlin Freeman was from Brunswick County, Virginia, and was quite a man back there. Many real estate transfers list him as buyer or seller and he acted as bondsman, etc., many times. He was mixed up with the Mallorys all along the line in Virginia, and here we find him in Nelson County, Kentucky, with them at this time. Just what the relationship of Hamlin to Martha and her mother is not known. Another point might be mentioned. The families who moved from Orange and Louisa Counties, Virginia about 1793 included "Allen", and our maternal great-great-grandfather, Gen. Charles Scott, who had signed John Mallory's discharge after surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

The counties of Fayette, Nelson, Woodford and Washington in Kentucky adjoin each other and are about one hundred miles from Calloway County, where Wiley finally settled. The Mallorys were all in three of these counties while General Scott settled in Woodford County. A coincidence maybe, and maybe not.

James Mallory was born to Wiley and Martha January 7, 1807. Since I can remember I've been told that he was born in Callaway County, Kentucky, but at that time the Mallorys lived 6 miles N. E. of the town of Clarksville in Montgomery County, Tennessee. I have always known there was a close bond between the Wiley Mallorys and the Joseph Burghers and wondered how it could have been, since Calloway County is more than 40 miles from where Magdalene Burgher was born. Just recently I have found proof that James Mallory was born less than a mile from the place where Magdalene Burgher was born 14 years later.

Nancy, sister of James, was born in 1810 and brother John Allen was born in 1812. This name, John Allen, brings up another question in our family. As stated above, the name of Wiley Mallory's mother is not known. His father, John Mallory, was married four times after his discharge from the Army in 1780, and the names of his other three wives are known. My father has told me many times that his father, James, had told him that Papa's grandmother was named Samantha Allen. We do know this—that Allen is a family name and there must have been some basis for Papa thinking that his grandmother was an Allen. My own personal idea is that Allen was the name of Wiley's mother, who was James Mallory's grandmother, rather than his mother. We have had in the family, John Allen, a brother of James—Allen Trousdale, his cousin,—Allen Trousdale Mallory, his son—and Allen Reed, his cousin.

Little is known of Wiley Mallory except through war records and county records of the census and jury service records, etc. His war record is on file in the War Department in Washington and is given here with the idea that it may be of interest to some of the family, because while there is no record of his having distinguish-

ed himself, personally, it is a matter of record that his regiment was the pride of General Andrew Jackson's heart.

During the Creek uprising in Alabama in 1812 General Jackson was not too optimistic about his regular army. In September 1813 he sent out a call for volunteers to supplement his regular army. The volunteers were to come from rural areas and were to furnish their own uniforms, guns and mounts, and were to be known as "Mounted Gunmen." A regiment of these mounted gunmen was recruited by Col. Robert Dyer, and on September 24, 1813, Wiley Mallory rode into Dover, Tennessee, and enlisted. He was a member of Captain Dave Hogan's Company and Colonel Dyer's Regiment. According to General Jackson's own account, these volunteers came mounted on all sorts of animals from jacks and jennets to draft stallions, wearing the home-spuns they wore when they enlisted and with no two guns alike.

Little time was lost in training because November 3, 1813, Wiley was in the battle of Talluschatie, and on the 9th the battle of Talladega, which lasted two days. It was in this later battle that the volunteers distinguished themselves and prompted General Jackson to say they were the finest soldiers he had ever had under his command. It was here that the militia so thoroughly bungled things, and while Jackson was busy trying to get the regulars out of an impending massacre of his entire army he lost track of the volunteer backwoodsmen known as the mounted gunmen. Under cover of night Col. Dyer led his regiment six miles up a running creek which the Indians thought impossible and the Indians were soundly beaten without the regular army firing a shot. History mentions Captain Hogan's Company as playing an outstanding part in this fight, and since Grandpappy was in the company we can assume for the sake of pride, that he was something of a soldier.

Wiley Mallory was mustered out at Dover on December 24, 1813, because of an illness, then re-enlisted January 28, 1814, in Captain Hazzard's Company of his old regiment. This last stretch was a nightmare, according to a book which is now out of publication, titled "Red Eagle". A copy of the book is in the Tulsa Library and if a copy can be found it will be worth the time to read the story of Jackson, his army, and the battle of Horseshoe Bend.

On the way out from Dover, food supplies could not keep pace with the army and on the third day out the regulars mutinied—or whatever they do in the army—and declared their intention of turning back. Jackson grabbed a rifle from one of his volunteers and took his stand on a bridge and told his militia that the first man to set foot on the bridge was a dead duck. He got them on their way and gave the rifle back to the volunteer. This farmer said: "General I tried to tell you and you wouldn't listen to me—the gun wasn't loaded." Maybe that was Grandpappy.

The battle of Horseshoe Bend was fought March 27, 1814. Chief Red Eagle had built a fort which could not be approached except by swimming a river or coming over a high cliff. Jackson maneu-

vered his army into striking position though and raised a flag of truce, asking for a conference with the Chief. He wanted to tell the Chief that surrender was his only out and that if he resisted further, all the women and children of the tribe would be killed. The truce was respected and Jackson asked for volunteers to go to the Chief. One young Lieutenant of his and three volunteers came forward and started up the cliff with the message. Half way up the cliff an arrow came out of nowhere and hit the Lieutenant in the hip, whereupon Jackson called upon his men for immediate action and got it. The Indians were whipped and Red Eagle was taken prisoner. The Lieutenant and the three gunmen (farmers) claimed the honor of killing the Chief, but Jackson had Red Eagle brought to his quarters, saluted him and drank a toast to him, saying that he would take off his hat to so good a soldier.

Blood poison set up in the Lieutenant's hip and he suffered terribly on the return trip to Dover, but he must have gotten over it in time because he was Sam Houston.

The army reached Dover May 10, 1813, and on that day, Wiley Mallory received his discharge. From this date we have no record of Wiley Mallory except that he applied for a pension, which was granted. He was registered in the census of Kentucky for years after and he served on juries at various times and two or three times was listed as character witness in Tennessee courts.

Several children were born to Wiley and Martha Mallory after James, Nancy and John Allen—being Jane, born in 1814, Louvicy in 1816, Francis Marion in 1824, and William Trousdale in 1826.

Nothing is known of the Mallory family from this date until 1835 when James Mallory was operating a mercantile business in Dover, Tennessee. We know this date because he told Papa that David Crockett was running for Congress and came to his store and borrowed a dry goods box to use as a platform from which to speak. In this speech which he made from the front of Grandpa's store he declared that if he was not elected to Congress he would "go either to Hell or to Texas". He was defeated and for the time at least he came to Texas and strange to relate on his way to the Alamo where he stood to his death against Santa Ana, he camped for a day and night on the creek located on the very ground that James Mallory and his wife bought twenty-one years later for their home. When I was a child that creek was referred to by some as Honey Creek and by others as Crockett Creek.

One thing we do know of the early life of James Mallory is that he was wild as a buck. Papa said that Grandpa admitted this, and that he did not apologize for it. He raised and raced horses, and participated in cock mains and told Papa he would bet on "spittin' at a crack" when he was a young man. As a matter of fact, James Mallory operated a gambling room in the rear of his store. One night two of his clients or customers engaged in an argument over gambling and one of them killed the other, who happened to be one of Grandpa's best friends. Gramp just threw all his tables and

other gambling equipment into the fireplace, and burned it and "never gambled another lick," according to his story.

In 1840—March 24—James bought a negro named Sam. I have the original bill of sale to Sam in a scrapbook. "I have this day sold and do hereby convey to James Mallory, his heirs and assigns forever for the sum of 700 hundred dollars to me paid by the said James Mallory, a man slave by the name of Sam. I warrant the title to the said slave to the said Mallory, his heirs and assigns forever against the lawful claim of any and all persons and I also warrant him to be sound, healthy and sensible and a slave for life, this 24 day of March 1840 A. D.

Test: SB & CD

O. Z. (Seal).

Further, I have also sold and hereby convey to James Mallory my stallion named (?). I warrant him to be sound, healthy, a sure foal getter only (?) years old and of pedigree following to wit;"

(Note: Pedigree is not legible)

The negro Sam was later given by James to his father, Wiley Mallory.



James Mallory

In 1831, when James Mallory was 24 years old he sat for a portrait. The original is done with India ink. In 1879, just a month before Grandpa's death he told Papa that he had sat for only one picture in his life, and that he did not know where the picture was at that time. In 1881, J. D. Mallory, a cousin of Papa's from Starksville, Mississippi, came to Brookston for a visit with Papa and he promised to send the picture upon his return home, which he did. The picture, which is reproduced above is in perfect condition after

these 119 years.

Some time in 1841, James Mallory loaned \$800.00 to Wm. Boyd, "and others" and took a mortgage on two little negroes named York and Nancy, and a mule (name not known). In 1842 the note was renewed for one year with the understanding that if paid when due in "bank notes current in Tennessee at the time and gold and silver with interest", then Mallory would pay Boyd for the hire of the negroes and the mule. March 29, 1843, the note had not been paid and Boyd gave Mallory a bill of sale to the negroes and the mule. (I have the original bill of sale).

Immediately after getting the little negroes and the mule, James Mallory put the negroes on the mule, saddled his own horse and left Tennessee, not to be heard from even by his parents until thirteen years later.



Robert and Belinda Scott Bell

Little is known of the ancestry of William Bell on his father's side. His great-grandmother was a Claiborne, one of whose descendants was Claiborne Chisum, a well known pioneer of Lamar County. She was also a great-grandmother of Magdalene Burgher Mallory. William Bell's paternal grandmother was Rebecca Gibbons Bell, a sister of Epps Gibbons, another well known Lamar County pioneer, who, with his descendants played a very important role in the development of North Texas.

Rebecca Gibbons Bell's grandfather, John Gibbons, died in Sussex County, Virginia, May 17, 1770, and his wife, Rebecca, died there December 21, 1780. One of their sons was Thomas Gibbons, who was born in Albemarle Parrish, Sussex County, Virginia, October 20, 1734. He was married to Anne Eppes who was born in the same Parrish September 15, 1743. Thomas and Anne Eppes Gibbons had five children born in Sussex County, Mary in 1762, John in 1767, Thomas in 1769, Anne in 1772 and a son, Edmond. They moved to Carter's Valley, Tennessee, prior to 1783 and the meeting for or-

ganization of Hawkins County, Tennessee was held in the home of Thomas and Anne Gibbons in 1785. After moving to Tennessee, the following children were born to them: William, Sallie, Epps, REBECCA, and James. Thomas Gibbons' will was probated June 13, 1809 as shown in the Library of Congress as well as in the records of the D. A. R. (Seems there is another chance for all of us to get into the DAR, through Grandma Rebecca Gibbons Bell).

William Bell's father was Robert Bell, who was born in Rhea County, Tennessee (?), near Knoxville, May 27, 1797. The given name of Robert's father is not known to us, but is believed to have been Richard. Robert Bell had three brothers, Thomas and Archie, who married Tillary sisters, and John a deaf mute who did not marry. Thomas and his wife moved to Cherokee County, Texas in about 1840 and he died there some time around 1850. His sons were James, Thomas, Robert, Richard and Gilbert, and his one daughter married a man named Fox. Richard married a Kilgore, Thomas, Jr. married a Holland and he later committed suicide. Robert married a Woods and moved to Sherman, Texas, where he too committed suicide—what ever come over them Bell boys anyhow? Grandpa once said these two were so mean they couldn't stand themselves any longer. Grandpa was a very-plain spoken man but surely he must have been kidding. Robert Bell's brother, Archie, who also married a Tillary left his family between 1815 and 1820 and was never heard from again. Men of action were the Bell boys. Archie and his wife had a daughter who married Olliver Miller and they moved to Alabama.

Robert Bell's sisters were Nancy, Bettie and Lottie. Nancy married Pomroy Carmichael in Tennessee and they settled in Cherokee County, Texas in the 40's. Betsy married Andy Copeland and Copeland died in Tennessee in 1843. His widow, Betsy, came to Texas after Copeland's death, with her two sons Jack and Doug. Lottie married Pierce Miller, a brother of Olliver Miller who married her niece, Betty Bell, Archie's daughter. Lottie Bell moved to Texas with her three sons, Robert, Tom and Gid Miller. Robert died in Hill County, Texas and Tom and Gid went to California, as recorded later in this book. Tom died in California. Gid returned to Texas about the time William Bell, our grandfather, returned. Immediately following the Civil War, Gid went back to Memphis with Pleas L. New, and Gid died there, while Pleas New returned to Texas and later married Belinda Bell, a sister of William.

William Bell's maternal grandfather was Brig.-Gen. Charles Scott of Revolutionary fame. The following sketch is taken from Harper's History of the United States:

"Scott, Charles: Military Officer:

Born in Cumberland County, Virginia, in 1733; corporal of a company in Virginia in the battle of Monongahela where Braddock was defeated in 1775. When the Revolutionary War broke out he organized and commanded the first company south of the James River for Continental Service. August 12, 1776, he was appointed

Colonel and was distinguished at Trenton and in the battle of Princeton; just a year later to a day was made a Brigadier-General. He was the last to leave the field at Monmouth in 1778. He was conspicuous at the storming of Stony Point under Wayne in 1779 and the next year was with Lincoln at Charleston, where he was wounded and made a prisoner. In 1785 General Scott settled in Woodford County, Kentucky, and in 1791 as Brigadier-General of the Kentucky levies, led an army into the Ohio Country and participated in the events of St. Clair's defeats and commanded a portion of General Wayne's troops in the battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794. He was elected Governor of Kentucky in 1808 to 1812, died and was buried in Woodford County, Kentucky, October 22, 1820."

Funk and Wagnalls "Great Epochs in American History" has this to say in Vol. 4, pages 110-113, under the caption "Ohio Indians, 1793-1794."

"Gen. Chas. Scott raised by dint of much exertion a force of one thousand men to go to the aid of General Wayne against the Ohio Indians, but they arrived too late for any essential aid. These were dismissed, but later General Wayne was being sorely pressed at Fort Recovery. The Indians had taken three hundred pack mules from Wayne and had the fort encircled. General Scott, with one hundred of the twelve hundred mounted militia to enforce Wayne's Legion, came to the rescue of Wayne, the Indians were put to flight precipitately and the battle was won."

For any members of the Mallory-Bell family who wish to qualify for membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution, reference is made to Lineage Book 1, Page 248-249, Vol. 7, Page 303, Vol 11, Page 298.

General Charles Scott was married to Frances Howard Sweeney in either Louisa, Orange or Goochland County, Va. They had seven children: William, James, Betsie who married a McCasland, Cynthia who married Robert Gray, Mary Ann who married Capt. John Postlewaite, and Belinda who married Robert Bell February 20, 1820 and didn't live long enough to enjoy the honor of being my great-great-grandmother. One of the Scott sons was in the War of 1812 as a general.

Grandmother Belinda Scott Bell was born June 14, 1795, probably in Woodford County, Kentucky, as her parents had moved there in the early 1790's. Frankfort, the capitol of Kentucky is in Woodford County and General Scott served as Governor of Kentucky in 1804, so we assume Belinda was born there. The place of marriage of Robert Bell and Belinda Scott is not known to us. Grandpa William Bell said several time in my presence, and I have a written memo quoting him as saying that his mother and "the Houston girls" visited with each other and were in school together. It is natural to assume that the daughter of the Governor of Kentucky might be in school with and on friendly terms with the wife, daughters or sisters of the colorful Congressman from Tennessee, Sam Houston. We do know that the Bell family in Tennessee and

the Houston family in Tennessee were friends, and that Robert Bell and his father were mixed up with Houston in some way. A school-mate and friend of "the Houston girls" and a business or political crony of Houston would naturally be thrown together. Your guess is as good as mine as to how Robert and Belinda met, and where they were married. After their marriage they lived in Rhea County, Tennessee, where four of their six children were born, Harriett Elizabeth Jane (Howeth) born March 4, 1825, James Scott born October 30, 1826, Mary Ann Rebecca (Burgher) born December 13, 1828, and William, born February 13, 1831.

Although Eli Whitney had invented the cotton gin in 1793 the industry was just coming into its own in 1832. In that year, Robert Bell moved with his family to Cherokee County, Alabama and secured the rights for the gin in several counties around his home.

Right here is a complication which means nothing at this late date, but which cannot be cleared up for the purpose of this book. William Bell was born February 13, 1831, and said that his father moved to Alabama in 1832. He told me at one time that he was born in Rhea County, Tennessee, and another time he said he was born in Cherokee County, Alabama. Again he said he was born in Rhea County, Tennessee, in 1831 near Knoxville, at the Forks of the Tennessee and Hywassee, in Cherokee County, near the Georgia Line." I am sure of just one thing in this connection—he WAS born.

When Robert Bell reached Cherokee County he built a gin for himself and financed others in the erection and operation of cotton gins. In 1834 he found himself about bankrupt and he turned all his interests over to his creditors, salvaging but little. He announced for Sheriff of Cherokee County, and after endorsing notes for more than 50 percent of the voters, was elected, serving from 1834 to 1838.

By the end of his second term as sheriff, Bell had paid out all his salary and fees to pay the notes he had endorsed, and he went back to Rhea County where his parents still lived.

He visited the Hermitage and found Sam Houston there on a visit from Texas with Andrew Jackson. Houston had defeated Santa Anna at San Jacinto April 21-22, 1836, making Texas an independent republic, of which Houston was made President. He served as President 1836-1838 and after his term he visited Jackson with a pretty scheme. He was going to sell headrights to friends of his and Jackson's and settle East Texas with folks to his own liking. Of course Jackson fell right in with Houston and there in Jackson's neighborhood they sold enough headrights at \$30.00 each to populate several counties.

Those of you who were privileged to see the great "Cavalcade" at the Texas Centennial in 1936 saw enactment of this scene where Houston and Jackson concocted their plan.

Robert Bell bought a headright, as did Robert Gray, who had married Cynthia Scott, sister of Belinda Bell. Bell sent down to Cherokee County, Alabama, for John Birdwell, who was County

Judge when Robert Bell was Sheriff. The three families, Bell, Gray and Birdwell came out to Texas together, arriving in 1839. Bell's headright joined that of Houston, who had established a sort of summer home in Nacogdoches County. Gray and Birdwell were his neighbors.

For some reason, Robert Bell did not settle on his headright immediately but went on south and located for a few weeks or months about twenty-five miles southwest of Nacogdoches on the San Antonio road. He came back however, and he and his family lived at a settlement called Mt. Enterprise until their home on the farm was completed. The move to the farm was in 1840.

After coming to Texas, Robert Bell's health failed him and he "never saw a well day." His wife, Belinda, and the children did all the work while he was confined to his bed most of the time.

Although he was only a young boy at the time, Grandpa Bell had a vivid recollection of Sam Houston in East Texas. When not in the thick of political goings-on, Houston spent much of his time on the farm and was a frequent visitor in the Bell home. Grandpa remembered him because he had befriended his father, Robert Bell, and because he was known as a great man; then too, because of his personality and his carriage and manner of dress.

Grandpa recalls him as a man who wore a wide brimmed "fur sorta hat" and rode in the first canopy topped surrey Grandpa had ever seen. He always rode with his lame leg hanging outside the buggy to which he drove a pair of small ponies. He would drive up to the front porch of the Bell home and talk to them from his buggy. He wore coarse, rough clothes and was very kindly and neighborly. He was re-elected to office in 1841, and Grandpa recalled the day he came by to tell the Bells goodbye. He had a big brass buckle on his hat and brass buttons on his coat with silver buckles on his boots.

One incident which happened to the Bell folks was related to me by Wess Reed, and Grandpa verified the story. Not that I doubted the story Wess had told me, but he was kind of hazy about details. When Robert Bell and his friends came to Nacogdoches there were lots of deserted Indian Villages in the county. Most of the Indians were gone, but some of them had remained and were friendly because of their neighbor General Houston, who as you may know, had a way with Indians. One day Robert Bell had left home for a trip and a man came running toward his house screaming bloody murder. Belinda Bell was in the house at the time, alone with her children. Just as the white man reached the Bell porch some Indians showed up in pursuit of him and one of their arrows hit him in the back, and he fell dead on the Bell porch. Belinda Bell did what I would have done if I had maintained enough strength for the job—she barricaded the door. The Indians left but the man of course remained with them, as dead as could be. Belinda kept watch all night and heard the wolves howling as usual. Toward morning there was a commotion around the front of the

house, and when day came she found that the cats and wolves had just about finished off the corpse. Robert Bell returned and immediately a posse was formed and visited the Indians. The white man had violated the pact between the Indians and Whites, which was against the code of the Whites, and the matter was dropped.

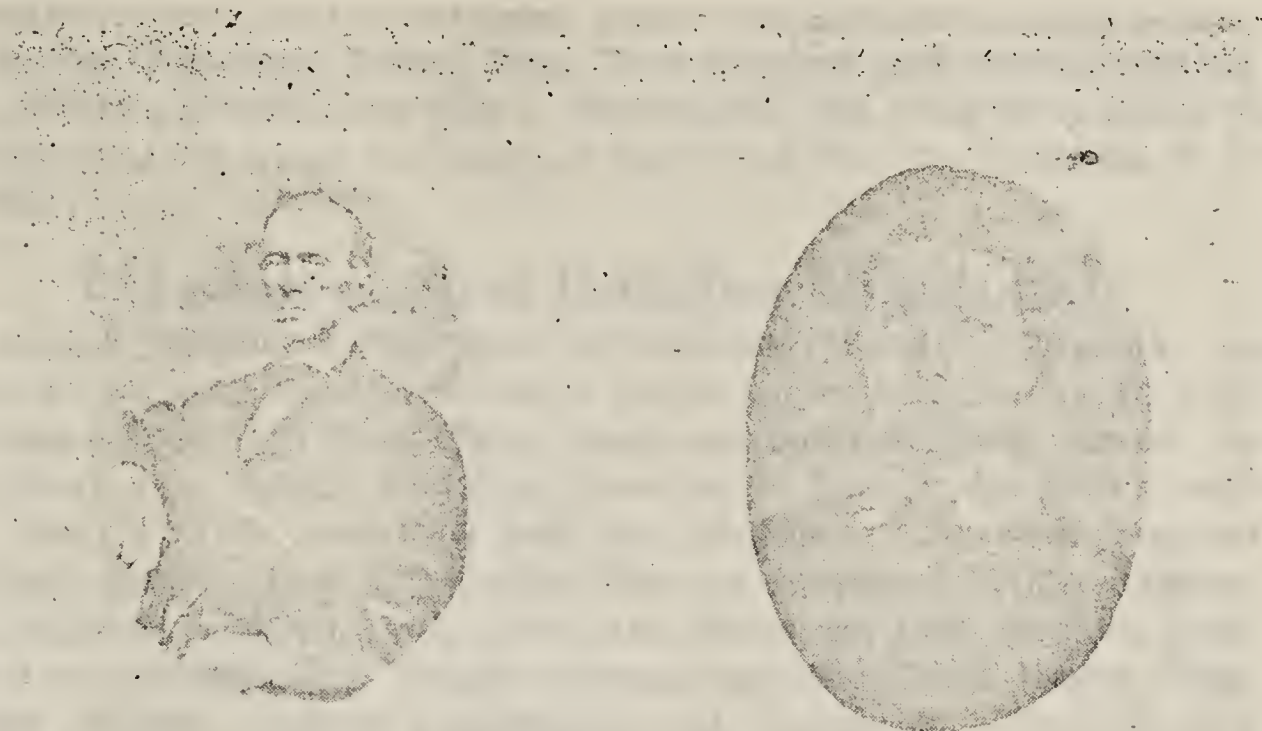
After about two years in their new home, a tragedy befell the Bell family, which was to make things pretty hard for William Bell for a long, long time. Belinda Bell had done a man's work in the woods and in the fields and had nursed a sick husband for two years, but then as now, nothing like business and work could do anything about women having their babies. March 1, 1842, Belinda Bell II (Aunt Bell New) was born to Robert and Belinda Bell, and at the birth of the child the mother died.

At her death, Belinda Bell left an invalid husband, Robert, and her six children, Harriett 17, James 16, Mary Ann 14, William 11, John 8, who had been born in Cherokee County, Alabama, and the infant Belinda. The Bell household duties fell to Harriett and Mary Ann after the death of their mother, then on May 15, Harriett was married to William Wesley Howeth and the couple remained in the Bell home to keep house for the children and look after the father. June 13, 1842, just three months after the death of his wife, Robert Bell died. This was truly the end.

Sarah Lord Van Wey "Bell"

Sarah Lord Bell was a daughter of Richard S. and Catherine Lord Van Wey (or Van Wye). Richard was born in New York State, January 18, 1805, his parents being John Van Wey, who was born February 21, 1775 in Holland, and Sarah Dense Van Wey who was born September 24, 1778. John and Sarah Dense Van Wey had these children: Leslie, born June 1, 1798, married Daniel Easton and they moved to Ypsilante, Michigan, where he owned property and manufactured Buckskin Mittens; Mary Dense, born Sept. 11, 1799, married John Galloup, who was born January 5, 1795 and they lived in Lodi, New York; Charles, born May 2, 1801, married and settled in Boise City, Idaho, where he became a very prominent man; John M., born December 9, 1802; Richard S., our great grandfather, born January 18, 1805, and married Catherine Lord in McArthur, Ohio; Eliza C., born January 3, 1808, married a Wallruth and lived near Ostomore, Michigan; Grace G., born January 24, 1810 lived near Eliza; an infant, born January 14, 1812, and Sarah, born September 6, 1813, who married a Henrod. One of the Van Wey sons was killed in the massacre at Wyoming, Penna. After John Van Wey's death, his widow Sarah married a Horton, and they had one son, John Horton, born May 4, 1816. Sarah D. Van Wey died at the age of 94 years.

In a sketch of the Van Wey family, Joseph Galloup who married Mary Dense Van Wey, gave information on all the Van Wey sons and daughters except Grandpa Richard. When he came to Richard, he merely said: "You know the history of Richard better



Richard and Catherine Lord Van Wey
(From tintypes)

than I can tell you." A fellow's imagination can get in a lot of good licks here. Did he mean something ugly about Grandpa, or his fame for chastity, purity and uprightness should be known all over the nation? For the sake of Aunt Olive Bell and the Campbell girls, we will assume that Grandpa Richard was the "outstanding Van Wey" and not try to find out why.

Richard Van Wey married Catherine Lord in McArthur, Ohio. Catherine Lord was a daughter of Nathan and Sarah (Goodwin) Lord, and Nathan was a brother of Eliza Lord. Their mother was "Laura." Catherine Lord had one sister, Lydia Brown and a brother, John Lord. To Richard and Catherine Lord Van Wey were born five children: Clinton, Richard, Sarah (Bell), Lydia (Roach) and Lesby (Wilson).

The "Cousin Lida" whom Mamma and Papa thought so much of was a daughter of Le Count and Emma Osgood Galloup, he being a son of Joseph and Mary Van Wey Galloup. Le Count Galloup was born Dec. 2, 1831 and died March 4, 1917. His wife was born Sept. 1, 1842 and died August 14, 1911. Cousin Lida was born June 28, 1878 and was married to J. Alanson Waite who was born July 29, 1875. The Waites at this time live at 215 Castlebar Road, Rochester, N. Y. I had a letter from her in late 1947 in which she stated that they had purchased and were remodeling the Susan B. Anthony home. She very kindly gave me the information on the Van Wey family, and from the tone of her letter and from what Papa and Mamma have told me in the past, she is a very fine, intelligent, cultured and aristocratic woman—at least, more of all that than I claim to be.

The Galloups originally came from France. Mrs. Waite's great-

grandfather and his two brothers came over and were taken prisoners on the Old Jersey Prison Ship. They escaped and swam to shore. Mrs. Waite's grandfather was a shoemaker and went from place to place plying his trade. He married Mary Van Wey in Waterloo, N. Y. in 1820.

Magdalene Ann Burgher (Mallory)

Joseph Burgher I was born in Amherst County, Virginia, in 1764 and with his family moved to Butler County, Kentucky, in 1793, the same year that Gen. Chas. Scott and John Mallory moved to Woodford and Nelson Counties, Kentucky. Joseph Burgher's wife was Mary Patrick, and they had nine children: Elizabeth married Edmund Coffee, Jack a batchlor, Charles married Willie Master-son. William married Lydia Saffarans, Mary married Stephen Howard, Ann married John Taylor, Rachael married David Hayes, Magdalene married Andrew Kuykendall and Joseph II married Ann Scott.

Magdalene Ann Burgher's mother, Ann Scott, was a daughter of John and Elizabeth Bridges Scott and was married first to a Bennett by whom she had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married a Robert Pirtle. (No wonder this thing gets so complicated and mixed up, with the Pirtles away back in Kentucky, and then again seventy years later in Honey Grove, Texas). The date of the marriage of Joseph Burgher and Ann Scott is not known to us. Our first record of them is in Montgomery County, Tennessee, near the Wiley Mallory place, when on November 19, 1821, a son, Young Burgher, was born to them, and then on March 4, 1824, a daughter, Magdalene Ann.

In 1830, when Magdalene Burgher was six years old her father died, leaving the widow, Ann, and the two children, Young and Magdalene. Shortly after the death of Joseph Burgher his widow married Allen Trousdale, a cousin of James Mallory, and who had a son, Ewing Trousdale, born January 18, 1824. To Allen and Ann Trousdale were born Lavanda, June 10, 1832, and Sarah, November 20, 1834.

September 15, 1836, Ann Scott Burgher died, leaving her husband and the five children. October 1, 1836, Allen Trousdale started



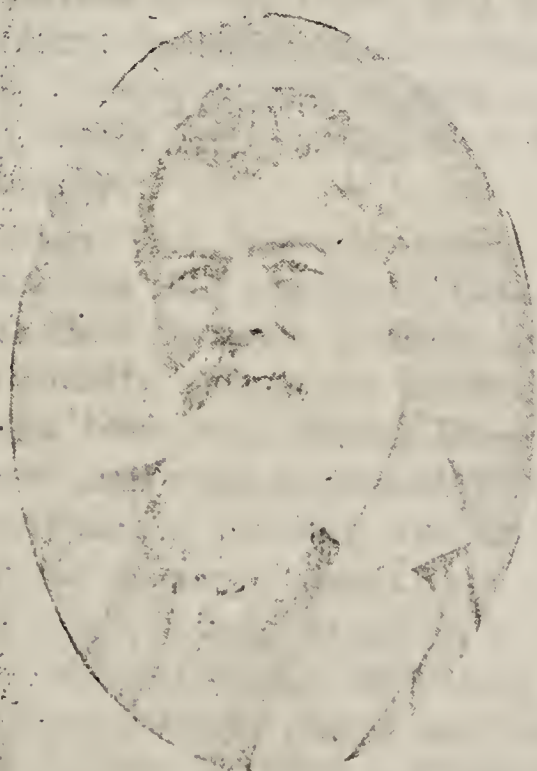
for Texas with the five children. Magdalene was twelve, and acting mother and housekeeper. The family stopped off at Ouachita Cove,

Dallas County, Arkansas, near Hope, and Allen Trousdale must have liked it because he lived and died there. The son, Young Burgher, stayed in Arkansas with the family five years, then to Texas, arriving at the home of his cousin, Claiborne Chisum, in Lamar County, October 5, 1841. Burgher, who was twenty, brought along his step-brother, Ewing Trousdale, who was seventeen. We don't know anything more of Ewing Trousdale except that he "died of a fever" at Mackenzie College in Clarksville in 1863. Being forty years old at the time he must have been a teacher—or he could have been a little backward in his studies.

William Bell

John Birdwell, who had come to Texas with Robert and Belinda Bell and had been very close to the Bell family since their days in Alabama, was made Administrator of the Estate of Bell, at Bell's dying request. Creditors immediately asked for an accounting and Birdwell auctioned off the farm and all the personal belongings of the family for benefit of the creditors. Bell had not been able to work and was confined to his bed most of the time for the two or three years before his death, and his debts had piled up on him. Grandpa William Bell said: "They even sold the family Bible".

Bill Griffith bought in the farm and O. M. Roberts and Bob Ross, who had lived on the place with the Bells, took over the farm for Griffith. Homeless and orphaned, Harriett Bell Howeth and her husband moved a few miles north of the home on the line of what is now Rusk and Panola Counties, between Rake Pocket and Pine Hill. They took all the Bell children with them although they had nothing and no apparent chance of ever having anything. William Howeth's brother, Tom, went along with them.



Dr. William Wesley and Harriett Elizabeth Jane Bell Howeth

Birdwell, who had taken a headright and then bought up several more from disgruntled settlers saw that it was impracticable for the Howeths to try to take care of all these children, so he ordered that the two boys, James, fifteen, and William, eleven, be bound out to Robert Gray, who had married Cynthia Scott, a sister of Belinda Scott Bell. The boys confided to Tom Howeth that they could take care of themselves and that they were not about to be bound out or enslaved to anybody. Tom, who was not yet grown, and who owned two horses, was sympathetic, and gave one of his horses to the boys and he took the other, and the three of them set out at night, headed north. Belinda Bell's sister, Betsie, had married a McCasland (?) and lived at Minden, Louisiana. When the three boys reached Jefferson, they separated, Tom Howeth heading for Lamar County and the Bell boys for Minden and their Aunt Betsie. Upon their arrival at Minden James Bell secured the mail contract from the Sheriff, a Mr. Jones, and William Bell took over housekeeping and farming for his Aunt Betsie for his room and board. At the end of a year, James left for Lamar County and William, who was twelve years old got the mail job.

The mail route started at Minden, Wednesday morning and ran to Monroe on the Ouachita River. The round trip was 105 miles and the mail had to be back in Minden Sunday night. Mondays and Tuesdays were rest days. Grandpa has often told of how he always started crying even before he came in sight of the Ouachita River, which he had to swim. He said by the time he reached the river, he had always worked up a good bawl, and would sit on the bank for hours, dreading the cold, swift water which he had to swim with the mail strapped to his back. His monthly pay for this pastime was six dollars and no cents, plus meals, which he ate with the natives on his route, and plus feed for his horse which he also took from the cribs of his clients. William held the mail job three years, then quit and headed for Lamar County, Texas, where his sister, Mary, was living with their cousin, Claiborne Chisum and his family.

When Tom Howeth arrived in Lamar County in 1842 from Rusk County, he told Claiborne Chisum and Epps Gibbons of the plight of the Bell children. Chisum and Gibbons set out in a wagon for Rusk County and found all Howeth had told them to be true. They brought back with them, Mary Ann Bell, who kept house for Chisum and went to school. They also brought along John Bell, William's younger brother, and he lived with the Gibbons family.

Mary Bell, our great-aunt was married August 29, 1844 to our great-uncle, Young Burgher, at the Chisum home, by the Rev. Jefferson Shook. Young and Mary Burgher bought a place adjoining the Chisum home place and built a one-room log house for their home. August 26, 1846, a daughter was born to them and they named her Isadora—Cousin Dody if you please. Two days after the birth of the daughter, William Bell arrived at the Burgher home from Louisiana. He was fourteen at the time and he stayed on with the



Young and Mary Ann Rebecca Bell Burgher

Burghers and helped them to clear their land. Chills and fever were prevalent in those days and the Burghers had their share. All the Burgher and Chisum household got down at one time, and William Bell had to cook, look after the stock, farm, and nurse the sick. In those days before the advent of what we call modern conveniences, nursing one sick patient was a job, but several of them at one time could worry a man plumb down, much less a fourteen year old boy. After a time of acting as wet nurse, cook, maid, and hired hand, William was hit with a chill while out in the field. He made it to the yard where he lay down and started yelling: "Now, I-ganny, I'm as sick as any of you—somebody come out here and git me".

In 1847, Young Burgher was certified by Rev. James Graham as a Trustee for the "Methodist Church to be erected at or near the town of Paris", and was authorized to accept donations toward building such a church. The church was built at the corner of Kaufman and Short streets in Paris, where once stood the Peterson Theatre.

After the Burgher land was cleared, William Bell bought a yoke of oxen from Epps Gibbons, and with the help of Mr. Moore and Burgher he built a freight wagon. With his outfit he engaged in the freighting business, hauling cotton from Paris to Jefferson for water shipment to New Orleans, then back-hauled merchandise from the steamboats entering Jefferson, to Paris, Clarksville and even as far up west as Gainesville. He hauled one solid load of cow and sheep bells from the Kelley Foundry at Jefferson, which he sold throughout the country. My good friend, the late Mr. Sam D. McGee who lived at Dodd City told me of an incident in the freighting business which was interesting to me. A shipment of gold coins came into Jefferson consigned to Paris and Bonham. At the same time a shipment of nails in kegs came in. The freighters emptied one keg of nails and substituted for the nails, the gold coins, which they brought through the country without incident.

During the hard winter months, William Bell worked for Dr. S. E. Clement, who operated a drugstore on the south side of the square where is now Murphy's Drug Store. In addition to his drug store, Dr. Clement operated a bank and general mercantile business.

In 1850, William took time off from his freighting and clerking and went to Rusk County for a visit with his sister, Harriett Howeth and his little sister Belinda (Aunt Bell New), who was now eight years old and whom he had not seen since she was an infant of five months. The school teacher at Rakepocket, where the Howeths lived was Sarah Lord Van Wey, daughter of Richard and Catherine Van Wey who had come out from Ohio. Van Wey, who was a hardware and furniture maker originally, settled in Rusk County but did not stay in that part of the country for long. He and his family moved back north to Red River County and settled at Rosalie, near Bogeta, but Sarah stayed and lived with the Howeths while she taught in the school near their home. The teacher, Sarah, was 19 years old, having been born in McArthur, Ohio, June 24, 1830. William at this time was eighteen and had already lived an average lifetime. Before Sarah Van Wey died, I got to knowing her pretty well, and knowing her as I did in her later years, I cannot for the life of me visualize her away off down there in that wild country and her folks a hundred miles away. William Bell met Sarah Van Wey on his trip and naturally was thrown with her quite a lot. Later events indicate that he was impressed, but there is nothing in the records to prove it. If he was undemonstrative in his youth as he was in old age, nobody would have known it if he had fallen in love with the girl.

William had made several freighting trips to Gainesville in Cooke County, and on his visits he told his sister Harriet and her husband about the new country which was opening up and of the possibilities out West. They were impressed with his stories but did not do anything about it at the time. Some time later, however, they did go to Gainesville for a look, and on their way out they stopped at Paris for a visit with Young and Mary Burgher, and they left the young sister, Belinda, with the Burghers while they went out to scout the new country. They liked Cooke County and stayed. Little Belinda lived on with the Burghers.

When William Bell returned to Paris from Rusk County he found that the Burghers had company. Burgher's sister, Magdalene, who had married James Mallory, and their children, James, Young B., and Sarah were visiting them, having arrived in October from Arkansas. They were temporarily with the Burghers while they looked about for a place to settle.

William went back to his job with Dr. Clement, then with Spring he made three trips freighting. On September 3, 1851, he enrolled at Mackenzie College in Clarksville. Meanwhile two more children had been born to the Burghers. A son, Epps, was born August 26, 1848, and another son, Solon, was born February 11, 1851, and died ten months later.

After one term in college, William went back again to Dr. Clements. His brother James, and their cousin Tom Gibbons stayed around the store a good part of their time and talked of California where the gold rush was still in progress. William Bell was interested and went along in the conversations and arguments, but when they got around to talk of actually making a trip, as they did after each of their daily talks, William walked out on them and resumed his clerking. He could not make up his mind to go, and yet he could not think of missing the trip and staying behind. He finally decided definitely that he would not go.

Saturday morning, April 23, 1853, a wagon train pulled up in front of Clement's to outfit themselves for the trip to California. In the train were Bell's cousin, Tom Gibbons, in charge, Jim Bell, Grant Taylor, Morris and Jim Bolen, Jeff and Reff Hightower, and the widow Harrell and her family. William, being the clerk in the store filled their orders for grease, turpentine, castor oil, bees wax, quinine, calomel, ointments, salves, groceries, hardware, etc., and went out to the wagons with them to help with the packing and to tell them goodbye. They were ready to pull out when William's emotions got the best of him and he told them to meet him at the fork just north of the Chisum place (where the Sanitarium of Paris is now located). He ran home, yoked up his oxen, tied his mule on behind the wagon, and met them at the appointed place and was on his way for an eventful trip.

As the party proceeded toward California, others joined them until the train numbered sixty-five people, including women and children. After crossing the desert a stop was made at Warner's Ranch. Of the sixty who started, all had turned back except William and Jim Bell, Tom Gibbons, and the two Hightower boys, Jeff and Reff. At Warner's, they sold their mules, oxen and wagons, and all their possessions to Warners, a part of the trade being that Warner would send a man with them to San Diego. There they caught a boat for San Francisco and the promised land. Arriving in San Francisco September 6, 1853, Jim and William went on to Sacramento and to the mountains. They were terribly discouraged over the outlook. The brothers stopped over at Bradejo and there they ran into Gid and Tom Miller, their cousins from Tennessee, who were sons of their Aunt Lottie Bell Miller. The Miller boys were raising potatoes.

When William and James got to Bradejo they had an accounting and William owed Jim one hundred dollars. William got a job with Ike Staley working on a thrasher at three dollars a day, the first money he had seen since leaving home. Tom Gibbons and Jim Rice came to Bradejo, and with the Bell brothers they went to the Big Plains Country, Sanamo County near Healdsburg, where they pre-empted 160 acres each of river bottom land, all on credit without a down payment. William borrowed some money from Harmon Hill and bought some hogs for \$100.00 and a plow for \$50.00 and said that in thirty days he could not have gotten ten dollars for the whole

outfit. The land was put in wheat and corn, and the Bell Brothers stood \$1200.00 in debt on the crop. Jim Bell sold his interest to Tom Gibbons and returned to Texas where he had left his wife, Minerva Wortham Bell, whom he had married August 8, 1850. This left Tom Gibbons and William Bell with a lot of debts and some prospects for a crop. Bell and Gibbons made rails and fenced in their places. Bell had ninety acres of good land and the rest of his 160 acres was sand bar in the Russian River across from San Francisco Bay. Between their places and the coast, they prospected and somehow managed to live. They sowed the place in wheat which rusted. William traded for forty-one hogs one night, and the next morning he took Gibbons out to show off his hogs, all of them had run off or had been stolen except five. What a life!

Bell and Gibbons had one consolation—they didn't owe everybody in the country—all their debts were in one man, Harmon Hill. They figured up their standing, pooled their debts and called it a real partnership. Grandpa Bell said: "I traded a horse for thirty-two head of hogs, we had a pool of water, and the marrow fat peas we had planted fed the hogs, which we sold for \$900.00. Ike Staley and J. Ragan got mad at each other and wanted to sell their 150 head of hogs and the pasture, all for \$850.00. I told Tom I would see Harmon and ask if he could wait for his money. When I came back, we made the trade and after I counted the hogs we had one hundred and sixty-three head. I sold back six of them to Ike for seventy-two dollars for his meat supply and in three months we sold the balance for twenty-four hundred dollars. We fooled around and made about \$5,000.00 more that year. We traded around and it looked like everything we touched turned to money. We had about \$3,000.00 each in cash, then we sold out and left for home December 20, 1856. We were about thirty miles from Petaluma which is just across the Bay. "We had buckskin vests and had around \$5,000.00 each sewed into the vests. We came back by Panama and Cuba and New Orleans and up the river to Jefferson, arriving home early in 1857".

When I asked Grandpa to continue his story on what he did in 1857-58, he elaborated at length, saying: "Didn't do nothin' in '57 and '58".

Upon his return from California, William found that some changes had taken place. On May 28, 1854, a tornado had hit Gainesville and killed Thomas Bell Howeth and Louisa May Howeth, children of his sister Harriett and her husband William. The bodies of the children were carried more than a mile from their home and when found were barely recognizable. They were buried in the cemetery at Gainesville and the graves are near the entrance to that cemetery.

William's school teacher friend, Sarah Van Wey, had married a Mr. Pasteur in 1854, in Rusk County, and they had moved to Shreveport, where Mr. Pasteur died about a year after the marriage. Mr. Pasteur was from New Orleans and was a coffee broker. He left some land in Houston County, Texas, which was just recently

sold by my mother.

Young and Mary Ann Burgher had moved to Forest Hill in the west end of Lamar County and two more children had been born to them there—William Bell Burgher, born August 22, 1854 (died November 12, 1856), and Robert Young Burgher, born February 14, 1857 (died October 1, 1864). Young Burgher was quite a man around Forest Hill. He organized and operated a Sunday School, Bible classes, and Singing Schools all over the County. He led all the singing schools and said they sang "by note only". He was Justice of the Peace of his Precinct and performed many marriage ceremonies, preached funerals, led the singings at camp meetings, etc. He was also considered the best cabinet maker and carpenter in the County. William Bell lived with the Burghers after his return from California. In 1858, Burgher and Bell undertook the building of a schoolhouse for the neighborhood, and had the building about half completed when the thought of a teacher for the school came to their minds. Bell came right up with the answer—had it in the back of that shrewd head of his all the time, I'm sure. He knew a Sarah Van Wey in Rusk County who was now a widow, and who had moved to Rosalie in Red River County where she lived with her folks. Bell was so sure she was the teacher they needed that he went to Rosalie, only two days ride from Forest Hill, and brought Sarah up for inspection. Sarah Pasteur was hired on the spot and went to live with the Pirtles who were Burgher's neighbors. Bell continued to live with the Burghers.

John Bell, William's brother, had entered Mackenzie College where he died December 12, 1854 at the age of twenty.

In April 1859, another party was made up in Paris for a trip to California and William Bell was asked to go along. He was to meet the party near Whitewright in Grayson County. He changed his mind for some reason—maybe the teacher friend had something to do with his mind-change. Bell rode a pony to the meeting place to tell them he could not go along. For once in his life he was on time and waited at the cross-roads for the train. They showed up around ten o'clock in the morning and Bell told them to go ahead without him. He said it was a pretty day in April and that as the train went on west he sat on his pony and waved at the members of the party as far as he could see them. Finally they came up on a hill far away from him and he took off his shirt and stood in his saddle and waved his shirt. Then he started toward Sherman.

Here is his story as he told it to me one Sunday morning in April, 1919. He asked me for the time of day and I replied that it was ten o'clock. Then he said: "Jim Bob, I'll tell you where I was exactly sixty years ago at this very hour". Then he told me of meeting the wagon train, and he continued:

"As I started back to Sherman I felt a cool breeze about my legs, and in thirty minutes I was really getting cold. I spurred up my horse and the wind from the north was so strong he could

barely head into it. In a very short time I was freezing cold. Knowing that a log house was not too far distance, I tried to make it there before I froze. When I finally made it to the house, the man and his wife came running to meet me and while the man carried me to the house his wife took my horse to a lean-to and wrapped hides around him to keep him from freezing. We stayed in the house for two days with a big fire going in the fire place, and at the end of two days the freeze and wind abated as they had come up, very suddenly. I continued my trip to Sherman, although the sudden normal weather was almost more than I could stand for the first hour or so. Now, Jim Bob, if anybody tells you about a tree or any living plant in Grayson County which he claims to be more than sixty years old you can tell him he is lying, because not a tree, nor a plant of any size, and not an animal other than those protected, survived that freeze". The Denison Herald carried a report of that freeze during the week following our conversation.

True love never runs smooth, and something must have happened, because May 20, 1859, just a month after the freeze, Bell joined a party bound for California. In this train were William Bell in charge, William and Harriett Howeth and their two sons, Wesley and Andrew, Joel Mann, and Mrs. Twitty—for goodness sake, Mrs. Twitty. They drove cattle across this trip, and since William Bell had made the trip before, and knew the watering places, pasturage, etc., he was made the leader. At Gainesville, where they started the trip, a man whom the Howeths knew wanted to join them but they turned him down because he was a "consumptive", as tuberculars were called in those days. Grandpa said they turned him down because "consumptives" eat more than well folks, and anyhow they didn't think he could stand the physical strain. He overcame their arguments however, and joined up. Imagine if you can, anybody winning an argument from either Grandpa Bell or Aunt Harriett, much less both of them. The consumptive made it to New Mexico alright and to a village of friendly Indians but he was weakening, and according to his agreement at the start, he quit the train and stayed with the Indians. As they went west he rode with the train to a lone tree at the edge of the village and told the party that if they came back that way and he had died he would be buried under that tree.

William Bell had mapped the route for water holes, grass, rivers, etc., and knew just where to stop for grass and water and stop-overs for rest, but the best plan can go awry, and when the party reached California seventy-five per cent of their cattle had died. The trip started May 20th and they reached San Bernandina in September, 1859.

The Howeths stayed in California with Jim Bell, who after his return to Texas in the fifties, had moved his family out there, but Grandpa Bell met up with Bill Rhoads who had been there for some time, and they came back together in the late summer of 1860. What William Bell did while there is something else we don't

know. Bell and Rhoads brought back to Texas with them, a thirteen year old negro girl who belonged to the Howeths and she was to be left with Mary Howeth at Gainesville. This was all before Congressman Mann pushed that silly bill through Congress that relates to males and females crossing state lines together. Grandpa was twenty at the time.

On the return stage trip, an overnight stop was made at the Indian Village and the first man they saw was the "consumptive" who had not only regained his health, but was a fine looking fellow, highly respected by the Indians and was acting in some official capacity in the Village. Bell and Rhoads arrived in the Village just at the right time. The Indians had been making preparations for some time for a celebration of some sort and the big thing was due to come off that night. Since Bell was a friend of their friend and had visited with them on both his trips, he was made more or less a guest of honor. For weeks, the Indians had killed deer for the feast, the carcasses being buried in a trench. It had been dug up for barbecuing and Grandpa said he could not stand the smell of the cooking meat, let alone eat any of it. But since he was honor guest, he had to make a stab at eating it. He said he would take a bite of the meat, run out of the arbor, shoot his lunch, and come back for another try. He said that sixty years later, he had not gotten away from the smell and taste of that feast.

When the stage left the following morning, the consumptive rode his horse along with the stage for a few miles, waved a goodbye to Bell and Rhoads and went back to his friends, the Indians.

This stage trip consumed fifteen days, with two all-night stops. The Butterfield Company operated the stage line and the motive power was mules part of the way and horses part of the way. The fare was \$100.00 per person and the stage accommodated six passengers, baggage and the driver.

When William Bell returned from his last trip to California, he "took charge of the horses owned by me and Tom Gibbons". He said he and Gibbons were partners still, and that their horses ranged from Forest Hill, down to as far as Atlas. In rounding up his horses, Bell on several occasions spent the night with James and Magdalene Mallory, whom he had known through his sister Mary having married Young Burgher, a brother of Magdalene Mallory. While I had never heard of Grandpa Bell being in the horse business, it seems that this was his business for a long time. A letter written to him while he was in the Army in 1864 by his sister Mary, referred to his horses.

It was agreed on his arrival home from California that William Bell and Sarah Van Wey Pasteur would be married during the Christmas Holidays. She was to go down to Rosalie and he would follow, and they would be married Christmas Day.



The groom being a good whittler and a good talker, was just a shade late for the wedding and didn't make it to the church until January 8, 1861, when they were married and lived happily ever after—well, Grandpa was happy.

James and Magdalene Ann Burgher Mallory

When James Mallory left Tennessee in March 1843, he and his negroes stopped off at Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee where Mallory had often gone for hunting and fishing. He spent a year at the lake and arrived in Arkansas in March 1844, for a visit with his cousin, Allen Trousdale. Magdalene Burgher, Trousdale's step-daughter, was then twenty years old, and James Mallory was thirty-seven. They were married June 11, 1844, and lived on with Trousdale for several years. Mallory and Trousdale were in the hog business there in Arkansas.

September 2, 1844, Young Burgher visited his sister, Magdalene, and told her that he had married Mary Ann Rebecca Bell in Atlas, Texas, a few days prior, and that he was then on his way to Butler County, Kentucky, to claim his grandfather's estate. He was riding a pony which he said he had bought from Claiborne Chisum for \$30.00 for which he gave his note, payable upon his return from Kentucky with his share of his grandfather's estate. He returned through Arkansas some time later and gave Magdalene her share of the estate, which was one hundred dollars in gold, then resumed his trip to Texas. Jas. K. Polk and Henry Clay were running against each other for President, and Young Burgher reported that all along his route to Kentucky, supporters of Polk had painted their faces with poke berry juice and Clay's supporters carried coon skins on the end of poles. Polk was for annexation of Texas, and Clay against it. Polk won, and Texas was annexed. Grandma said that after her brother's visit, and his tales of Texas, she was never satisfied with Arkansas but would not tell Grandpa because they were doing all right.



HOUSE

The house is a small, simple building with a gabled roof and a chimney. It is surrounded by a fence and a small garden. The house is built of wood and has a thatched roof. The chimney is made of brick and is very tall. The house is very old and has many windows. The house is very nice and is a very good house.

The house is a small, simple building with a gabled roof and a chimney. It is surrounded by a fence and a small garden. The house is built of wood and has a thatched roof. The chimney is made of brick and is very tall. The house is very old and has many windows. The house is very nice and is a very good house.

The house is a small, simple building with a gabled roof and a chimney. It is surrounded by a fence and a small garden. The house is built of wood and has a thatched roof. The chimney is made of brick and is very tall. The house is very old and has many windows. The house is very nice and is a very good house.

February 28, 1846, a son was born to James and Magdalene and they named him Young Burgher Mallory for his uncle. April 15, 1848, another son was born, called James for his father. Then on May 15, 1850, a daughter was born, and they named her Sarah for her Aunt Sarah Trousdale.

In September 1850, the Mallory's had accumulated three children, and they decided they had better build a house before winter set in, and establish a home of their own. They picked a spot near the Trousdale home and cleared the land for the house. The foundation logs had been placed and here is the story Grandma told me many, many times: "Mr. Mallory and the negro had laid the foundation and were hewing the logs for the walls. I took Young, 3, Jimmie 2 and the baby, little Sarah, and went out to the house to watch the men work. They brought up a load of logs with the oxen, and Mr. Mallory came over and sat down by me. All of a sudden he said, "Magdalene, you're crying." I said, "Yes, I don't want a house in Arkansas, I want to go to Texas." Mr. Mallory turned to the negro and told him to unyoke the oxen and he said, "Come on, Magdalene Ann, we're going to Texas."

October 15, 1850, they arrived at the home of Young and Mary Burgher at Atlas, Texas. Mary Burgher was the sister of William Bell—you remember him—our grandpa. They lived with the Burgers for some time, probably six months, and some time in 1851 they moved a few miles south and west and settled in a log cabin located on a glade on the Samuel Hunter place. I have never heard what the arrangement was with Hunter, if any, but Grandma has told me of how happy they were in their new location. She said that Grandpa had taught York, the negro to use a rifle and that he was quite a hunter. Some time in 1854 while York was out hunting, he tracked deer and turkey through a thicket to a running spring located on the side of a creek. Grandpa and York had made a long handled augur and with this, York bored through the rock and found plenty of clear water and a well was dug. Incidentally, through the years the course of the creek changed and took in this well which was gradually filled up with soil and rock, and just recently, in 1945, was discovered in the middle of the creek bed.

May 30, 1953, Elizabeth Mallory (Aunt Betty Hawkins) was born in the house up on the glade, and was named for her Aunt Elizabeth Coffee.

Upon finding a plentiful supply of good water, the Mallorys decided to buy the place, and in December 1854, bought three hundred and twenty acres from Samuel Hunter. The deed is recorded in Book G, page 536, Deed Records of Lamar County, by Jacob Long, County Clerk, and is dated December 27, 1854, 2 p. m. The deed reads in part: "For and in consideration of the sum of six hundred and forty dollars to me in hand paid by James Mallory, at and before the sealing and delivering hereof,—transfer to the said Mallory, etc., 320 acres of the 640 acre headright certificate of James Stroud issued by the Land Commissioners of Lamar County, Texas,

February 2, 1849—situated 9 miles southwest of Paris on the waters of North Sulphur River, it being the place where the said Mallory now resides, etc."

In 1854, Grandpa sold the negro, Nancy, and her young son, Little York, to Captain Beauchamp and with the sales price bought the farm. Old York stayed on with the Mallorys and as a matter of fact, stayed with them several years after he was freed. He had saved some money and moved to Chickasha in the Indian Territory where he bought a farm. He later traded the farm for a herd of cattle, which he turned out on the range. The natives told him he was not entitled to use of the range as he was not a free holder and he was never able to find one head of his stock. He died near Chickasha. After the war Nancy and her son, Little York, moved in with the Mallorys, discarded their name, Beauchamp, and renewed their name, Mallory, living with the Mallorys for several years after the war. Little York is living today (1949) in Paris, where he worked for the Compress for about fifty years, and where he has always been highly regarded by his employers and all whites who know him.

After buying the place, Grandpa built a log home on it. This house was made from logs hewn on the place and the boards and shingles were hand sawed right there in the yard. A smokehouse was built down in the corner of the yard, a cabin for the slaves, granaries, barns, etc., and all fence posts, gates and gate posts were made of bois d'arc and those which have not been moved for various reasons stand today as they were when built, bolts and nuts holding them together rather than nails. However, metal hinges have replaced the peg bois d'arc hinges upon which they swung originally. A tool house was built in the yard adjoining the negro cabin, and even in my day I recall the orderly arrangement of the various tools in this house. There were bolts, nuts, nails, screws, sheets of leather, whang leather, rawhide, shoe soles, and nails, and everything necessary to repair implements, shoes, harness, etc., and woe be unto the brat who messed up the arrangements of the tool house.

The home was a two story log house with an open hall dividing it, and a wide front porch. On the west was Grandma's room and a small bedroom, and on the east of the hall the dining room and kitchen. On each side of the house was a native rock fireplace and chimney. The fireplace burned cord wood—4 ft.—and the placing of a back log was a neighborhood affair. There were always enough men around the place for the job, but it took more than one man to handle the log. After the rocks got hot little fire was required to heat the house and certainly no insulation was needed with those logs in the walls about 10 inches thick and chinked with clay and cement. The stairway was out on the front porch and led up one side of the open hallway. Upstairs on the west was one large bedroom and in the middle room over the open hallway was Uncle Allen's bedroom, and over the dining room on the east was a store

room. I don't recall that I was ever in this room. The front porch, which was about fourteen feet wide, ran the entire length of the house and steps to all entrances were of native stone sawed out of the quarries on the place. As I remember, the furniture was all homemade. I know the dining room and kitchen furniture were, and the desk and all the tables in the other rooms were homemade.



The James Mallory Home
(After Weatherboarding)

Back of the house was the milk house, which was about 5x5 feet, built on legs about four feet from the ground. The milk was kept in this house except that which would likely sour, which was lowered into the well in summer by a rope attached to a big can, or cooler as they called it. All the kitchen utensils were of copper except the crocks.

Along the front fence were several bee hives. The water bucket and washpan, together with the gourd dipper were on the south end of the open hall in the house. The privy was located in the southeast corner of the yard just over the creek, but I think that was a late addition to the place, as the men folks used the chimney corner on the west, and the barn, while Grandma and the children used the chimney corner on the east and the back end of the smokehouse. Seriously, I don't suppose that they had a back house in 1854.

Many times I have noted that Papa was the most sentimental person I ever knew. It was a rare day that he did not elaborate upon the "beauties of nature" and end his comments with the phrase: "Ah Law, you can't beat Mother Nature". From what I had heard of Grandpa Mallory it never occurred to me that Papa's nature came from him until I found a diary which Grandpa kept in which the beauties of nature are mentioned in almost every day's recording. We have all heard that Reelfoot Lake in west Tennessee was formed by an earthquake which just lowered that part of the earth. According to history this happened in 1811. Following is an excerpt

from the diary which recounts the occurrence of the forming of Reelfoot Lake:

March the 11th, Anno Dom. 1857.

I, James Mallory in noticing the Buties and wonders of Nature, have at this late date in My life Concluded to Comit some of the many that has come before my observation, to wrighting.

I was Born in Montgomery County, Tennessee 6 miles N E of Clarksville on Redriver January the 3rd A. D. 1807. Shortly after my Farther and Mother moved to Dover, Stuart County, where he leased what was then cald the uper Ferry. In 1811 the first shakes as they was then cald occurd. As young as I was then, I Recollect one Circumstance of the Shakes. It is evedent my parents be came allarmed and Crrosed over the Cumberland River to Dover. In Crosing the River my Farther discovered there was another shack from the tremoring of the timber and the Ripling of the water; these too circumstances I Recollect. In 1841-2 & 3 the winters of these years, I spent an Reelfoot lake. There I saw all the signs of the shakes in 1811. The Bluff or hils on the East side of the Lake, was wret in many places, Cracks runing Eastward from the Bluff, for miles. I saw in many places where the Mississippi Bottom betwean the lake and River where the pure white sand had blowd out runing in a strate line for the distance of a mile. At this places was thrown up in a concave sircle in shape of Doodle holes as they was cald by us children; it is evident thos Eruptions occur and originate in the Vecinity of New Madrid. Now there ar various apinions about the Cause and origin of Earth Quakes in this 'Country; in October 1842 there was a Conciderable shack at twelve oclock which alrmd the family of Mr. William Harper where I was bording at that time. The 3rd day of January 1843 at night there was another verry heavy shack; this produced a great deal of dissatisfaction and alrm with some people. Capt. Harper and a Mr. Smith who liver near Millis Point asked me my appinion a bout them. I told them frankly that I believed they originated in that region of Country. Mr. Smith thaught not. His idea was the origin was in south America, that the shack reiderated with the Rockey Mountains then with the Ozak Mountains which Point to the Madrid Country.

Now as to the Cause I had an idier but I discovered some years after wards my idier was Eronious; in 1848 I met with Dr. Holt formerly of Murry Calaway County (Ky). He was at that time a Citizen of Millis Point or Hickmantown. We directly got on the subject of the shakes in this vicinity. We a greed that they originated in that Country. The Doctor was a learnd man and gave it as his apinion that they originated from a Mineral cause production: that their was deposited in the Ozarc Mountains a great quantity of different kinds of Minerals which I found to be true on My return home to Polk Country, Arkansas.

The Most Butiful sene I think I ever beheld in Nature was on Reelfoot Lake, the winter of 1843. It had rained a fine Mist all day. Late in the Evening it turned cold and fared off a bout sun set; the

night was quit Cold and Clear. We was camped on a Point of land Runing south which formed an arm of the lake on Each side of us. The next Morning the sun rose butfully Cleare; the willows and other timber that grew on the Banks of the Lake was Covered with a dence frost hung in fether shape some 2 or 3 inches in length on the under side of the fine Branches and twigs that displayed all the rais of the rainbow; one of the most butiful sites of Nature I Ever beheld with my Eyes.

Big Snow in 1875

March 6th-1875 it Comenced Snowing this morning before Sun up. Snowed all day and untill bed time; snow mesured at night 10 1-2 inches. Nex Morning Mesured 12 inches. The Snow lodged on the timber so hevely that it brok a great many limbs and the tops out of some trees. A great many it bent nearly to the ground. At night the sean was grand—March the 7th this Morning was Clear and Serreane. Son 3 hours high; the sight; the unusuly Blue Skie and the butiful whiteness of the snow made the Sene Sublimely Grand. O nature how butiful thou art.

(These are just samples of his diary and reproduced exactly as he wrote them.)

Allen Trousdale Mallory was born March 13, 1857, and was named for Allen Trousdale, Magdalene Burgher Mallory's step-father, whom she adored and so often referred to as "Pappy Trousdale".

The Mallorys lived just a normal country life without pomp and style, since both of them were of hardy, pioneer stock with no social ambitions nor leanings toward aristocracy. Both James and Magdalene Mallory were well educated in their way and saw to it that their children had the advantages of an education. Papa has told me that when either of these good folks caught a fellow trying to put on airs they struck him from their list until he had cooled down. Records show that James Mallory was a community leader, active in all undertakings which would be calculated to improve the living and social conditions of his neighbors and friends. Documents drawn up by him in his own handwriting indicate that he was fairly well versed in the law and that he was a better than fair executive. He was normally circumspect, although he was not religious. However, he encouraged religion in the affairs of his family and contributed money and time to the furtherance of the religious life of his community. Magdalene Mallory received her education in the same way her husband received his—the hard way. Newspaper and Bible clippings which she treasured and saved do indicate that she had a deep appreciation of the good and the beautiful things of life and of the best in literature. When she was not engaged in her household duties she was busy with the neighbors who called, or was buried in the Bible, books or periodicals. She was a subscriber to and ardent reader of the Ram's Horn, a prohibition paper, the Dallas Semi-Weekly News and the Christian Advocate. Her home was more or less headquarters for all the women of

the neighborhood and they gathered there to learn how to weave, sew, knit, etc., and to learn from an expert how to make salt-rising bread. A slab of Grandma Mallory's bread with a layer of that golden butter from the milk of Old Crump, or Pied was something to remember. When I hear radio commercials describing the bread made from certain modern flours I brush them off with the thought of Grandma's bread made from wheat grown on the place and ground at Bassano's mill. Grandma Mallory not only built a church for her community but she saw to it that they had a preacher now and then. Brother R. C. Hicks, who was the father of Mrs. Lloyd Deshong and Miss Virginia Hicks, was her standby, and there were others.

When the Civil War came, James Mallory, Sr., was fifty-four years old and too old to go, and his son, Jim, was too young. His eldest son, Young Burgher Mallory, was only fourteen years old. Another son, Francis Drake Mallory (Papa) was born May 30, 1861. A month later, July 10, his sister Sarah died at the age of eleven. She was buried in the pasture just west of the home place, where a family plot was established.

A letter which Grandpa Mallory received from his father and mother, Wiley and Martha, from New Concord, Calloway County, Kentucky, is inserted here. Note the spelling of name at the bottom of the letter. He signed "Willie", when as a matter of fact it was Wiley.

Calloway County, Kentucky, October 11, 1861.

"Dear Son and Family:

I embrace this opportunity to inform you that we are all as well as could be expected at our age. I received your letter on the 9th inst. by John Cherchel from Henery, which gave us much satisfaction to learn that you were amongst the living. I have wrote and the boys have wrote and we have received but one letter from you since you left here before this one. (Note: No wonder—he had been gone only seventeen years.)

I have been on the decline for several years. I sold my land with the intention of going to "Misoury" but was taken sick and had a very hard spell and my friends persuaded me not to move to a new country, that I should die, & I bought Robert Ramsey's land and cattle.

Your mother is about as usual, sometimes not well & sometimes in tolerable health. She can do more work than any woman her age in Calloway County. She can see to thread a 600 needle without specks and she does the most of her sewing without specks. We have had bad luck since we moved here. The girl Emeline died since we moved here. I lost two yoke of oxen & some horses and mules, but thank God through his kindness we will make out to live if the black Republicans do not take negroes from me. They've taken Paducah. There is an army of about fifteen thousand there in possession of the town. A nuff of that stuff.

We would be mighty glad to see all of you but I fere I never

shall unless you come here and that is doubtful, but if you cannot come I would be glad that you would write as often as possible. You wrote about my moving to your country. It is impossible for me to move anywhere as I am old and infirm. We are making plenty to eat this year—crops are very good in the country—everybody seems to be making plenty—every farmer that I hear of say they are making wheat and corn a nuff to do them two years. Pork is scarce. This is a bad country for hogs but tolerably good for other stock.

I have a fine jennett and two jacks one four yrs old in the spring the other one year old in the spring. I believe them to be very fine. The people say they are fine. I have six blacks—to men and a woman and three children two of them about big a nuff to plow the other a girl between five and six yrs old a daughter of Emeline the smartest nigger I ever saw. The woman is about 27 or 28 yrs old rather white but stout, willing and able to work and can do as much work on the farm as any man and can cook and weave tolerable well. Your mother thinks a heap of her and keeps her busy only in a pinch in the crop.

Your brother Frank is living with me and is raising a crop this year. We have two barns tobacco about four thousand pounds as fine as you ever seen. Your brother William is living down on the Tennessee River. They have but one child, a little daughter. She can run about and talk. They are well and wish to be remembered to you all, and want to see you all. John and his family are living near by me and are all well at present. I must come to a close as I am in a hurry. I have never seen this man Moorehead nor seen that note. LeRoy Olive is dead and from what I could understand from Churchel they don't intend to pay the note.

Nothing more at present but remain your affectionate father and mother until death."

"Willie and Marthy Mallory"
(Exact Spelling)

The James Mallory didn't seem to have any aspirations beyond raising a family, living well, and being good citizens. From conversations with Grandma, I know their place was a community center, because they had one corner of the yard blocked off for holding court in good weather, and all elections were held in the yard. The Farmer's Grange met there too. Until the original home burned there was a bullet hole in the west window of Grandma's room. This hole was made by a stray bullet, when at an election held in the yard, Buldokus Williams shot at Mack McGlasson or the other way round. Grandpa served as Justice of the Peace for years, although the only written evidence is that October 5, 1865, he was reappointed by Andrew Hamilton, Provincial Governor of Texas and approved by Wm. Bramlette, Chief Justice of Lamar County, to serve as J. P. of Precinct 3, Lamar County.

I have seen many documents which constituted receipts for various expenditures made on the place for all sorts of merchandise and services, and there were the old cash books kept religiously

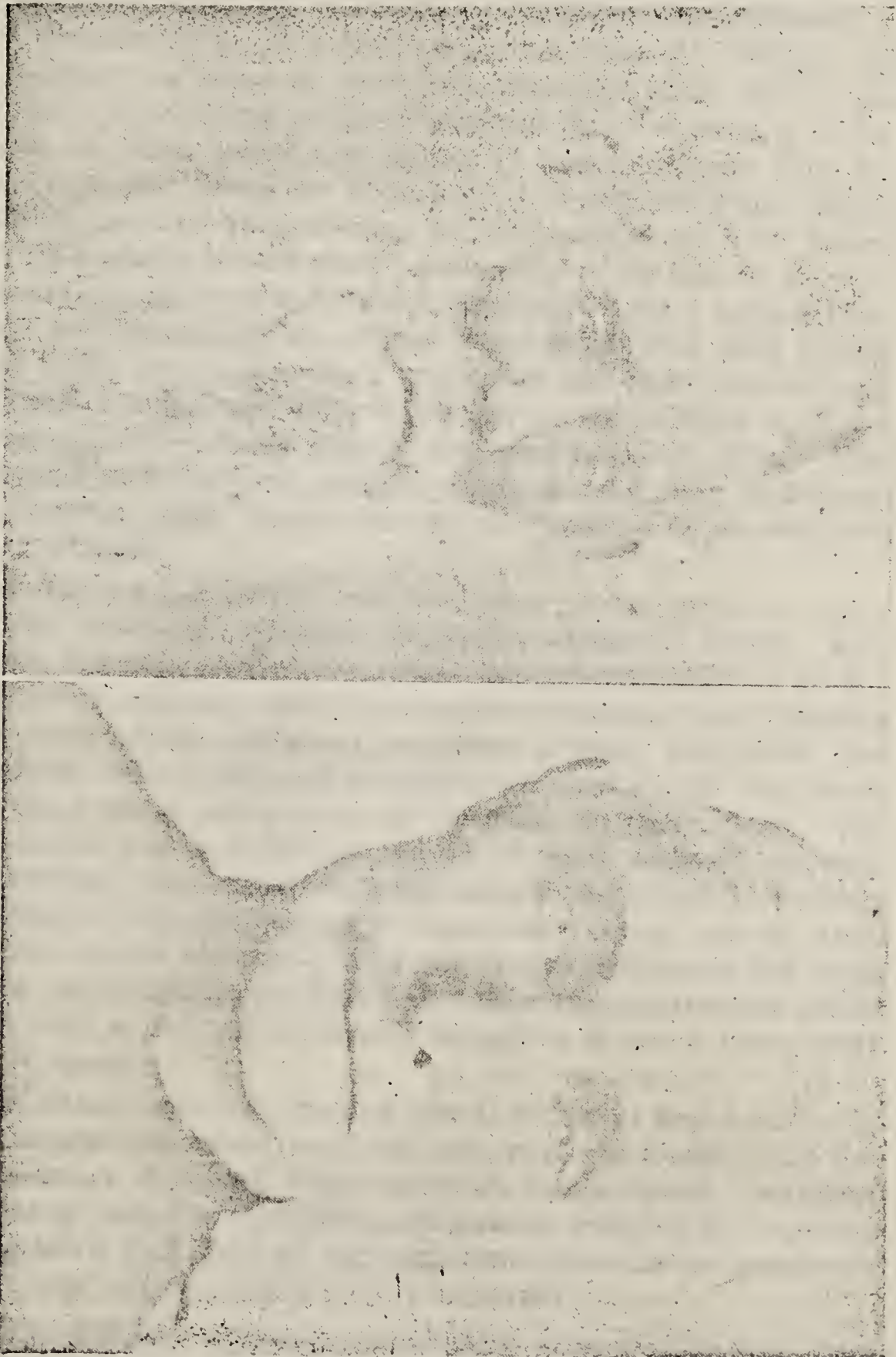
which detailed every little item in each day's business on the farm. Meat was sold from the smokehouse to neighbors. Also lard, potatoes, oats, and produce of one kind and another, and there were stud fees, court costs, sales of cotton, corn, etc. Grandpa always owned a fine stallion and a couple of the finest jacks, and according to Papa he took more interest in stock raising than in farming.

In 1861, when war came, James Mallory was appointed Chairman of a relief committee which was to dole out aid to dependent widows and children and wives of Lamar County men who had gone off to war from precinct 3. Just how active this committee was is not known. Grandma has told me that "all during the war and during reconstruction, the yard was full of people day and night". I didn't have enough sense to ask her what they were doing all that time. I had just one thing on my mind at that time and that was an old cannon ball that lay around the yard for years, and I forget now how she said it got there.

In 1864, November 29, Young Mallory, oldest son of James and Magdalene, died and was buried in the family plot. Papa, who was three and one-half years old at the time said this was the first thing in his life he remembered—that he remembered the man blasting out the rock for his brother's grave, then remembers the lowering of the casket.

Grandpa was head of the "Grange", and I have an original resolution which was signed by W. B. Minor in which he asked that one of the members be thrown out for having made some disparaging remarks about one of the brethren. Grandpa signed the resolution with Minor but later withdrew his endorsement.

Papa told me about a day when a man rode up to the front gate of the place and had a rifle across the horn of his saddle. He called to Grandpa Mallory and said: "Mallory, come to within ten feet of this fence and stop. I want to have a settlement with you". Grandpa wore a beaver hat which was made like this: He bought a high hat like cab drivers used to wear, then he cut around the crown and pushed the crown down to where it was not so high. Grandma stitched it and he was left with a hat that somewhat resembled a flat top derby, only it had a wider brim, was of beaver, and rested on his ears—my, what a hat! Well, he put on his hat and walked out to the spot indicated by his caller. The man said he had heard that Grandpa had said in open meeting of the Grange that this man's dog had killed a lot of sheep in the neighborhood. Papa said that Grandpa, who was a little short man, looked the man in the eye, walked out to the fence, opened the gate and up to the caller. He gently removed the rifle from the man's hand and proceeded to tell him that he had made a statement about the dog, and asked the man what he proposed doing about it. The fellow said he just wanted the Grange through Grandpa to know that he was sorry about it all, and was going to kill the dog. Grandpa presented the rifle, turned, tipped his hat and left the dog owner amazed.



JAMES AND MAGDALENE ANN BURCHER MALLORY

August 22, 1865, James Mallory took the oath of amnesty under a proclamation of President Andrew Johnson, dated May 29, 1865. Then on August 21, 1867, he subscribed the oath of allegiance to the U. S. and was certified by G. W. Dewitt. February 12, 1867, V. I. Stinnard wrote Grandpa from Marshall. From the tone of the letter it seems that they had been friends for some time, and in this letter Stinnard suggests some sort of monkey business—for instance:

"Well, Friend Mallory,—I think however that all things are working together for good to those who love the Old Stars and Stripes. I think I see in the distance looming up as it were a sufficient number of noble hearts and spirits to oust Old Andy from the Executive Chair and when we have placed in his stead one of the true Israelites 'twill be glory enough for men—what think ye, Friend Jimmy? This perhaps would grate harshly upon the ears of some of my particular friends, but they must remember that I suffered imprisonment and chains for my honest sentiments and now I must be allowed some privileges, don't you think so? Haa! Ha!—I suppose you have learned, ere now, that I am in the revenue business which pays me well—about \$150.00 per months——." (Note: "Old Andy" referred to President Andrew Johnson, who had succeeded President Lincoln, or to Andrew Hamilton, Provisional President of Texas at that time).

The Mallorys lived pretty well "at home". Their personal needs were few and were met without the outlay of cash. Sugar, salt, baking soda, baking powder, etc., were bought from Mr. A. H. Bywaters, a life-long friend, who had a store at Roxton, and Grandma might buy dress goods for about one dress a year, and shoes for herself and the men folks and maybe some shirting for the boys, but when the annual settlement of the store bill was made, the Mallorys always had a credit by reason of wool, tallow, beeswax, maybe a yearling, etc., which they had sold to the store. All clothes were homemade. The Mallorys had their own sheep which they sheared, then carded the wool, spun the thread and wove the cloth for their sox, pants and coats. They had a shoe shop in the tool house and by the time a pair of shoes was discarded it was a fairly well worn pair of shoes.

In 1868, Papa, who had studied his A, B, C's at home and was now seven, started to school one-half mile north of home. I am assuming it was on the creek where Dickey's Chapel stood. Grandma told me herself that she furnished the lumber and nails for the Chapel, and work was done by her men and others in the neighborhood, yet it was always called Dickey's Chapel.

Uncle Jim Mallory attended a boarding school at Shiloh, west of Paris. The receipted bill for his tuition for 1866, September term, signed by Jno. C. Newberry, was \$7.86. Another bill for tuition is as follows: "Jas Mallory Dr to Cynthia Hunter for tuition of James Mallory 8 1-2 weeks, Elizabeth Mallory 11 1-2 weeks and Sarah 11 1-2 weeks at the rates of \$1.25 per months amounting to \$9.68 3-4c less credit of thread \$1.50, payment received in full". Miss Cynthia

Hunter was an Aunt of Edgar and Ebb Hunter and married Mr. Bob Mayo. Her son was Homer Mayo who was a half-brother to Mrs. Lottie Leverett.

Papa was more or less kicked around by the older children according to Grandma because "he was the baby and was always sort of sickly and puny, and I let him help me around the house rather than work in the field and with the stock." She taught him his lessons and Papa says that with every letter and figure lesson he got a chapter from the Bible. With Papa helping around the house, studying his lessons at Grandma's knee, having the Bible read to him, and having his head worked out with the fine tooth comb (whisper that one), it would seem that he was the almost constant companion of his mother, which he says is true. No wonder Uncle Jim kicked him around.

In 1878, Uncle Jim went West with cattle, and on June 8th he wrote to Grandma and said he had been through the roughest country he ever dreamed of—mountains and brush, but hadn't lost a cow. He said he was afoot as his pony had "got badly hooked by a bull", and he didn't know how long it would take the wound to heal. He said nobody lived around Cross Plains but herdsmen and rangers and that there were three thousand sheep in half a mile of his camp. He closed his letter, "Your son till death, James Mallory, Jr."

About this time Uncle Jim had his first and only love affair. He was in love with Eliza Bywaters, and she with him. He told her he wanted a year to figure things out and that if at the end of a year he had decided he could make her a good husband, he wanted her to marry him—if he decided that he liked "likker" and good times better, he would not burden her with him and his wildness. At the end of the year he reported that he wasn't cut out for a husband, and that took care of the marriage situation. They were good friends until her death.

From Papa I have learned some about Grandpa Mallory and his characteristics. Like Grandma, he made more or less a pet of Papa and let him follow around the place and often took him with him on a horse when he had to go to Roxton or Paris. He was short and snappy, and unlike Papa, his motions and movements were quick. He was very erect to the time of his death at seventy-two years, and Papa said he was just as "fiery" in his last days as he was when younger. He had a quick temper and when he "flew off the handle", as Papa said, he was ready for a fight. He was monarch of all he surveyed and never had an argument in his life. He made up his mind and from then on out it was "yes" or "no", with never a "maybe so". All the animals on the place as well as the children knew that when he said "frog" it was time to jump. When asked for advice he gave it, and always wound up quoting David Crockett: "Whatever you do, be sure you're right, then go ahead". Uncle Jim rendered this quotation for me many, many times after a suck at a jug.

Just back of the Mallory home was a large cedar tree in which hundreds of chickens roosted at night. One rooster of the flock was afraid of all the other roosters and after coming down mornings he crossed the yard to the horse lot where he could be safe from the spurs of other roosters. Then at night he waited until others had gone to roost on the high limbs, when he mounted the lowest limb of the tree. This rooster flew down early one morning, just before day and before the others had come down. He started crowing and strutting around the yard under the tree, whereupon, Grandpa walked out with his old No. 8 shotgun and addressed the cowardly rooster in this fashion: "You low-down so-and-so, you can't hide all day, then go to roost under all them other roosters where they can do something on you, then jump down and crow before they get down. If you are scared of 'em, you ain't got any business in the flock". Following this address, Grandpa shot him into smithereens.



James Mallory, Jr. and Elizabeth Mallory (Hawkins)

Grandpa Mallory was quite a fiddler and played at home and around the neighborhood. Finally one night he was persuaded to play at a dance at Roxton where everybody got drunk and wound up with battered heads. Next day he hung up his fiddle and his bow and said he would never play another tune—that when fiddling got a man into company like that it was time to quit. He never played another tune. He quit fiddling like he quit gambling. However, when he quit his fiddle, his son Jimmie took over the musical chores and played many a hoe-down in his day and cups. The old fiddle is in my possession now, and here is the story of the fiddle as told me by Uncle Jim Mallory. Away back in the 1830's, a man and his family came through Calloway County, Kentucky, with a

wagon train headed for the West. One morning the man came to Wiley Mallory's place and asked him if he owned a yearling of a certain description. Wiley Mallory did own such an animal. The man said he had gone out early that morning to kill a deer and by mistake had killed the yearling and that he had nothing with which to pay for it. Grandpa Wiley told him that mistakes were liable to happen and that the traveler should skin the animal, give Mallory the hide and some of the meat and take the rest for his family. The stranger was so impressed with Wiley Mallory's generosity and kindness that before he continued his trip he presented Mallory with an old fiddle, the only thing of value he had in the wagon.

With a little arm twisting, Uncle Jim could be persuaded to take a small drink. He was a good trader, but when he had partaken of a drink of "cordial" as he called it, he would not buy, sell nor trade. He carried a little cash book with him and somebody in the family has that little book. On one of the pages is listed his expenditures on a trip to Paris:

Cordial	10 cts
Incerdentles	10 cts
(This goes on down for a page or two, then)	
One gallon of them inserdentles.....	\$2.65

He was a character—as straight and honest as any man who ever lived and he insisted that everybody be the same with him. That's one reason why his fights averaged about one a month. He "fit" many a fight and never won a battle.

Papa asked me one day to drive him out to a point about three miles northeast from Paris where a lone pine tree stands. He wanted to see what the place looked like. Then he told me this story:

"When I was just a little feller, we had two loads of wheat and corn to bring to mill to be ground into flour and meal—some for the neighbors, too. I had never been allowed to come to Paris alone, and but few times with anybody, but Brother Jim told Ma I was old enough to drive one of the teams if he was along. He put me in the front wagon so that if anything happened he would overtake and help me. I beat him to Paris by a little, and dropped the traces on the square, right where Bonham street runs into it. Uncle Larkin Hunt was City Marshall and told me to move—that I was blocking traffic. I had been warned not to pay attention to what anybody told me, so started telling him where to get off. He was in the act of impounding my team and taking me to the jug, when Jim drove up and explained me out of it. We took the grain on out to Bassano's Mill where this pine stands and had to spend the night awaiting our turn. During the night I heard what I knew to be a baby crying. Jim slept under the wagon and I slept—or lay—on the grain in my wagon. I cried for awhile, scared to death of that noise and finally had to wake Jim and tell him about my fear. Jim explained to me that the noise I had heard was not a baby but a screech owl. I had heard hoot owls, but this was my first screech owl. Jim came

over, got into the wagon with me, cuddled me up in his arms and talked baby talk to me and made everything alright."

As Papa told me this, tears came to his eyes when he thought of how tenderly Uncle Jim had handled him. Uncle Jim's heart was as big as a bushel basket, but he always wanted a kid to be grown up.

In 1872, Grandpa and Grandma Mallory visited the Burghers at Forest Hill, and took their young son Frank along with them. The William Bells drove over from Naomi for a visit with the Burghers and the Mallorys, bringing along their little daughter, Sallie. This was their first meeting. Mamma said not long ago that all she remembered about Papa was his rough clothes—like steel wool. Papa said all he recalled about Mamma was that she was a little upstart who needed a spanking.

Jones M. Hawkins, who was born in Marshall County, Mississippi, came out to Roxton from Louisiana with his brother Jack, and the brothers settled in Roxton. J. M. clerked in a store at Roxton owned by Mr. Tom McGlasson and roomed in the back of the store with Mr. George Hackleman, father of Nellie Hackleman Hawkins. These were good friends with but one difference between them—one wanted to eat pecans in bed and the other objected. But they managed to get along socially, Hackleman courting Miss Della Minor while Hawkins courted Elizabeth Mallory. On February 4, 1874, Jones M. Hawkins married Elizabeth (Betty) Mallory at her home and her good friend Miss Della baked the cakes, brewed up the boiled custard and helped with the trousseau. J. M. and Betty Hawkins lived in Roxton after they were married, near where the home of the late Dr. M. H. Maness stands today, and the groom continued to run the store. Before too long however, James and Magdalene Mallory wanted their daughter at home with them and the Hawkins' moved in with her parents. J. M. Hawkins became a partner with James Mallory and James Junior in farming and stock raising.

December 31, 1874, a daughter was born to the Hawkins; and I believe she was named Elizabeth. As the child grew, her Grandfather Mallory loved her more and more and made a pet of her, allowing her to follow him around the place wherever he went. The Mallorys had several hundred goats and there was always an orphan kid among the flock. One of these was adopted by little Hawkins and as she followed her Grandpa, so this kid followed her. He kept following her into the house and one day her mother ran at the goat and ordered him out of the room. The child remonstrated with her mother and yelled, "Let him alone! He's my goat and he'll go wherever he --- pleases." She had learned these endearing terms from her Grandpappy. When he heard this outburst, Grandpa said: "By gad, she's another Jim Mallory, and that'll be her name from now on". So she was named James Mallory Hawkins which was later shortened to Mallory, then Mallie. She must have gotten over her Grandpa's early training because I have known her all my

life and she is a very gentle, fine woman, a wonderful mother, and was a good wife to her late husband, Tom Ford.

In September, 1878, Frank D. Mallory enrolled at Honey Grove High School. This was a private school operated by Rev. Isaac W. Clark. He boarded with his Uncle Young and Aunt Mary Burgher, and roomed with Bob Howeth and Joe Burgher.

A letter from Papa to Uncle Jim dated Honey Grove, February 23, 1879, says in part: "I have been enjoying good health this winter. Mr. Clark organized a debating society last night. We are going to bedate Saturday night on the subject, "Resolve that the late war has been a curse to the South." I am on the affirmative. We Honey Grove fellows are tooters, anyhow. We are doing some hard studying now. Honey Grove is flourishing now. Burgher and Stephens got in a full supply of very fine plows, enough to supply Fannin and Lamar three years. Dr. Reed and his "frow" of Brownwood arrived at this city yesterday week. We have been entertained a few nights by Prof. White dramatic which was composed of eleven Pirtles and others. A few weeks ago Bob Scott (brother of Walter), came up to see us and stayed several days and stole three collars from Joe, shirt from Mac, suspenders from me and a pair of pants and three dollars in money from little Nute Pirtle. He has disappeared. Tell Jones I am pleased with the shirting. They fit me to a dot. My pants were too long. Write soon. As ever, your bro. F. D. M.

November 11, 1879, Grandpa James Mallory died, and just four days later, Phil Hawkins was born.

When James Mallory died, his wife Magdalene and his son James were appointed administrators of his estate. To give our children and their children an idea of values then and now, here are some items listed in the inventory of James Mallory's estate, remembering that there was no inheritance tax to be paid and that the values are actual: 225 head stock cattle @ \$5.50 per head, 25 head 3 & 4 year old steers @ \$12, 225 sheep at \$2.00, 40 goats at \$1.50, 60 lambs at 50 cents, 1400 pounds pork at 4 cents, 19 hogs at \$3.00, corn at 50 cents, 6 feather beds at \$6.00, 25 quilts at \$2.00, 12 feather pillows at \$1.00, etc., etc.

A letter from Papa to Uncle Jim dated February 7, 1880, says: "Well, Jimmie, the next thing is something about that last scolding you gave me—I don't think it necessary for me to "innumerate" ways in which I have spent my money. I will, like a truthful boy, acknowledge that I have spent some money "unnecessarily", but my stationery are more than you anticipate. My book bill was as big this year as last—bought a coat this winter as I had none—collars, cravats, papper, ink, hair cuttings, etc. I have taken \$41.00 this cession as I remember and have some left. -----All I ask is that you be reasonable with me, and I will endeavor to be the same with you, but if I fail so to do, you inform me of the deficiencies and I will try to correct them. --Glad the stock is doing so well. You said the grey filly is in "fold". If so, I prefer to keep her. Was surprised

to hear of the marriage but not to hear of the old man and Carrie opposing it. Suppose Rufe (Caldwell) will take over the "White Castle" now."

With this letter went his report card for the month of January, 1880. "Frank Mallory's Grade in Recitation and Deportment for January, 1880." English Grammar, Rhetoric, Moral Philosophy and Deportment, Good. University Algebra, Trigonometry, Very Good. Signed I. W. Clark, Principal, HGHS.

August 31, 1881, Sallie Bell wrote in Frank D. Mallory's Autograph Album: "Dear Frank—Ever remember our visit to your house and our corn-bread fight in particular: also our plum hunts and croquet parties and the pleasant times we have had together. Remember me as your true friend, Sallie B".

December 21, 1883, Frank D. Mallory had been appointed Postmaster at Brookston and he wrote this in Sallie Bell's Autograph Album: "Miss Sallie—May your joys be as plenteous as the ocean waters and your troubles as light as the foam that floats on it's bosom. Remember me as a true friend, F. D. Mallory, P. M., Brookston, Texas". (Rubber Stamp).

Papa finished high school in June and went West to Jack County with cattle. All of us have heard from him many times about what a hard winter he spent in Jack County—seventeen snows, blue northers, and all. He wrote home that for two months he had not had anything to eat but jack rabbits and Irish potatoes.

Here are excerpts from a letter written from Jack County by 19 year old Frank Mallory to his mother, dated Oct. 28, 1880: "My Dear Mother: Your kind and appreciated letter of the 26th of Sept. . . . and the cattle are getting to be but little trouble. I have done wrong about not writing to you sooner but you know everything has been so unsettled Jimmie left for home the 17th, suppose he has made his appearance if he has not been posted on the way. I have been somewhat worried about him as I forgot to paste a way-bill on Charlie (horse)—You was asking about the topography of this country surrounding me. Leaving me to judge I think it the most picturesque scene I ever witnessed. We are camped on a beautiful hill side covered with mesquite. Looking west it is all prairie until interrupted by a chain of mountains; for a mile north it is prairie, then we strike the timber and mountains which extend to the river. Going east a short distance we strike the head of a deep canyon, encircled with mountains and cliffs of rock. Southward we gaze upon a beautiful valley which extends to the head of Snake creek, a beautiful stream of living water that runs within 100 yards of our camp. There are two families that live a mile from us, so you see we don't live exactly out of the world. Of course there's a big difference in this and a thickly settled country. But I believe there are more real heinous crimes committed in your country than here. Well Ma, I have been standing the cow business about as well as I had anticipated; Nevertheless it is a hard life and I don't believe it

would suit me as an occupation for life. I want to come home Christmas if possible and talk matters over as to what will be best for all parties. Davis and I are both good cooks but washing and patching is not practiced much here; consequently I have realized the want and need of "Ma" in many instances. Give my love to all the family and tell Sister Bettie to write when she can. Your Loving Son, Frank Mallory".

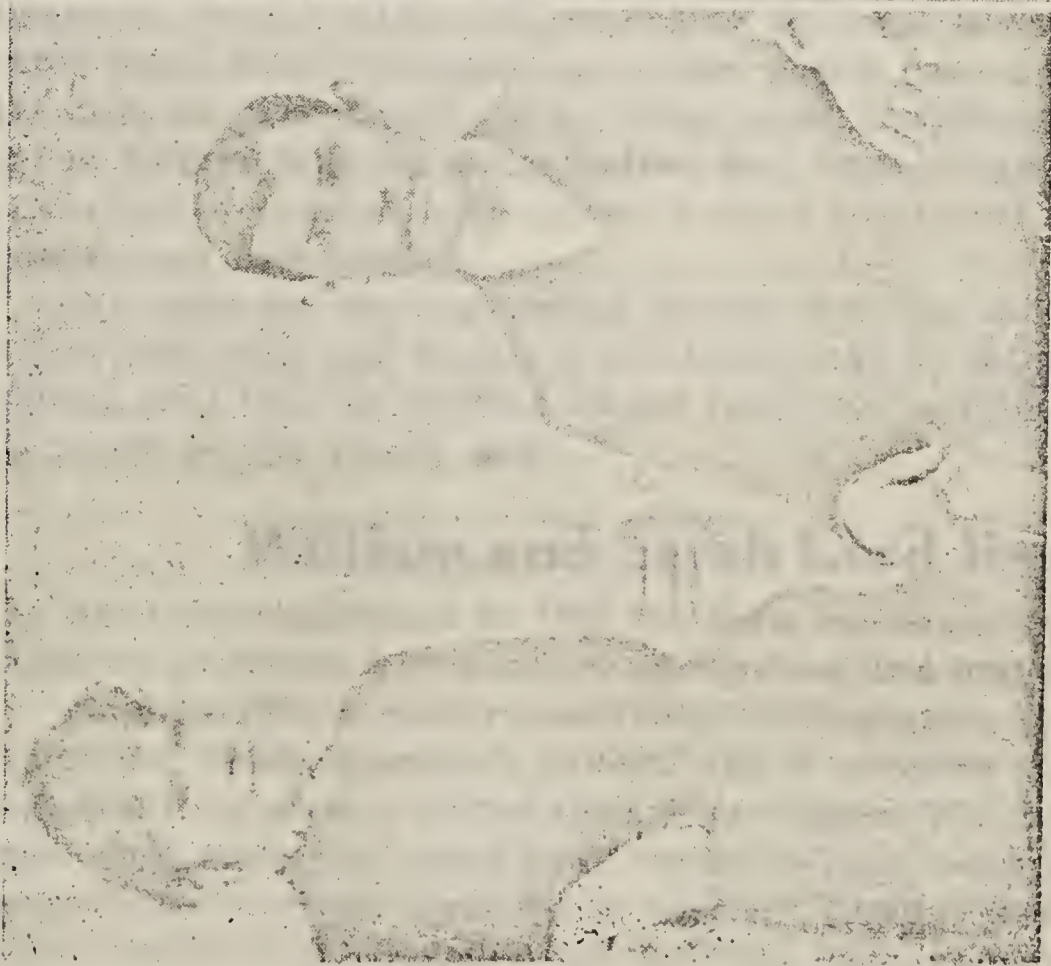
Here he was out there alone with a herd of cattle, hating the sight of a steer, and yet he could write a letter to his mother about the beauties of his surroundings. A wonderful man was my Dad. He stayed in Jack County until spring of 1881, when he returned to Lamar County and went in with Hawkins and Mallory, who were engaged in the general mercantile business. He boarded with the Wilkins family. Mr. Wilkins was a carpenter in Brookston. March 13, 1883, Papa was appointed Postmaster at Brookston and acted as Postmaster until 1892.

In 1881 and again in 1884, Joe Burgher, and his sister, Maggie, and Sallie Bell went by Brookston, picked up Frank D. Mallory and the four of them spent a week down on the Mallory farm. They picked wild plums and made jelly, the men thrashing the plums and the girls making the jelly. Evenings they popped corn, played dominoes, and Cousin Joe got sick from eating too much boiled custard.

When Papa finished school in Honey Grove he was nineteen and Mamma was fourteen. I have never found out if there was any courting then or not, but when Papa was twenty-two, and postmaster and a merchant, he took to hard down courting. Honey Grove was about fifteen miles west of Brookston. Papa's pal was Jim Brame, the ticket agent at Brookston, and he managed for transportation for himself and Papa to Honey Grove on the night freight train. Jim Brame was courting Mattie Godbee and Papa was after Sallie Bell. Things rocked along for several years and finally got worse and in 1885 Papa wrote to Mamma and told her that he had heard rumors that she and he would "jump the broomstick in October". Those rumors came to a head and they were married October 8, 1885. Jim Brame and Mattie Godbee and Mamma and Papa were married in a double wedding, and the following is clipped from the Honey Grove Signal of October 9, 1885:

Married: Messrs. Brame and Mallory to Misses Godbee and Bell.

Yesterday, October 8, quite a number of friends and relatives assembled at the M. E. Church of Honey Grove to witness the marriage ceremony of the above named parties. The brides and grooms were ushered in by their attendants, Messrs. Robert Bell, James Mallory, Henry Warren and Mel Brame and Misses O. P. Richardson, Lula Martin, Clennie Wilson and Lillie Brame.



October 8, 1885

FRANCIS DRAKE AND SALLIE BELL MALLORY



October 8, 1935

Rev. I. W. Clark, in a very beautiful and impressive manner, performed the ceremony.

Mrs. E. C. Waltermier played Mendelssohn's Wedding March. Both brides were dressed in pure white silk, while the bridesmaids wore nunsveiling, carrying in their hands beautiful bouquets of white flowers. The grooms and groomsmen wore beautiful suits of black. After the wedding ceremony, the bridal party took carriages and repaired to the home of Mrs. M. A. Mallory, the mother of the groom, near Roxton, where they all partook of an elegant dinner. At half past eight o'clock a great number of the invited guests assembled at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. J. F. Campbell, brother and sister of the bride at Brookston, where an elegant supper awaited them, and the mirth and glee was kept up until a very late hour. Friday at ten o'clock the party all started for the residence of Mr. Dick Brame at Paris, where a number of friends and another elegant dinner awaited them. The bridal pairs and guests were given an elegant reception at the residence of Richard Brame on the Bonham Road. Besides those who were present at the nuptial ceremonies, Mayor John C. Gibbons and the Rev. Chas. Manton were present. A most splendid dinner was laid, the meats being barbecued in the very best style.

Mr. and Mrs. Mallory received the following presents: Silver butter dish, bedroom set (groom's mother), two oil paintings (Dr. J. F. Campbell and lady), handsome swinging lamp (James Mallory), beautiful bronze clock (Mr. and Mrs. Brame), silver pickle caster, table scarf, beautiful glass and silver pickle caster, handsome butter dish, elegant dinner caster, table scarf, handsome pickle caster, set of filigree jewelry, silver knives and forks, elegant cake basket, silver knives and forks, handsome rocking chair, sofa pillow, elegant broom, and nice towels.

We wish for the contracting parties that the sea of matrimony which they have just begun to sail upon, may be calm, peaceful and joyous, and that no harsher sound than the warbling of the birds be heard by the happy pairs.

William and Sarah Lord Bell

After their marriage in 1861 the Bells continued to live with the Burghers at Forest Hill until school was out and probably longer.

June 10, 1861, a meeting was held at Persimmon Grove in Lamar County at Young Burgher's church, and a company of Cavalry was organized for service in the Civil War. James Hill was made Captain, then from that point on it seems to have been a family and neighborhood affair. Nute Pirtle was 1st Lieut., Sam Miller 2nd Lieut., while Young Burgher was 2nd, 2nd. Lieut., whatever that was. Until I found out better I thought Uncle Sam Griffith was a member of the Company because I recall that one day while Mr. Sam was visiting Grandpa I heard the genial host say to his guest: "Why Sam, you old fool, you wuzn't nothin' but a cook—you never got

near the front lines all time you was in the war." This was before Grandpa and Old Man House had a cane fight in front of the City National Bank over which played the biggest part in the war. Both combatants were crowding 90 at the time, and not a solid lick was passed because they couldn't see each other. Some of the privates in the Persimmon Grove Cavalry were Jenks Pirtle, J. B. Pirtle, R. J. Pirtle, N. S. New, Pleas New, the Miller boys and William Bell. There is no record of this company ever having been assigned to a Regiment.

Uncle Young Burgher joined up with Col. Bourland and did border patrol around Wichita County where they saw much action and were engaged several times by Indians. Inquiries to the Texas Museum, The War Dept. at Washington, etc., have brought no information on what Company William Bell was with, but we know he was there.

He attended all Confederate Reunions and we have all heard him talk for hours to his old war buddies, "Private Jim" Long, Mr. Stallings, Mr. Sam Griffith, Mr. Neathery, Mr. Tom Van Zandt, and many others. A year or so ago I had a letter from the Texas Museum at Austin requesting a picture of Grandpa Bell who was listed among prominent and outstanding men who had been instrumental in making Texas what it is today. While they had a fair record of him, they do not know what company he was with in the Civil War.

But back to the bride and groom. Grandpa said that when he joined the army he took "Ma and the baby to her folks in Red River County". Another time he said he bought the farm when he got married and that all the children were born on the place. Another time he said he did not see Mary Catherine, his eldest child (Aunt Mollie) until she was a year old, and that he thought she was ugly. Grandpa was around 90 when he told these things, and brilliant man that he was, he was pretty feeble at that time.

The fact remains that he did not buy the farm until December 19, 1861. The deed is recorded in Lamar County Deed Records, Book L, pages 526, 7 & 8 and was filed for record December 26, 1861, at 4 p. m. The farm was bought from William B. and Margaret Jane Fort, the consideration being one thousand dollars. Grandpa said he did not pay any cash, but gave Fort notes he had against other folks. The land is situated south of Petty and the settlement was known as White Rock or Naomi. It consisted of thirty-three acres out of the C. Felton survey, and one hundred and eleven acres out of the Jimison survey, "located on the waters of Sandbury's Creek of the North Fork of Sulphur River", one of the lines starting at "the middle of the channel of White Rock Branch". The deed was left with the County Clerk for recording in December, 1861 and Grandpa overlooked picking it up until October 15, 1862, which was fairly prompt action for Grandpa.

Aunt Mollie Campbell (Mary Catherine Bell) was born at the home of her grandparents at Rosalie, December 15, 1861, just four

days before the farm was bought. Catherine Lord Van Wey, mother of Sarah Bell, died October 20, 1861. Grandma Sarah Bell was at her mother's bedside when she died. Before she passed away, Catherine Van Wey gave her rocking chair to her daughter Sarah, and at this time my sister Sarah Buchanan has the chair, which was made by Grandpa Richard Van Wey and is as good today as the day it was made. Incidentally, I have the Family Bible which Sarah Bell's parents gave William and Sarah Bell when they married.

For neighbors, the Bells had families who have all played a part in the development of North Texas, and most of whom have decendants living here or hereabouts at this time. There were the Wilburns, Spears, Old Man Orten, the McGills, the Hamms, Lovells, Mort Ragsdale, Bob Ragsdale, Dan Budd and Bill Tomlinson who lived on the Owen Bryant place, and Allen Parham who had just bought a place nearby. Wash Ross lived on the Parham place and Enos Hobbs on the Tom Beard place, and the Cheathams were on the east. The Hogans moved in after the war.

War babies came then as now. Bob Howeth was born March 1, 1862, Joe Burgher May 11, 1862, and Willie Bell on July 4, 1863. He was named William Clinton for his father and for his Uncle Clint Van Wey.

Belinda Bell was married to Pleas New December 21, 1864, at the home of her sister, Mary Ann Burgher, at Forest Hill. Uncle Pleas New was from Tennessee and was very eccentric. He did funny things—traded a Jersey registered bull for a queen bee, got into the Presbyterian fight over the North and the South branches of the church, and was active in promoting a book, "The Negro a Beast", which Grandpa Bell and Mr. Hartsell Good helped to promote. Aunt Bell never called him "Mister New". She called him "Mistnew".

After the war, Grandpa Bell organized a Ku Klux Klan in his neighborhood and he was the Grand Kleagle. He told of a negro who committed a crime after the war and was working for Grandpa at the time. Mr. Kleagle just clapped his hands, called the Klan together and conked the negro. Next morning he asked the negro how come he looked so sleepy. The negro told him the whole story. He said: "Last night some men with robes on 'em come and got me and took me to the grove. They laid me across a log and told me I had been a bad actor. One man had a whip and he started working me over. A little short fat man—jist about your build, Mr. Bell—seemed to be the head man and he jist walked round and round and kept telling the man with the whop, 'pour it to him, pour it on'. Finally they turned me loose and told me to go on home and if I acted up agin, there was more whar that cum frum."

March 26, 1866, Sallie Laura Bell was born to William and Sarah, and June 20th of the same year her cousin and life-long friend, Maggie Burgher, was born. March 3, 1867, Isadora (Dodie) Burgher was married to John Wesley Reed, and on May 3, 1868,

Ewing Epps Burgher was married to America Jane Hill at Forest Hill.

Robert Richard Bell was born April 6, 1868, and was named for his two grandfathers, Robert Bell and Richard Van Wey. Then on November 6, 1869, Harriett Ann (Aunt Hattie) Bell was born at Naomi, named for Aunt Harriett Howeth and Aunt Mary Ann Burgher.

William Bell was very active in Masonry and attended the Grand Lodge and Grand Chapter at Waco for probably as many or more years than anyone else. He held a certificate in both the Blue Lodge and Chapter and instructed many candidates in both these branches. He entered Honey Grove Lodge No. 164, October 3, 1857, passed October 30, 1857, and was raised to the degree of a Master Mason November 27, 1857—right on the beam he was—just four weeks between his degrees. For some reason he demitted March 26, 1858, and re-affiliated December 9, 1858—just why, nobody knows. The lodge met at Orville Smith's Hotel in Honey Grove when he took his degrees; however, he has told me several times of meetings he attended and said they were held on Sanders Creek in a school house, and that guards were placed around the house in the woods. Mr. Buck Moore conferred the Master's degree on him and Mr. Ballinger was Senior Warden. Grandpa has told me many amusing stories of his Masonic experiences in Honey Grove. He served as Junior Warden in 1871, and as Worshipful Master in 1872, 73 and 74, and as Tiler in 1884. In 1875 he was a member of Committee No. 3, Return Charter Lodges in the Grand Lodge.

The Royal Arch Chapter was his love though. He received his Royal Arch Degrees, as follows, in Lafayette Chapter No. 48, Paris: Marked 3-16-1859; passed 3-17-'59; received 3-21-'59 and exalted 3-22-'59. He demitted from Lafayette Chapter No. 48, August 1, 1877, and organized Honey Grove Chapter No. 142, serving as High Priest of the Chapter in 1877, 78, and 79. He was Scribe in 1882, 83, 87, 92 and 93. In 1889, a beautiful gold headed cane was given to him inscribed: "Presented to William Bell by his Masonic Brethren". It is not known whether the cane was from his local lodge at Honey Grove or whether it was presented to him at Waco where the Grand Lodge convened.

William Bell operated a gin at Naomi for several years and ran his farm.

Laura Reed was born February 29, 1870, to John and Isadora. August 1, 1872, their son, Young Burgher Reed, was born. All this took place at Forest Hill.

In September, 1876, William Bell and his family moved to Honey Grove, and October 6, 1876, Young Burgher moved in. They lived within a block of each other. Burgher engaged in the hardware business with Mr. Stephens at Honey Grove. If William Bell did anything, I don't know what it was. Mamma said he operated a flour

and grist mill just a block west of his home in Honey Grove.

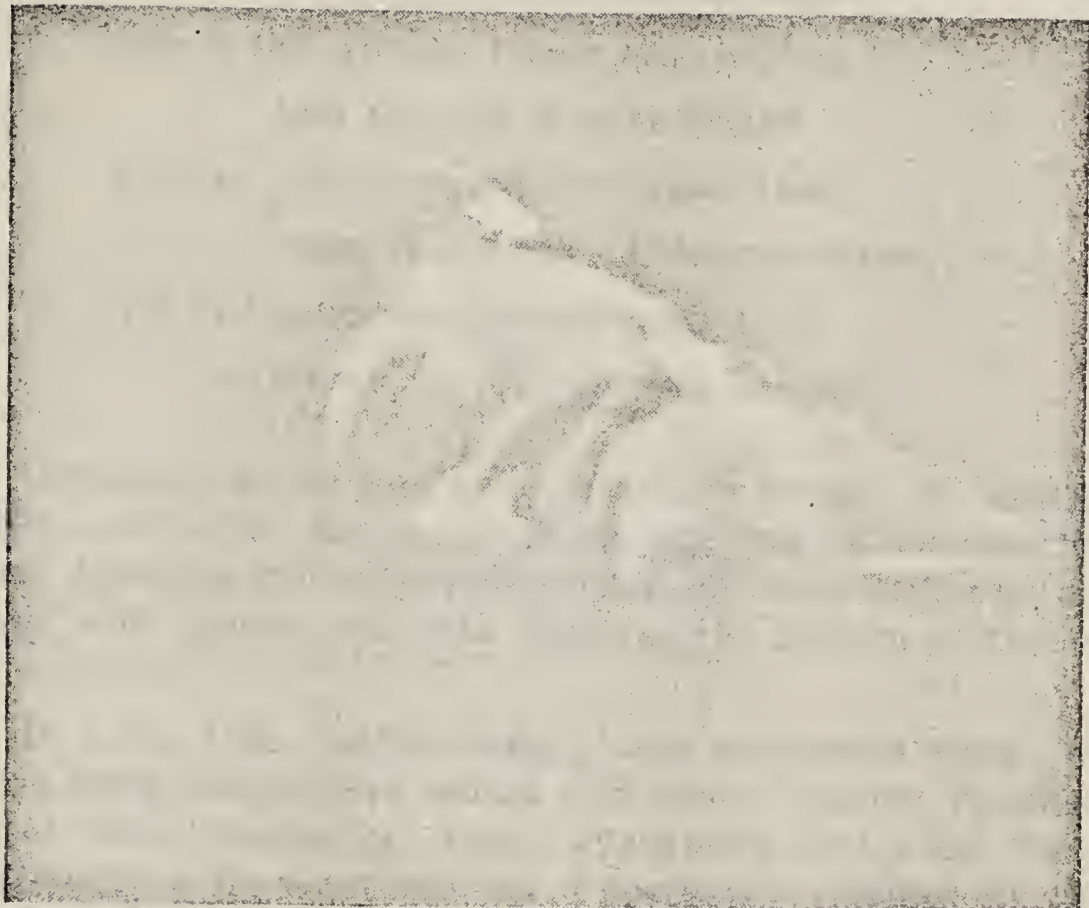
In 1878, William Bell went to the Legislature from Fannin County. When he returned home from the session somebody asked him what he did for the country. He replied that his boarding house was so far from the Capital, that by the time he got down in the morning it was time for dinner, and so on, and that he just didn't have a chance. After his term expired, one of his friends asked him if he intended to run again. He said he did not—that they got out a lot of ugly reports on him the first race he made, and he was afraid if he announced again they would prove the rumors.

Grandma was teaching in the Honey Grove High School, and they always had some roomers. Among these were three whom I knew, and they were good men and true. Mr. Jimmie Stiles was one, Mr. Jim Hogue, and Mr. Amos Beatty, one time president of the A. P. I., which made him at that time about the biggest oil man in the country. Mr. Amos Beatty was a nice sort of man—more or less sissy, he was so nice. While he boarded at Grandma's house, Mamma, Miss Sophie Lee, and Cousin Maggie Burgher got into his trunk and sewed lace on all his drawers. I can imagine staid old Grandma appreciating a little prank like that.

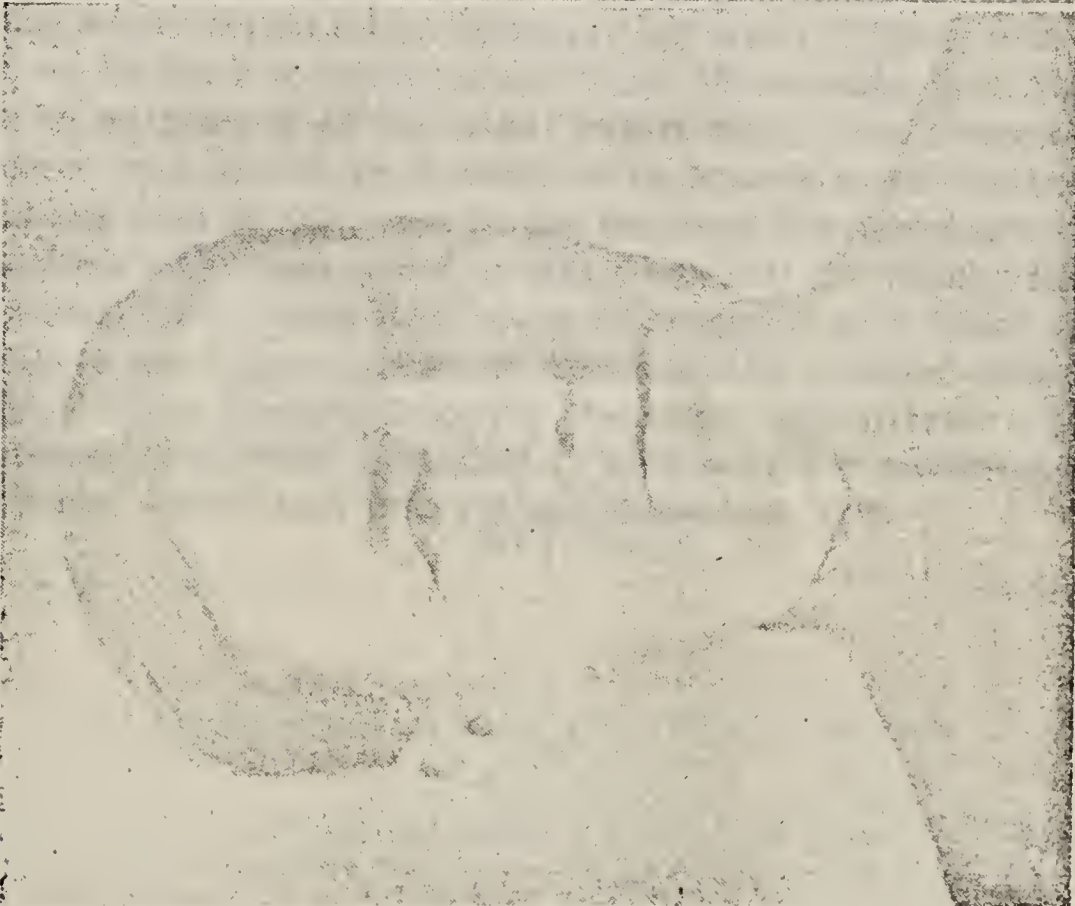
March 22, 1882, Mary Catherine Bell was married to Dr. John Foster Campbell, who had come to Texas from Wilson County, Tennessee, with his father and mother, John Henry and Emaline Campbell, back in 1856. He was born in Tennessee, January 7, 1853, and attended Sylvan Academy, Ladonia Institute, and graduated in 1878 from the Medical University of Virginia. He practiced in Delta County for a few months, then landed in Brookston in 1880.

Aunt Mollie Campbell was an accomplished woman. She could play and sing, and when she lived in Honey Grove, she contributed verse and prose to the Honey Grove Signal, a paper known all over Texas. She was a most pleasant person, full of fun and very witty. She was deeply emotional and could cry at the drop of a hat. However, she laughed easier than she cried, and when she laughed, she laughed all over. If she had been a man her's would have been referred to as a belly laugh. The Campbells moved to Brookston after they were married and April 30, 1883, a daughter, Mary Bell, was born and named for her mother. Another child was born to the Campbells October 27, 1884, and lived only a week. The infant was buried at Honey Grove, November 6, 1884.

October 17, 1884, Uncle Willie Bell, who was at the time principal of the schools at Seymour in West Texas, died and his body was brought back to Honey Grove by Grandma, who had been called to Seymour on account of his illness. The Bells were all talented musicians and enjoyed sing-songs in their home, even in my day. Uncle Willie had the best voice and led the singing for the groups.



WILLIAM BELL



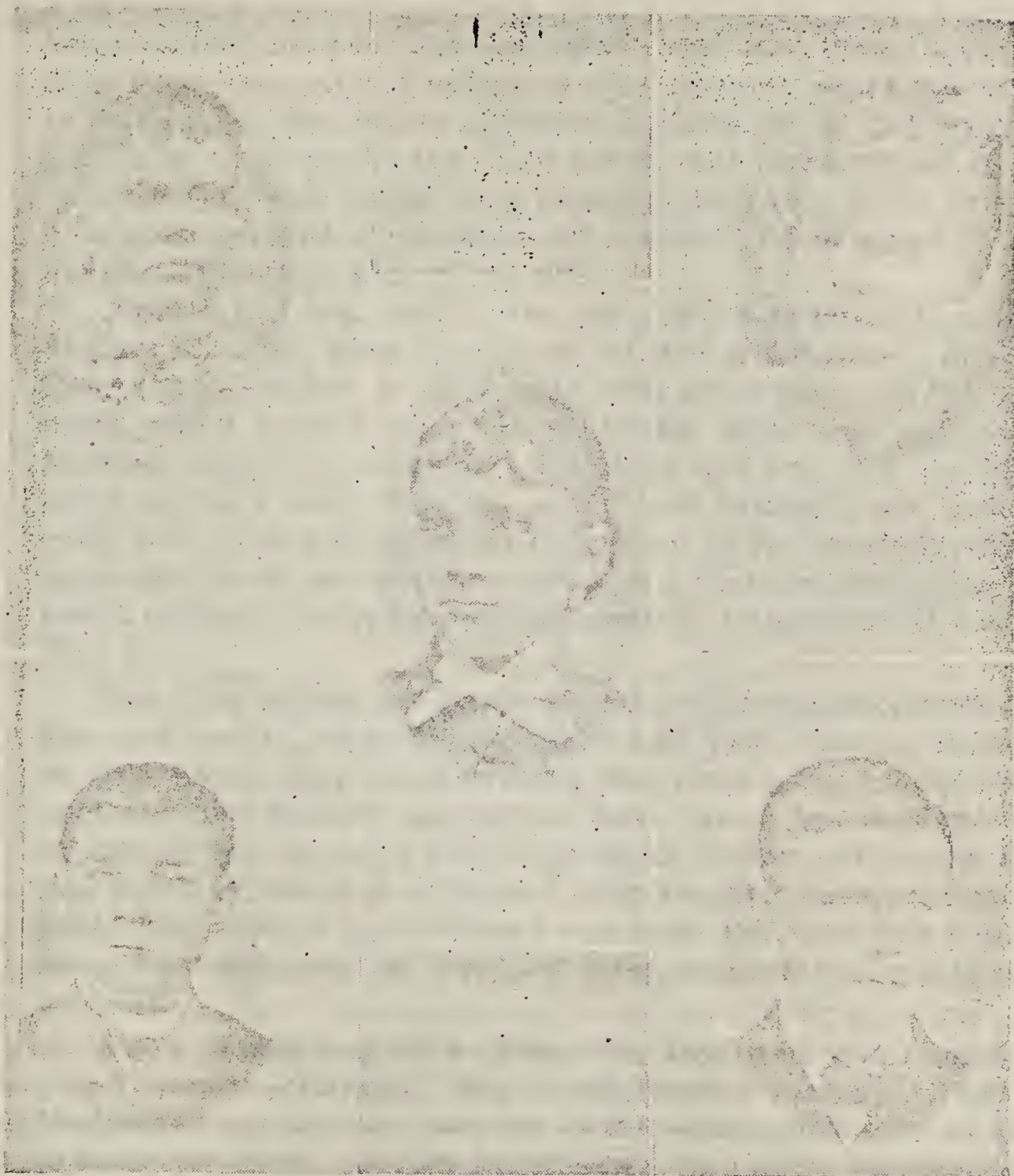
SARAH VAN WEY BELL

At his death, Grandma composed a poem, which is inscribed on his tombstone:

"Dearest Willie, sweetly singing,
Far beyond this vale of night,
Where the Angels' harps are ringing,
And the day is ever bright.
We can love thee, we can greet thee,
From this home of dimmer light,
'Til God takes us home to meet thee,
Where the day is ever bright!!"

Grandma never recovered from the shock of Uncle Willie's death, and to the day of her death she dug to the bottom of her trunk, read the letters he had written her from Seymour, bound them again with ribbon, and hid them in the bottom of the trunk until the next day.

In June, 1885, Sallie Mallory was graduated from the Honey Grove High School. Her cousin and chum, Maggie Burgher, was ailing at their graduation, and Uncle Young and Aunt Mary took her to New York for treatment by a specialist. October 20, 1885, Uncle Young wrote to Grandma Mallory, his sister: "Mary and I are sorry that on account of the serious illness of our baby girl, we were unable to be present at the great event when your youngest son, my nephew, was united in wedlock with Mary's niece, Sallie". He went on to say that the expense of the trip was bearing down on him, but that if his baby was cured, it was worth all the money in the world. He stated that board and room for "myself and wife" is thirteen dollars a week in addition to hospital and medical charges for the baby. (Cousin Maggie Burgher, the baby, was nineteen years old at the time). The event he hated to miss was the wedding of Mamma and Papa, which had taken place October 8, 1885.



Children of William and Sarah Bell

Mary Catherine (Mollie)

Harriett Ann

Sallie Laura

Robert Richard

Wm. Clinton

Frank D. and Sallie Bell Mallory

After their marriage in 1885, Frank and Sallie Mallory moved into their new home at Brookston. The home was built for them by Grandma Magdalene Mallory on a block of land purchased by Hawkins and Mallory from Walker and Edmiaston August 30, 1883 as recorded in Book Y, Vol. 2, P 490 of Lamar County Deed Records.

Lydia Pinkham's Almanac recorded 6 a. m. January 21, 1887, as just another cold Friday morning for the world at large, but for Brookston and Northeast Texas it was an era, and the dawn of

a new and glorious day—that's when I was born. What a break for me, because I have always been glad I was born, even though there have been times when I wondered why. Mamma says I wasn't much to look at but she wasn't ashamed to show me off to the relatives and those neighbors in the inner circle; that I had a head as round as a baseball and as big as a cabbage, with coal black hair, grey blue eyes and with a pug nose and oversized nostrils and a mouth big enough for two kids of my size.

Papa says I was born in the light of the moon and could not distinguish night from day—slept all day and bawled all night. They say he walked many a mile with me during my first two years, and I have heard some tall tales about me and my colic. Mamma called me to her bed some time ago and told me how she loved me as a baby, how she petted and pampered me, and that every minute of my babyhood stands out in her memory—not because she loved me more, but because I was her first-born. Anyhow, I enjoyed it then I guess, and am sure I appreciate it now more than ever.

The folks named me James Robert, which was shortened to Jim Bob, and finally, as people got lazier and didn't have so much time on their hands, they cut it down to Bob. I was named for two of my uncles, James Mallory and Robert Bell. Funny, but the first couple of years of my life are a little hazy in my memory. Of course I have told so many lies that at times I have recalled incidents that happened ten years or more before I was born. But since this is a true story, I am watching my step and dates, and will try to hold myself in check.

Sister Madge was born October 14, 1888, and was named for a grand woman—Grandma Magdalene Burgher Mallory. They say Madge was the prettiest baby up to that date, and I have no reason to doubt the claim, because she was beautiful and a blonde. My first recollection of Madge is when she was just starting to walk. Mr. John Bean had driven up to our east fence in a buggy and had called Mamma out to the road and given her a little black ball of Newfoundland pup for me—and for Madge too, I guess. After a short time the pup had grown faster than Madge, and one day as she stood on the front porch the pup playfully knocked her off to the ground. Grandma Mallory was with us for a visit at the time. One day Uncle Jim drove up the south lane in the buggy behind old Porter, and when he and Grandma started home they put the pup on the seat between them and explained to me that when Madge was big enough to stand up against the pup we could have him back. My tears didn't do any more good that day than they did in later days, and the pup was on his way. How were we to know that this pup was to be the good friend, protector and constant companion of Grandma for the next fifteen years, and that upon her death he would drag his old frame down to the roots of a big cottonwood tree on the creek, refuse food and water, and die of a broken heart.

As grand a dog as he should have had a high-sounding name, but he lived and died just plain "Old Pup".

During the lull between my birth and the coming of Madge, Papa took two of the Masonic Degrees. He entered Roxton Lodge No. 543 A.F.&A.M. June 23, 1888, passed to the degree of Fellowcraft, September 15, 1888, and because of the new baby, he was not raised to the degree of a Master Mason until December 20th of the following year, 1889. South of our home and across the road, was a pasture owned by Uncle Doctor Campbell. Stiles afforded passage over the barbed wire fence on the north of the pasture. I recall, one night when the moon was bright, Papa and Mr. W. H. Harmon repaired to these steps and sat for hours while Papa tried to teach the Entered Apprentice lesson to Mr. Harmon, who was the father of the late Jim Harmon of Brookston, and Mrs. E. L. Egger and Mrs. Joe Hogan of Paris. Mamma took me by the hand, and with Madge in her arms we walked around the pasture until Mamma lost patience and we left it with the Masons and went to bed. Mamma asked Papa later why he didn't write "all that stuff down for Mr. Harmon", and Papa replied in substance, "no soap".

Our home was located in the southeast part of Brookston, and we had as our neighbors, the Carrol B. Jennings family on the east, the Mayos and Kimballs on the north, and the Hawkins and Lowdens Morris on the west. The lot was on the east end of the block and ran back about two hundred and fifty feet. Adjoining our place on the west was a vacant lot between our home and the Hawkins home. On this vacant lot was a community garden spot and a community privy owned jointly by Hawkins and Mallory. The privy was not an ornate structure, but was a run of the mill affair with the traditional crescent on the door, a lattice with trumpet vines, and a path paved with a single piece of twelve inch boxing. This walk was not wide enough for two persons to meet. I never saw any document setting forth the rule for muddy weather, but it was generally understood that in the rainy season the person on his way in had the right-of-way over the one coming out.



As a matter of fact, the Hawkins' and the Mallorys were all smart enough to know better than to try to head into a client on his way in. The interior was no different than the average three holer—two big holes on the sides, and the baby hole in the center with a small step or platform leading to the baby hole. A wooden Diamond match box held the catalogues and newspapers. For a fuller description of this institution, read James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "The Passing of the Backhouse".

Around the front and east of our lot ran a fence with palings about three inches wide and heart shaped points at the top of each. The front gate posts were about ten inches square with little wooden balls on top. The gate had a chain and a rock weight to keep it closed. A board walk about two feet wide ran the width of the lot and extended west past the Hawkins' home. Between the front walk and the road was a hitching rack, which was built on the order of goal posts, except that there were two horizontals instead of one, and they were made of 2x6 oak boards fastened to two cedar posts by bolts. In the front yard were several small trees—mulberry and hackberry. It was to these trees that I clung when I had whooping cough. The back yard was covered with bermuda and served as a pasture for the cow. Just below the house was the corn crib, and at the lower end was the hog and cow lot.

An elevated board walk ran from the gate to the front steps. On the front of the house was an open porch, and from the porch, entry into the house was made through a small hall. On the east of the hall was the parlor, and to the west was the bedroom and the dining room and the kitchen, which opened on a back porch. Ours was an average home of the small-town, moderate income family, and must have been considered good enough for that day or this.

In those days the parlor was quite an institution. To open the parlor door without cause, meant the death penalty. "Cause" was either family prayer or company, both of which we had considerable of. Those who have been born since the parlor days have missed something. The parlor was truly a sacred spot. How many families do you know today who set aside a particular hour for family prayer?

Upon opening the parlor door, one was greeted by an odor peculiar to parlors. It was a musty sort of smell that came from the straw matting on the floor and the dirt that had collected under the matting. For you who don't know, matting was the traditional floor covering of that day. It was a straw carpet that came in widths of about three feet and was laid on newspapers, catalogue sheets, etc., to give it that Oriental feel. The strips were nailed together and to the floor with small staples, making the floor air tight except in cold weather. No air could get under the matting—nothing but fine dust and lots of it. Nothing would come out from under the matting but smell and cold air. Every two or three years the matting was carefully taken up, and the dust, about one-eighth of an

inch thick, was scraped off with a board, then swept clean, the papers burned and the matting relaid on clean papers.

Our parlor is very vivid in my mind. On the north wall was a fan shaped arrangement, which was made of a peacock tail and cat-tails from the gin pool, all tied in the middle with a wide satin ribbon in a bow knot. In one corner of the room was a what-not, which held sea shells. When the shells were held to the ear, a roaring noise was heard, which I was told was the roll of the sea. There were large shells and small shells, a star fish, snail shells, etc., all very interesting to company. In another corner was a small table with the stereoscope and several views. One of the cards showed a view of Constantinople, one of St. Petersburg, one of an Eskimo child with a sled and dogs, and one of the lush limb of a tree with a singing bird right in the middle of it. On a center marble top table was the family Bible and the family album. The Bible was a huge tome with fancy stiff covers and a brass clamp held it intact when closed. Unlike the Bibles of today, this one saw heavy daily duty. The family album had pictures of the kin of the family. It seems that all our kin were Knights Templar. In their pictures, they were invariably shown standing, one hand on a chair and the other holding the chapeau and with one leg crossed over the other. From the pained and scared expressions on the faces it was easy to understand why they had their legs crossed.

The furniture in the parlor consisted of plush bottom chairs, one of which was a rocker built on the glider type. A good lean forward in this chair would fold it up with the sitter on the floor under the chair. Good old Brother Brown can vouch for this. Brother Brown was the preacher at Brookston, and he and his wife, Sister Brown, came to our house regularly. When they visited with us, family prayer was really an affair. During the off nights, family prayer was up and over in a short time. Papa read a passage out of the Bible, then a short prayer in which he thanked God for what we had received that day and asked for more of it for the next day, and we were on our way. But with a visit from Brother Brown things were different. He read a whole chapter, then we all had to get on our knees with our eyes shut and our heads in the bottom of one of those plush chairs. Calloused as my knees were, that slick matting was a pain to me, but I had to take it like a man and act like I enjoyed it. No difference how the dust in the chair bottom choked me, I dare not cough.

Brother Brown wore a Royal Arch Mason keystone watch charm, and when he took me on his lap, I would play with that charm and try to find out how he could tell the time of day by the letters HTWSSTKS. He told me that when I got grown I could have one of them and tell the time of day by it. I later owned one, but what it told me was not the time of day by any means.

A big grand piano took up about 75 percent of our parlor floor. It belonged to Aunt Hattie, and she came to Brookston one day of

every ten days or so and gave music lessons in the parlor.

Mamma was quite an artist in her day, and she made pretty little trinkets from celluloid, tissue paper, silk, etc., and these were hung on the parlor wall at intervals. One I recall especially was a batch of tissue paper with pinked edges and a cover for the paper made of celluloid upon which she had worked designs of pansies, violets, etc., by means of some sort of transfer pattern. It was for cleaning a razor after shaving, but was too pretty to use and so was hung in the parlor as an ornament. In those days the pinking iron was a real household necessity. Everything had crimped edges.

Across the hall from the parlor was the combination living and bedroom. I don't remember much about this room except the day the room was all dark save for a coal oil lamp, and I was ushered in for a first look at my baby sister, Hattie Bell. Grandma was warming catnip tea over the coal oil lamp. Adjoining the bedroom was the dining room. Professor Coyle lived with us when I was quite young. He was the school teacher, and I remember he had one eye and a heavy red mustache and was so good he was sissy. When I went to sleep at the supper table he put me in his bed. I slept with him in the dining room. After the dining room came the kitchen. The kitchen was used seven days of the week for cooking, doubling on Saturday as a bathroom and on Monday as a laundry. Our bathtub was used as such on Saturday night only, serving the rest of the week as a cow trough.

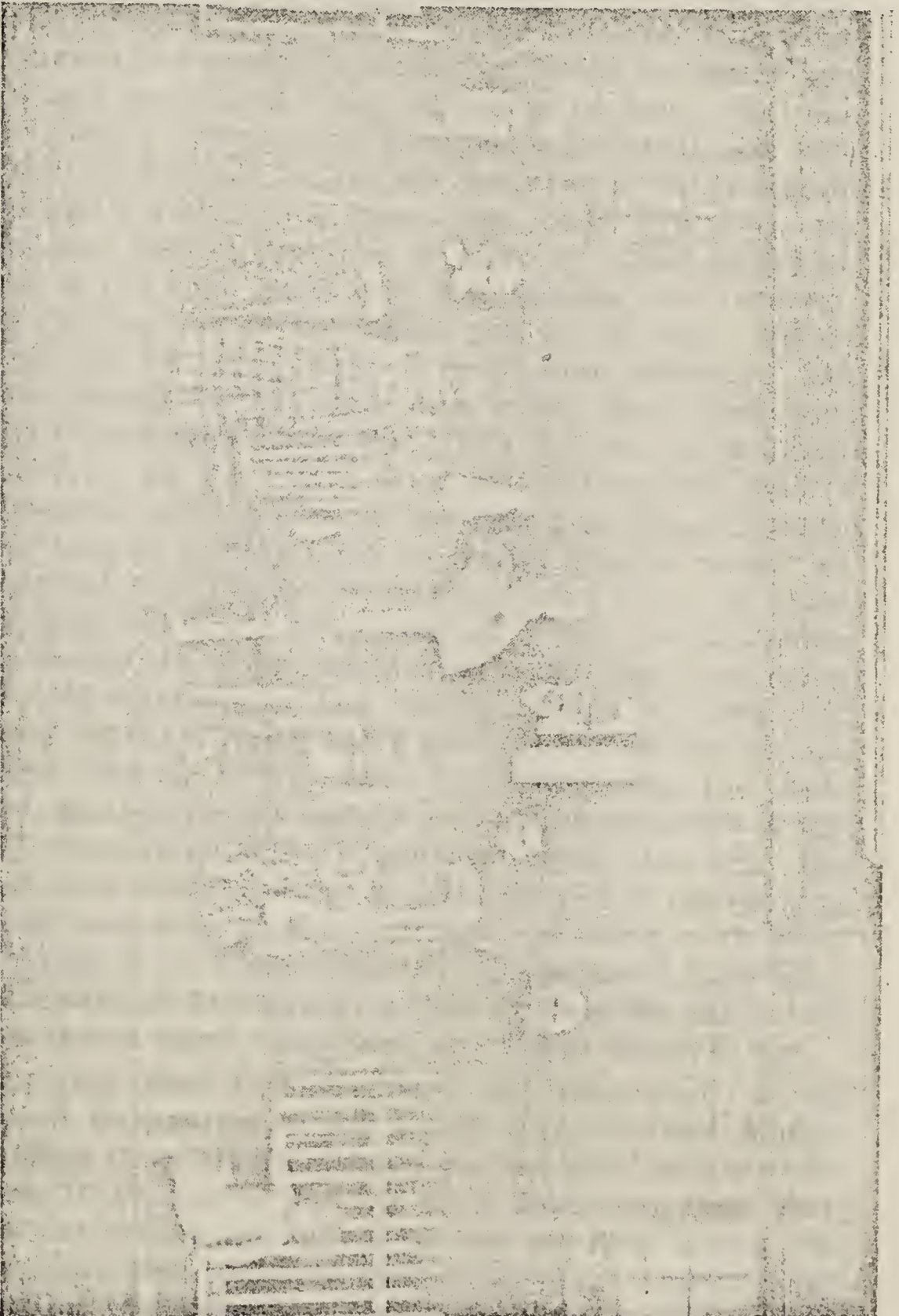
When I was very young, we went to Honey Grove to visit Grandma Bell. We drove out about seven miles west of town to visit the Wheelers for the day. Uncle Bob and Aunt Hattie took us out. Miss Minnie Wheeler told Mamma of an orphan girl, who lived just north of her, who might be persuaded to go to Brookston and live with us as a sort of housegirl and cook. Uncle Bob, Mamma and I went after the girl. All I remember is that on the way back with the girl, Dora Kooch, I sat on the seat between Mamma and Uncle Bob, while Dora sat on the floor of the buggy and held onto the dashboard, the most dangerous place in a buggy. Dora came to live with us and did the laundry, washed dishes, helped with the baby, etc., for her board and lodging and schooling.

Mr. Coyle had left us, so Dora took the bed in the dining room. It's ugly to say this, but Mamma would not let me sleep with Dora until she had given Dora the fine-tooth comb treatment and the coal oil shampoo. I could hardly wait. I slept with Dora for months until she left us—I don't remember why she left. For goodness sake it couldn't have been on my account, I hope. Dora was not what we would call a brilliant girl, but even at my tender age of five I learned a lot from her, which I have never forgotten.

About twenty years after Dora left us, I met her on a train bound for Dallas. She was with her husband. Even today, when one of Mamma's children or grandchildren looks mean, dirty or slouchy, or makes an unusual display of ignorance, Mamma with all the



Back: Dr. Campbell, Harriett Bell Poole, Robert Bell, Frank D. Mallory. Front: Mollie Bell and Will Campbell, Sarah Bell, Mary Bell Campbell, Wm. Bell, Sallie Bell Mallory, Jim Bob Mallory.



MALLOORY HOME AT BROOKSTON, TEXAS (1891)

William and Sarah Bell, Dora Kooch, Hattie Bell Poole, Madge, Frank D., James Robert and
Sallie Bell Malloory, Mary Bell Campbell Strong, Magdalene Malloory, Will H. Campbell.

irony, sarcasm, etc., she can muster just says, "Dora Kooch".

I think about my VERY earliest recollection is of a hunting trip to Oklahoma, then the Indian Territory. I recall just some trivial smatterings of the trip. Uncle Jim came to Brookston in a covered wagon with two saddle horses tied on the back of the wagon. Pots, pans, groceries of all kinds, bedding, tent, fishing tackle, guns were loaded into the wagon and the start was made. As we rode down the Murphy lane somebody looked over toward the John Bean place and said the wagons had started to gathering. When we pulled into the Bean yard and announced ready, they told us there was one more wagon to come. I remember walking out to the front gate with Mamma, and that we watched toward the south for the other wagon. Finally it came and a meeting was held about roads, directions, etc., and Uncle Jim was elected chairman or scout or what-have-you. Our wagon was in the lead. There were side saddles, and I remember Aunt Hattie riding one of the horses part of the way. Others took time about, but for some reason I recall Aunt Hattie on the horse. When we crossed the Red River, the mules were taken from the wagons and were ferried across first. Then the men pushed each wagon onto the ferry for the trip. I stood on the ferry and held to the rail with Mamma holding onto me for dear life. Next, I remember the train of wagons coming upon an Indian Village, where an Indian was confined in a pen made of poles from which he could easily have escaped, but Uncle Jim explained to me that an Indian would not run away, but would stand there until they were ready to shoot him or do whatever he had coming to him. A bored well was in the center of the village, and I peered over the top to look into it. Uncle Jim told me to stay away from there—that the devil was down there. He held me up and let me see the reflection of my face moving in the water, and I thought, of course, that was the devil. Plenty of game and fish were brought in, and in the evening squirrels and one deer were skinned and hung on wires to air overnight. The foregoing is all I remember of the trip, but I have been told that Aunt Hattie all but died at Arthur City on the return trip and some of the crowd came on to Paris and sent a doctor to her.

I don't remember when I was baptized, but have heard a lot about it. Reverend Hay, father of our Bishop Hay, baptized Madge and me at the same time. Mamma says I got my hand in his whiskers, and it took all present to pull me loose from him, then they had to take me out behind the church to stop me from crying because my efforts had been foiled. I don't know what I could have done with those red whiskers—just something red, I guess. I wrote Momma from Tulsa some years ago and asked her when I was baptized and when Madge was baptized. She answered, "Papa and I didn't believe strong enough until Madge was born, then after we believed enough we had you both baptized."

I have forgotten all that, but I do remember the church at Brookston. It was long, high-ceiling affair with a steeple and a bell.

Sunday mornings they had what they called the first bell and the second bell. The first bell meant start lacing that corset and putting on the bustle, and the last bell meant "come as you are, but quick". The pulpit was in the west end of the church, and the entrance on the east end. Mamma used to send my collars to the laundry. I wore a white collar that came down to about the end of my spine, including the lace on the rim of it—the collar for goodness sake. The laundry put a gloss on that wouldn't stop. That one gloss would last me for weeks, because my collar was the last act before the second bell, and then when Sunday School was over I was ushered home to take off the collar, which was put up for the week. The benches at the church were varnished, and whoever varnished them, made the mistake of putting on the second coat before the first was dry. One Sunday I leaned back with my collar on, and when they finally got me loose I carried about a quart of varnish with me.

Bill Campbell and I thought we were real meanies when we could get empty Sweet Caporal or Duke cigarette boxes and play train up and down the church aisles. The church sexton was Old Man Jackson (Uncle Jack), while the preachers came and went. All the horses and mules tied around the outside threw off quite a smell and drew many gnats and butterflies. At the first rattle of a trace chain all the men in the church perked up but controlled themselves while one of the number went out to untangle a mule.

Singing was led by Dr. Shaeffer, father of Bret, Charlie, Frank, and Mrs. Andy Moon of Dallas. Good old Doc Shaeffer waved a mean hymnal, and when he gave the chord and the signal, the brethren and sisters literally let it down. Miss Lillie Kimball presided at the organ, and she could really make that thing talk.

Uncle Hawkie, J. M. Hawkins, was never the most religious man of my acquaintance, but he is the only person I recall as having had a shouting spree in the Brookston church. There were others to be sure, but I don't remember them. I guess the reason I remember Uncle Hawkie is because he jumped over a bench. Not knowing he was inspired I thought it was just an athletic feat, and he was my hero until I learned what it was that made him take a leap.

Speaking of this church, Estelle Hawkins dreamed one night that her father, who kept the church key, had failed to lock the church. She got out of bed with her nightgown on, took the key from a dresser in her father's room, walked down to the church about a quarter of a mile through a driving rain, opened the church door, left it open and back to bed with all that black mud on her feet. She didn't know until morning what she had done, then recalled her dream, went to the church and found the door open.

Another dream came true about this time. Mr. Street lived in Brookston, and I think he ran a saloon in the Bywaters building. One morning at breakfast, Mamma said, "Frank, I dreamed last night that Mr. Street killed himself." Before we left the breakfast table, Mr. C. B. Jennings came to the back door and said, "Folks,

Mr. Street was found dead in bed. Killed himself last night."

Mr. Alvion Ames, a widower, and his family came to Brookston and bought the Smiley place just west of the Hawkins home. They were very aristocratic people and were our good friends forever after. The first night they spent in Brookston, the daughters, Laura, Elmira and Alice, stayed at our house, while Rosa, May Grosa, and the brother, Will, stayed with the Hawkins. The Ames were devout Presbyterians, which meant heathens or something to me, but they were very tolerant with us Methodists, and I guess just felt plain sorry for us in our ignorance.

Papa was in the mercantile business with Uncle Jim and Uncle Hawkie. The business block consisted of Hawkins & Mallory on the extreme west end, then a vacant lot, Jim Roche's store, Rives & Roach Grocery, a dry goods store, two or three others, then Major McKinney's Drug Store, and Drummond Brothers Hardware. Then, extending east, was Mr. Temp Drummond's blacksmith shop.

When I was very small, I saw my first and only cyclone. I had gone to town to tell Papa that Mamma was scared and wanted him to come home. He started across the tracks with me, but the cyclone came roaring at us from the southfest and Papa ran with me under the depot platform. Water with oil on it was standing under the depot platform. The cyclone came up from Mr. Rock's farm in a northeast direction and cut a clean path about fifty yards wide, just missing the business block—in fact it took one little corner off a small building back of Papa's store, where powder and explosives were stored. When Jim Roche saw the storm coming, he grabbed a telegraph pole and held on for dear life, praying to God to save him, and making all sorts of rash promises. After the storm had passed, he laughed at everybody for being scared and said, "Hell, I knowed there want no danger."

The store of Rives & Roach came next. Jim Rives was married to our cousin Jessie Roach, daughter of Aunt Lydia, who was Grandma Bell's sister. Aunt Lydia was a character. Never a better woman lived. She was a pint sized edition of Grandma Bell even down to putting camphor on her eyebrows, eating ginger and with the same shaped head. Fred Roach was her son, and he and his brother-in-law operated the store together as Rives & Roach. I could never understand that firm. They never made any money, lived normally, and never lost any money. Their bank balance was always no more and no less. Looks like in the years at some time they might have made some money or lost some, but they never did.

Aunt Lydia lived in a small house, always clean as a pin, and with her hair—what little she had—slicked down. She dipped, as did most women of her age, and like Grandma Mallory a lot of the drippins caught in the wrinkle at the end of her mouth. She was the mousy type, very quiet, and worked incessantly at quilting or sewing of some sort. She didn't open her little mouth when she talked—as she seldom did—and her conversation consisted of high-

pitch grunts, low squeaks and short buzzes. She was O.K.

Fred Roach was something of a wonder to me. He never had anything to say, but if you said it, he would laugh a belly laugh that did credit to a man his size—he was small and walked fast with one shoulder higher than the other. I never tried him out, but believe he could have been coaxed to take a small drink rather than just lie there and die. He left Brookston and nobody heard from him for a long time. A few years ago he sent Mamma a National Road Building Engineers' Magazine, and on the cover was a big picture of Fred Roach, who had been honored in a meeting of engineers held in New York. It seems he had accomplished the impossible task of building a highway through, over or around a mountain, which many had tried and all had failed to do. Where or when he learned all that is another matter. Suffice to say, he did it.

Major McKinney operated the drug store and was a successful druggist, although he never knew how to make a tomato-and-lettuce or a ham-on-rye. His store was lined with all sorts of colored bottles with a lot of high sounding names pasted on them, and the place had an odor peculiar to a drug store of those days—clean but bitter. The nearest he ever came to operating a five-and-ten was when he put in a stock of marbles and tops. In the front end of his store was a wire basket filled with sponges. We never owned a sponge and I never knew anybody else in Brookston who owned one, but the Major had them on display. Wonder what ever became of all those sponges. Major was a very aristocratic sort, with white hair and white beard and he wore a black frock-tail coat. The McKinnys lived on the north side of town—he and his sister, Miss McKinney. Mrs. Tom Berry was their sister. Miss McKinney rolled catalogue sheets, newspapers, etc., into little tapirs and used these for lighting lamps, fires, etc. Her match bill was practically nil.

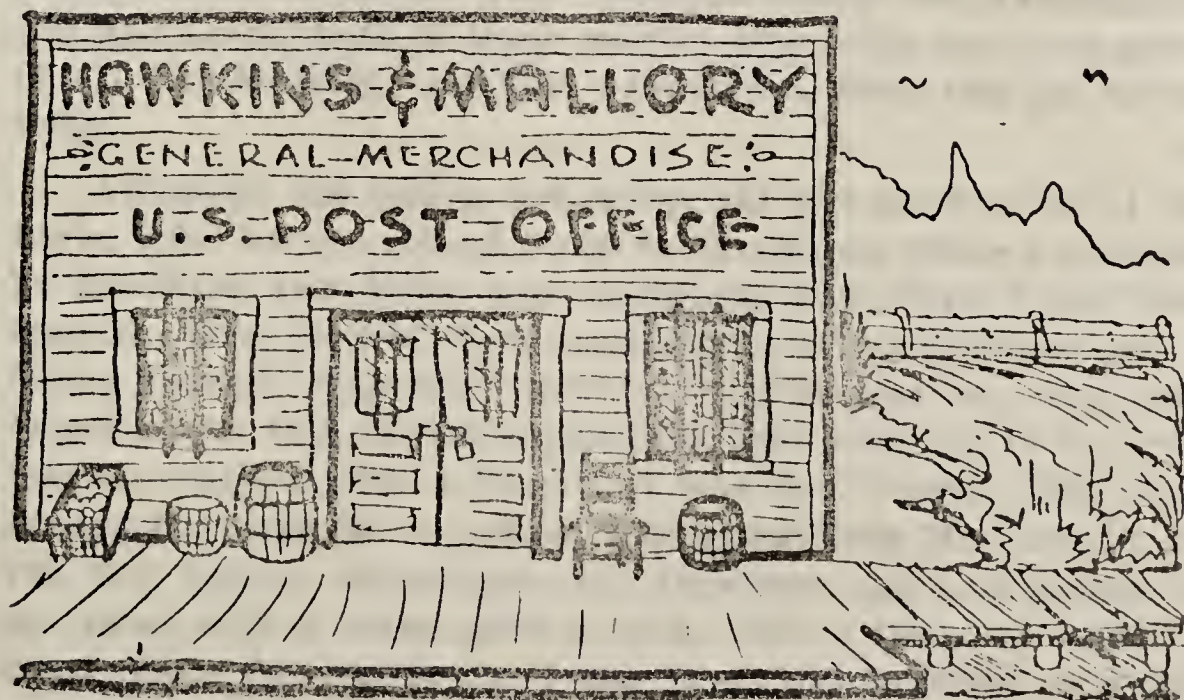
The Drummond Brothers were Mr. Milt and Mr. Temp Drummond. Mr. Milt operated the hardware store, and Mr. Temp was the blacksmith. Mr. Temp had two boys, Charlie and Orten, both of whom were natural comedians. All Orten had to do was open that big mouth of his, and he could get a laugh. Charlie acted the clown, but never laughed—he took his comedy seriously. Bill Campbell and I spent many hours watching Mr. Temp shoe horses, sharpen plows, build wagons, etc., and he was a fine man.

Mr. Jim Brame, who was in the wedding with Papa and Mamma, was agent of the T & P Railroad. That was too far back for me, however, and my first recollection of an agent was Phil Baer. Mr. Baer wore a fur cap in winter, so I had no trouble with his name. After Mr. Baer, came Mr. B. Temple, who married Miss Cora Hemphill and was a fine man and a good citizen. He invested in land around Brookston, and when he died owned quite a lot of property. Mr. Temple got tired of loafers sitting in the depot window knocking off the light and air, so he wired the windows to the telegraph instruments some way. When two or three loafers congregated he

waited until the going got good, then he would pour on the juice, and they jumped higher than they thought possible.

Papa's store was a typical general mercantile establishment, and there was never a dull moment. He had been appointed postmaster, March 13, 1883, and held that job until he left Brookston in 1893. They had the only telephone between Honey Grove and Paris, and Papa had to do the phoning for the entire third precinct. Lots of folks have wondered why he always hollered into a telephone. It's easy. He learned telephoning over that tin can line out of his store. It is true that he overshot at times. For instance sometimes, when he talked to Honey Grove, he ranged his voice for Celeste or Garland. He was always over and never under. A fellow came into his store once and asked him to call the sheriff at Bonham and find out what the jury had done with his brother, who was on trial there. Papa got the sheriff, gently relayed the question, listened for a moment, then turned to the fellow and reported that the jury gave his brother two years. The fellow said, "Hell, Mallory, listen some more—there is something wrong with your telephone. When I left Bonham on the twelve o'clock train, his lawyer had him acquitted, and I done paid him".

In front of the store was a porch about twelve feet wide. On each side of the double doors were axe handles, hoe handles, and all sorts of garden implements, and in the fall, cotton sacks which Mamma had made, hung from the top of the door. On the east side of the store were dry goods and medicines and clothing and on the west side, groceries, candy, tobacco and the telephone. The post office was in the southeast corner of the store and don't think for a minute that Papa would ever let me stick my face in the post office. That was a sacred corner to him. In the middle aisle was a barrel of brown sugar and a barrel of cane sugar, and toward the rear were barrels of vinegar and molasses of several grades viscosity. From the ceiling at the rear hung horse collars, harnesses, chains, etc. Right in the front door was the rope stock, the spools being used for seats for the owners, their help and customers.



In addition to Papa and Uncle Hawkie, there were two clerks, Mr. Ed Kimball and Mr. Frank Greene. Although Papa acted as salesman, he was kept pretty busy with the post office, and the telephone was nothing to overlook with death messages, court proceedings, personal messages and so on. Mamma kept well supplied with news—postcards and telephone conversations.

Mr. Tom Berry lived west of Paris across from the Clark place where we used to buy tomato plants. He was the father of Bertie and Dorsey Berry, and a daughter, Louise. He was in Brookston one night and was out on the hay ranch, when Papa got a telephone message that the Berry home in Paris had burned and that Mr. Tom's wife was burned to death. Papa grabbed the first horse, mounted, and tore out for the hay meadows to tell Mr. Tom Berry.

Hawkins & Mallory bought and sold cedar posts. They bought up in small lots from farmers, and when they had a carload they shipped to Iowa or some place up there. Their bank account was with the F and M Bank of Paris, but they dealt mainly in checks, because it took about all the cash they could muster to take care of Berry Brothers hay payrolls. They paid off not only for Berry Brothers, but for the farmers as well.

Farmers gave their cotton pickers orders on Hawkins & Mallory rather than checks, then came in at intervals and gave a check for the tickets on hand. Until recently Brookston was listed as the hay capital of the world. Even in the past few years, I have read in financial trade papers that Brookston Select, etc., was listed on the market at such and such a price.

General Berry and his brother owned all the meadows, and haying was a considerable industry. Hundreds of men worked at haying time, and many cars were shipped out of Brookston. The meadows extended all over the west and north part of that county, but the base was about two miles northwest of Brookston. An almost solid train of hay wagons kept the road to Brookston lined for several months of the year. General Berry had two children, Russell and Louie, both of them mighty fine folks and very good friends of all the Mallory and Bell connection. Both live in Paris at this time.

Although my public schooling did not start until I came to Paris, I did attend school twice in Brookston. Once I went with Nellie Hawkins and Mary Bell Campbell, and when I got inside, the teacher, Mrs. Dewitt, very cordially and most pleasantly chirped, "Who brought that brat here?" I was hustled out, but when Phil heard about this, he kidnapped me and took me to his room. His teacher walked with a limp and was Mr. Thomas. Mr. Thomas extended the keys to the school just about like Mrs. Dewitt had done the day before, whereupon Mr. Hawkins ups and slams him over the head with a slate, then a book, then a fist and as Mr. Thomas went down for the count, I ran from the building screaming for

dear life, "Phil's killing Old Thomas." Anyhow, I can say I attended school at Brookston.

Speaking of screaming: One day Mamma tied a thread around my tooth, gritted her teeth, and yanked the tooth right out of my head. I of course didn't know what had happened until I saw the blood. At the sight of blood, the chase started with me in the lead and Mamma right on my tail. I held my mouth open in the wind and let the blood string along as I ran, yelling at the top of my clear tenor voice, "She's killin' me, she's killin' me." Mamma finally gained on me and caught me at the Conrady Hotel, and then is when I really and truly thought she was killing me.



Mr. Conrady was a foreigner of some sort and operated the hotel, which was next door to the Campbell home. When the T & P cannon ball whistled, Mr. Conrady took his stand half way between the hotel and the depot on that board walk and rang a big brass dinner bell to let the drummers know about his hotel. He had two children, Mable and Albert. I don't believe I ever saw Mr. Conrady get within ten feet of either of the children, that he didn't test out his skill at throwing his weight around. He could—and did—throw them farther than Hickory Jones could throw a baseball. The hotel had a big lobby with a tall pot-bellied stove like the depot stove, and a barrel of water in one corner of the room. The chairs were of the hotel variety, and it was always a treat to me to get to look at the drummers wasting time around that big stove. The Conrady voice was a cross between a coarse rasp on sheet iron and a ten year old Jersey bull. Mrs. Conrady was a big woman with grey hair, and I liked her fine. I am sure I would have liked Mr. Conrady if I had known him, but I was always afraid to get close enough to know him, just because of his raspy voice and his foreign brogue.

Rachael Logan and her husband (colored) lived about a block from us and across the road from Aunt Lydia. They had two sons, Frank and Toots. Frank was older than I, but Toots was my age, and my chum. His nose ran constantly, but no harm came from it,

because just as the capsule reached his mouth, he automatically gave a suck-up with his nose, and his lip was as clean as a whistle. In winter, however, that little track on his lip was always chapped. After eating dinner at home I contracted the habit of going up to Rachael's house and sitting down to dine with the Logans. Rachael placed Toots and Frank and me on a bench on one side of the table, and she and her husband sat opposite us. They ate corn bread and gravy and molasses, tempered with red onions, and what food. I wish I could sit down to a snack of it right now—the corn bread had meat scattered all through it. Toots and Frank moved to Paris and worked for the T & P for years and were very good and close friends of mine, until I lost track of them.

Aunt Julia Calloway was an old negro, who worked for the Campbells for years. I say "worked" with a little reserve. I never saw her work, but understood from the tone of Aunt Mollie's conversations with her that she was supposed to work. She was a loose-mouthed old thing and never got a word right in the years I knew her. She called Emma Lloyd, "Emma Lodge", and Mildred was "Milridge", alfalfa was always "lampaster", and on and on. Her son, Jim, stole Papa's wedding suit, and Papa made him bring it home and spend one whole day boiling and washing it. I say Papa did, but Mamma was pretty close around.

Another negro who stayed with the Campbells for years, was Uncle Felix. He was a good soul, but as far as work was concerned he was a foul ball. He was too old to work. Bill owned a pet coon, and I can still hear Uncle Felix at the back door crying, "Miss Campbell, this here coon jist pesters me to death." Uncle Felix, in winter built a red hot fire in his stove and slept with his head about a foot from the stove and his feet sticking in the window, which had no glass in it.

Mr. Dugan was another Campbell landmark. He worked on the place and ate in the dining room after the Campbells had eaten. One night he ate the biggest part of a ham, and after he had eaten enough for three or four men, Aunt Mollie in sarcasm asked him if he liked the ham. He smacked a time or two, burped and said, "No, I don't, Miss Campbell, you always get your hams too salty." That made Aunt Mollie love him all the more.

Another pleasant recollection is of a big cracker box in Aunt Mollie's hall. She bought one of these glass covers, like grocers used to have when crackers were crackers. She bought them in the large wooden boxes, and put this glass hinged cover over them and kept a box in the hall—all the crackers we would eat. John Robert Campbell's first word was "cracker".

Uncle Hawkie, who was Uncle J. M. Hawkins, was always full of fun and pranks of all sorts. He used to pitch me in the air to what seemed to me unbelievable heights, then catch me. He had a hitching rack in front of his house like a fence—made of two cedar posts with two planks connecting them. He would station Bill Ames

across the hitching rack from himself and pitch me over the rack to Bill. One of his tricks was to pull my nose then show the end of his thumb between his first and second finger and tell me he had pulled off my nose.

Seeing heat rise from the rails down the railroad track in summer was one of the great mysteries of life to me then, and is now.

Hauling cotton from the gin to the cotton yard north of the tracks was one of my ambitions about this time. They worked two mules to a sled and hauled one or two bales at a time. Mr. Caleb Ellis was the driver.

Colonel M. G. Bean was the big man of the town. He was a short fat man and I always thought he was wealthy. Maybe he was for all I know now. He had a mouth full of gold teeth, and when he talked, he looked for the world like the mint. He was the father of John and Guy Bean and Miss Lillie Kimball, and was a fine old man.

Uncle Doctor was great for fruits, and when a watermelon wagon passed the house he would go out, thump a melon or so, direct the man how to get through one of his patent gates, and unload the whole cargo on his back porch. Same for peaches—he never bought peaches by the peck or bushel—he bought them by the wagon load, and somebody had to eat them. Papa draws a mean blade around a peach peeling, and to see Papa and Uncle Doctor around a peach bucket was good for anybody's appetite. They never seemed to suffer any bad effects. They were just hardened old peach eaters.

Aunt Mollie had a well on her back porch—in the hallway rather, and the water smelled like sulphur. When Papa was first married, he dropped a finger ring in this well, and years later, when they cleaned out the well as they did every ten years or so, they found his ring. It had a large black stone of some sort, and a bird worked in white on the stone.

Aunt Bettie Hawkins was a friend of mine and many a time has she begged off for me when Mamma was just ready to mete out some merited punishment to me. There was no grass in Aunt Bettie's front yard, and the yard was always as clean as a pin. Two board walks ran from the front gate to the two front porches, and between these walks were cedar trees. I remember the cedars had little berries on them, and Aunt Bettie used to tell me to watch, and I would see birds come and eat the berries, but that I must not eat them. Along side the house and between the porches was a rose bush, that ran from one porch to another, and the roses from this bush were yellow. I thought yellow roses were quite a rarity and remember very distinctly these particular ones.

Papa belonged to a lodge of some sort, and the members wore uniforms, all of them looking like generals. One night they were putting on a drill and were to parade from the lodge hall to the school house where the big thing was to come off. Mamma and I

stood on Conrady's walk as they passed; Mamma proud as she could be of Papa, looking for the world like General Ox, and I just trying to pick out my papa from that gang of shave tails. Boy, were we proud of Papa. We got him located as they crossed the big road in front of the hotel. Papa was in front leading the parade. He had his head high, and his chest out, only it was his stomach instead of his chest. Just as he saw us in the moonlight looking him over, he stepped a little higher than he should have stepped, threw his head back a little too far and stepped off into a ditch filled with water. When the rest of the regiment got him and his ax and sword out of that mud, he called it a night, and I don't think he has been in a parade since.

Estelle and Mallie had a buggy shed and chicken house combination in their back yard, and they used to sew up some beans in a little bag and throw the bag over this house for me to try to catch. I'd like to see somebody try to interest a present day kid in a sport like that. Yet it was lots of fun to me.

Mr. Wolfe was the sole owner and operator of the meat market. The market was open for only a part of the day, and during the rest of the day, Mr. Wolfe would load a beef into a wagon with a screen around it and peddle meat around the country close to town. I don't know whether my taste has changed or not, but as I recall, that meat was better than meat we get now after the inspectors get through with it.

Down from Grandma Mallory's where the road crosses the creek, was a spring of fine water. This water ran over the road and into a rock bottom creek to the south. On the south side of the road, where the water collected, the women of the neighborhood congregated Mondays and did their washing. There would be a dozen wash pots in use at one time. They all used copper kettles then too. A little south of the wash hole, the men of the neighborhood had a community still. Here they had copper pipes run all up and down the bank, boilers and a lot of machinery looking stuff, and they took time about running a batch of corn. It must have been pretty good likker too, from the hollering that took place up and down the woods every night. On Sundays, when the stills and wash pots were idle, the hole was used for baptizing and they had some nice ones there, too. I have seen the same men baptized there each year for three or four years. Incidentally, I might mention that the place was used as a neighborhood bathroom on Saturday night. It was a great old hole.

Mr. Jennings moved to the country and took his boys, Clark and Foster with him. The Jennings had a big peach orchard on their place in the country, and Clark and I used to have contests to see which one could eat the most wormy peaches—forgetting in our mad scramble for worm supremacy that we were eating peaches all that time. One time in particular—Old Clark all but passed out

from eating so many peaches. On a Sunday, when I went out to the Jennings' place, Dr. Carraway would be out there courting Bess Jennings and Mr. Wardie Kidd would be doing the same by Miss Mary. The Jennings' dog was a shepherd named Jim, and the court-ers had a hard time keeping old Jim and his gnats out of their way. The Jennings' baby was Clara B. The last time I saw her was in 1927. She was teaching school in Amarillo and a fine woman. She died recently and was buried in Sherman.

Grandma Mallory always had one of these old heavy oak wheelbarrows that taxed the strength of an ordinary man to move about empty. Bill Kammer seemed delighted at a chance to get me in that thing and wheel me all over the place. He wheeled me to his house up the road, up and down the creek, and seemed to like it. Just his idea of sport, but he could not have enjoyed those push-ings as much as I did the rides.



Mamma had a lot of jewelry, among other things a fancy little watch, and when she wasn't wearing the jewels, she kept them in the "whitening box" to keep them shined. Papa had a watch chain made from Mamma's hair plaited into a tight rope affair about the size of my finger.

Gingerbread just ain't what it used to be. Aunt Mollie had a big ten gallon tin can with holes punched in it for ventilation, which was always full of gingerbread. This bread was soft enough to eat yet not soggy, was lighter in color than they make now and had lots of ginger taste in it, and was real sweet. That was gingerbread and no foolin'. When the bottom of that can came in sight another cargo was placed in it, and I do not recall that I ever saw the gin-gerbread can empty.



Phil Hawkins wore high collars like comedians wear today. His collars were as wide as his detachable cuffs and when he came home from Poughkeepsie Business College he had autographs and cartoons drawn on all his collars and cuffs. Old Phil prized these very highly and took delight in showing them around town to his friends. What a man.

The Presbyterians built a little church on the north side of town between Mr. Drummond's blacksmith shop and the Berry home. Dr. Caldwell went to that church as did others whom I do not recall, but I do remember that I always thought them snobbish, and without reason. Fact is, we big Methodists were the snobs or slobs, but the Presbyterians just stood apart in my mind. I was about half scared of them. Silly.

Hopping freight-trains is really a man's job, but Bill Campbell and I took over this job when we were no more than five or six years old. When they stopped at Brookston, we grabbed hold and rode to the gin pool before letting go. It makes me shudder when I think of the many chances we gave ourselves to end suddenly, but we always managed to jump clear of the wheels. Well, any fool would know we did though.

Professor Cooper was a teacher at Brookston, and he had two good looking, nice girls, Birdie and Corine. Professor used to entertain Saturday nights and Sundays, when there was no school. His only guest was Prof. Gowdey from Paris. Refreshments were served straight, diluted, and raw, and all present—both of them—reported a grand time. Prof. was a brilliant man, I am told, and so was Prof. Gowdey. I wonder what ever became of the two girls. They were good to look upon, as I recall.

One of the most distinct memories I have is of a fig tree at the back of Aunt Mollie's kitchen. I have seen lots of fig trees, but this one for some reason stands out in my memory every time I think of Brookston.

A big revival meeting was held in Paris by Moody and Sankey—Moody did the preaching and Sankey led in the singing. The T & P ran special trains to Paris for the meetings, and the Mallorys were regular attendants. The meetings were held where the Belford Apartments are now (1947) located. That block was a cotton yard with a roof over it. A burlap wall about eight feet high was built around the place, and benches were heavy boards resting on beer kegs. On the north side of the lot was a raised platform, and the choir extended from Wall to Main Street. Sankey stood on a

platform directly in front and center of the huge choir and directed the singing, and on each side of him stood several more directors. This wasn't any group singing like one hears in a barber shop or saloon, but a real choir.

It was here that I first heard the song, "No, Not One". Sankey directed the center section in the singing of, "There's Not a Friend Like the Lowly Jesus", then the entire choir and the congregation came in with "No, Not One". If I am not mistaken, the celebrated song writer, E. O. Excell, was present part of the time and helped with the directing of the choir. I do know they sold his song books. They were little blue books, about four by five inches, with only the words of the song. Mamma bought one, as did others from Brookston, and on the train trip back to Brookston, after the night service, everybody in the coach between spitting out Concord grape hulls, would join in singing, "No, Not One". Those folks enjoyed life to its very fullest and contrary to present day custom, they dragged us children with them everywhere they went.

They took me to Dallas to a concert given by a blind negro piano player, Blind Tom, and other artists. Right smack in the middle of one of the acts, I let out a scream and the show stopped. Papa rose with me, waved his arm at the stage and crowd and said, "Go on with your show, Mister, I'll take care of this young un'." And he did.

Uncle Doctor and Aunt Mollie brought all the Campbell and Mallory children to Paris for Lemon Brothers Circus. I don't understand it yet, but the train stopped away out on North Main Street rather than where the T & P station is now located—or maybe I was just turned around in town. But we did come to the circus, and had no sooner hit the ground than Uncle Doctor bought each of us a long sugar cane. These canes were about six feet long, and as big around as a baseball bat. Imagine four or five kids with a long pole like that trying to edge through a circus crowd and eat sugar cane at the same time. I don't remember a thing about the circus, but as it turned out later, that was not unusual for me. All I remember is getting off the train, and getting so tired walking with that big sugar cane.

Train riding was something in those days, because it was a rare thing that horse and buggy conveyance could be used safely. A fellow might pick a clear day and get where he wanted to go, but if a rain came, it was a long trip indeed. So the train was used as much as possible. A train trip from Brookston to Paris requires about twenty minutes, but it seems to me now that in my kid days it took about half a day. So much happened. Such a thing as trying to go from Brookston to Honey Grove overland for a visit with Grandma and Grandpa was unheard of. It was all of thirteen miles and pretty much of a trip. Today a fellow jumps in his car, makes the round trip and is back home before he is missed. In those days, the trip required planning and packing and everything that would

be required today for a foreign travel trip, except obtaining passports.

I recall a trip we made to Honey Grove on the night train. Clothes were made and mended for days, trunks and valises were packed and unpacked, the house was cleaned up, and all sorts of preparations were made for days before the trip. On the appointed day, Aunt Mollie and the neighbors all came in and helped with washing the children and packing the trunks and valises for the eighth time. Mamma wrote out all sorts of instructions for Papa and Aunt Bettie relative to the house, the cow, garden and what have you. Mr. Caleb Ellis came in the long cotton wagon and got the trunks around noon and hauled them to the station. Madge and I were dressed and scrubbed and threatened with death if we wet our clothes or got out in the yards and dirt. We sat there all afternoon as Mamma and Aunt Mollie and Aunt Bettie stewed around making final arrangements.

Smileys, Amesese, Roaches, Kimballs, Kidds, Jennings, etc. came by with offers of assistance and farewells. Finally the start was made for the station about mid-afternoon, and we got as far as Aunt Mollie's house and stayed there until about thirty minutes before train time—just didn't want to be too far from the depot. Papa came by and helped get us to the depot and herded us all into the waiting room. In the center of the waiting room was a big depot stove sitting in a frame full of coarse sand into which the travelers spat their amber juice. Slick benches with iron arm rests ran around the four walls of the waiting room. Papa very proudly walked up to the ticket window with his money in his hand and ordered one full fare, explaining to Mr. Baer that he was sending the little woman and the young-uns up for a visit with Captain and Mrs. Bell, "my wife's folks at Honey Grove"—as if Phil Baer and everybody in Brookston didn't know all about it.

I stood by him, and standing on the rail in front of the ticket window on my tiptoes I could barely see Mr. Baer, as he very professionally pulled out the ticket, wrote on it and gave it the one-two-three with the dater. When we went back to Mamma, she held out her hands for the ticket but Papa refused to give it up. He walked to the door and looked down the track for the "cannon ball", although the clock indicated that it would be several minutes yet. I recall that the train left about sundown, because it was day when we started and night when we got to Honey Grove.

Papa reported that the train was not in sight and sat down by Mamma to get last instruction before she left him. Suddenly he gave a yell and ran for the sand box around the stove, where Madge had hobbled over and picked up a used cud of Horseshoe that some farmer had been working on. He held Madge in his lap after that, but suddenly the unmistakable OOOH, OOOH of the cannon ball was heard, whereupon Mamma and Papa and all their helpers grabbed valises, lunches, kids and everything in sight, and ran down

the incline of the depot platform and took a stand at the spot where the cars stopped. Mamma looked down the track, and no sight of the cannon ball as yet. It was cold out there in the open, and all the baggage and kids were hustled back to the fire. Then it dawned on Papa and Mamma that the sound they had heard was not the cannon ball really, but that "stinkin' Nollie Brown", the preacher's son, who had hidden in a box car and had done the whistling Papa had heard.

Papa kept watch from the door and finally for a fact old No. 100 showed up over the hill by the gin, and this time we made the run for keeps. Friends and neighbors helped with the baggage, and each child had a helping hand to keep him from jumping in front of the engine. Papa watched with a hawk eye to be sure the trunks were not left. Candy Johnson, the negro porter and Mr. Thorne, the conductor stepped down from the train, and things worked out without a bobble. With Aunt Mollie, Aunt Bettie, Papa and Mamma and a few other helpers we were put aboard the train, baggage and all. Mr. Thorne took a look at the baggage car to be sure things were ready, Papa kissed us all goodby, and Mr. Thorne gave the "Board" sign, and we were—but wait, Whose Got the Ticket?—Papa of course, and by the time he ran into the coach, delivered the ticket and gave us another parting kiss, the train was moving. We all knew he would be killed, but being of the athletic type, Papa made the jump from the train and was not even scratched—well except his face and hands as he sprawled upon the cinder platform.

Candy Johnson, a big fat negro as black as ebony and with a gold tooth in front, was the combination news butch and porter. By the time the train reached the Guy Bean place, Candy came through hollering, "candy, oranges, figs, chewing gum and cigars". Mamma bought each of us a glass pistol full of jelly beans, but we couldn't eat that—it was to save. What we craved was food. We were prepared for that emergency, however. We had fried chicken and sandwiches—biscuits stuffed with jam. If you have never eaten a cold biscuit with jam packing, which had been prepared several days ahead, you've missed something.

Mr. Thorne came through and took up the tickets and told Mamma that her ticket read Honey Grove, but that since we had no ticket we would have to go on to Fort Worth and live with him. He was a great kidder, this Mr. Thorne, and he couldn't have kidded with a man who really appreciates an uninformed man paying him any mind any more than I did, and still do. When we reached Hightown, passengers got off and others took their places. Each in turn threatened to take Madge and me off the train. That joke never got old with us, and we acted our part nicely. We were apparently just as scared after the tenth time, as we were when Mr. Baer threatened to hold us in Brookston.

As we pulled out of High, Old Candy came through with a metal strip about five feet long in his hand and a fire at one end.

He stood on the arms of the seats, straddling the aisle and lit the lamps in the coach. We were astounded at this, because we had been drilled for weeks that we were not to ask for water while the train was moving because we would fall in the aisle, and here was Candy standing on the arms of the seats.

We bought oranges and figs, which were treats for us. I never knew until a long time later that oranges were sold any place except on the train or to Santa Claus.

Clickety click, clickety click, clickety click—I can hear it now. We were really balling the jack and covering lots of ground. Two seats were required for us, because Madge and I both had to have a window seat, where we could look out and watch those telegraph poles buzz by. We must have been making twenty miles an hour and the poles passing made us real dizzy. After Hightown, we looked forward to passing through White Cut, and hoped we would beat dark to it, so we could see the high embankments on each side of the train. These embankments must have been eight or ten feet high, but to a kid raised on the prairie, any ground higher than his head was a mountain.

We had finished our sandwiches minutes before and were now ravenously hungry. Mamma was never a woman to do things half way, so she shot the works—figs, candy bananas, oranges, and a basket of Concord grapes. There is something about eating oranges, grapes, and dried figs on a train while inhaling coal smoke that just naturally gets under my skin. What could it have been that made train trips such highlights in those days, when today I detest the thought of getting myself cramped up in a train coach—maybe it was because Mr. Thorne, the conductor, knew me, while today the uniformed man don't even take a second look at me after he takes my ticket. I am like that.

A big argument starts right after leaving Petty. Every time we saw a light in a farm house, we swore it was Honey Grove, and a fight followed as to who saw Honey Grove first. Finally the train slowed down and came to a stop and we knew we were at the crossing where Mr. Porterfield's "Old Bob" Santa Fe plug crossed. The engine gave a chug and another whistle and freight cars whizzed by the window as we entered the city of Honey Grove. When the train stopped, kind and willing hands grabbed valises, kids, etc., and hustled us out of the coach into the rain, and the waiting arms of Bob Bryant the livery man, who drove the wagonette. Bob had been told by Grandma to look after us, and he did—and how. The wagonette was a hack sort of affair with seats running lengthwise and about a foot of loose hay on the floor between the seats. This served a two-fold purpose—absorbed mud and kept our feet warm. Motive power was a pair of mules.

From the wagonette, it was dark as anything on the outside, because a coal oil lamp was burning on the inside just back of the driver's seat. I was all right as we passed through the square, and

we were keen enough to recognize Wilkins-Wood and Patterson, where Uncle John Poole worked—or stayed. After passing the square though, everything was dark. I didn't know we were turning corners. The wagonette stopped, turned and backed up to the open door, and for goodness sake, there stood Grandma, plain as day. Bob had backed the thing right into Grandma's front steps, but what the Dickens—Grandma's house faced the west and here it was facing east. In making all the corners in the dark I had become helplessly and hopelessly turned around, and not only was the parlor on the south side of the house, but even Grandpa, who rarely moved was sitting in a room on the north side of the house. Lawd have mercy, he had been sitting in that rocker on the south side for years and here he was where the parlor used to be. It took me until daylight to get my bearings. Why do I remember getting turned around?

Grandma always greeted us with open arms and standing, while Grandpa extended greetings from his arm chair—a rocker made by Grandma's father and presented to Grandma and Grandpa when they were married in 1861. When Grandma knew she was to have company and wanted to do a little primping for the occasion, she took a bite of ginger and put the glass camphor stopper to her eyebrows. Then she was ready to kiss us. Grandpa, of course, didn't make any preparations, because he didn't have to. He was always reeking of Green Mountain Asthma Cure, which smelled like a cross between licorice and absynthe. His beard was below his chin only, and on the balance of his face and lips he wore a short stubble about a sixteenth of an inch long. In his mouth he always had one end of a toothpick. After kissing Grandpa, we always felt like we had been run through a combination blacksmith and drug store. This is written in fun, although it is true, and we did love and respect them reverently, bless their hearts.

Days in Honey Grove were anything but drab. We visited all the kin, including Joe Reed, who was Cousin Dodie's son and was about my age, having been born October 20, 1887. At Cousin Dodie's we had lots of fun. Kids from all over the neighborhood gathered there and the Burgher boys were frequent visitors. There was Ballard Burgher, who was born August 6, 1886, and Lenoir, who was born April 11, 1888, and Cedric.

Cousin Dodie feared for our health at all times, and if we got our feet wet or happened to sneeze or cough, the whole bunch was herded into the house for a treatment. Her treatment consisted of a steam bath, a hot flannel rag soaked in turpentine, tallow and some other evil smelling tripe of some sort, and tied to our chests. The steam bath was taken on the back porch. It was a frame shaped affair like a square table and covered on the top and sides with ducking. Through the center of the top was a hole just large enough



for a head to go through. The patient sat on a little stool under which was placed a bucket or pot of boiling water. To reach the chest where the misery lay, the heat had a straight shoot right up the body. After the steam the patient was hurriedly wrapped in a wool blanket and rushed to the attic to bed with the flannel poultice applied, and layer upon layer of cover was piled on. Why, when one of us coughed did all the neighborhood have to take the treatment? Your guess is as good as mine.

One day Cousin Dodie had given us the treatment and put us to bed with our gowns on. In the middle of the afternoon, Lenoir Burgher had a plan and it worked out fine for the time. We all arose as one, slipped down stairs and paraded across Honey Grove to Uncle Young's in our night gowns. What a calamity—for us. In that day folks didn't care whose kids they whipped. Cousin Dodie could work on me, just like she did on Joe, and she worked us all over.



P. 96

Our friends in Honey Grove were the Pierces, Woods, Ballingers, Saddlers, Grosses, Pirtles, Burghers, etc.

The Ballingers were Rich, Frank, and May; the Pierces were Phillip and Ralph; the Woods were Wendell and Pierce; the Hills were Maynon and Mildred; the Blockers were Frankie and Chloe; and the Gross boy was Willie. There was Margaret Saddler, Lizzie Jackson, a Hockaday boy, one named Gray, and others.

Mr. Hockaday ran the hardware store and lived across the street from Cousin Dodie. When I said "Hockaday," I thought it sounded bad, and so to make myself popular with Mamma, I would say "Hockaday", then giggle. "Hockaday" without the giggle would have been all right, but with the giggle, it brought Mamma's wrath down right on my head.

An entire family of deaf mutes lived near Grandma's, and the men went from door to door carrying saw bucks and buck saws. They cut stove wood for a living and worked in Grandma's yard at times. They were good folks all right, but walked funny, and of course, couldn't talk. Being a child, I was afraid of them, and if I got smart around Grandpa he threatened to turn me over to "Dummy". That always brought me to time.

The road in front of Grandma's house was wider than average, and between her home and the road was a thick coat of bermuda grass. At night we chased and caught lightening bugs out there in the road and put them in large mouth quinine bottles and used these for lanterns.

When we went to town, Grandpa went along with us, but one day Grandma took Madge for a shopping trip. Madge being a young child, didn't know B from bullsfoot about directions, and Grandma knew less than Madge, so on the return trip, they got lost and wandered all over Honey Grove until the family became alarmed and sent out a posse to locate them. When they were found, Madge was crying her heart out, and Grandma was "plum tired out" and crying with Madge. Grandma had the most brilliant mind, but her brilliance ran toward books and stuff like that—she had absolutely no sense of directions. After she came to live with us in Paris she moved about the place at random, and never knew—nor cared—whether the house faced the south or the east. Just a weakness like some folks who can't write their names in snow.

I don't recall any train trip home from Honey Grove, but I am sure we always got home, because we kept going for other trips.

June 16, 1890, Papa had a telegram delivered to him by the operator, Mr. Jim Brame, from Cousin Allen (Allie) Reed, son of Grandma Mallory's half sister, Lavanda Trousdale. "Petty, Texas, Ma dead—bury Forest Hill 4 o'clock—let Jim know." Grandma had received a letter from her dated April 21, 1889, in which she stated that they were living in Telephone, Texas, and that her son, Dr. Allie, was doing a "right smart practice with chills and fever, and some little typhoid".

In 1891 Uncle Bob Bell received his B. A. Degree from the University of Texas, where he had studied law. His school expenses were paid from money he had earned picking cotton and teaching school. After graduation, he taught school for one term before going to Gainesville in 1892, where he formed a law partnership with Mr. Stewart, who was an established and good lawyer.

At some time around 1891, a son was born to Frank and Sallie Mallory, and his name was Harry. He lived only a very short time, and my only recollection of him is at Honey Grove. I was on Grandma's back porch, and Mamma came to the door that led into the house, with the baby in her arms. He was having a "spasm", and everybody was terribly excited. Finally the baby became stiff in

Mamma's arms, and she was overcome with grief. Someone took the child and Mamma sat down and cried her heart out. He was buried in Honey Grove.

Papa sold his store in Brookston to Uncle Jim and Uncle Hawkins in June 1892 and made the race for County Tax Collector. His opponent was Ban Bywaters. On the eve of the election, one of Papa's scouts rode up to the house and said Bywater's supporters had gotten out a report that "Mallory has withdrawn from the race". Papa said it was too late to do anything about it, so he got whipped down. I do not remember all this, but have heard it told many times. Papa said Mr. Bywaters was sorry about the whole deal but that he had nothing to do with the rumor. He and Papa were close friends until Mr. Ban's death several years later.

After his defeat, Papa erected a building at High and put in a stock of general merchandise. We did not move to High however, until 1893, when Papa bought forty acres of ground from W. E. and Emma C. Ezell. The deed to this land was not recorded until June 20, 1893, and the consideration was five hundred dollars cash, one note for one hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-eight cents, and three notes for four hundred forty-four dollars each, making the place cost two thousand dollars, including the house and barn. (Lamar County Deed Records, Book 74, page 397).

From the purchase of the store until we moved to Hightown, Papa rode a horse the two and half miles and back daily. The approaching birth of sister Hattie Bell delayed the move to our new home. Hattie Bell was born January 8, 1893, at Brookston. Several incidents in connection with this event have occurred in my mind. Madge and I spent the night with the Campbells and early next morning were awakened and taken home to have our first look at the baby. When we entered the room, Grandma had things in charge and had the lamp burning and all windows down. A screen had been placed around the lamp to keep the light away from the baby's eyes. Grandma was heating catnip tea in a tablespoon over the lamp.

Madge and I were taken back to the Campbell's, and after breakfast were allowed to go with somebody to meet Aunt Hattie Bell who came down from Honey Grove for her first look. As we walked in front of Aunt Mollie's place, I told Aunt Hattie that we had named the baby after her. She of course, in her blase way, and as if she didn't know it, told me she could not believe it. I tried all the way home to convince her but it was too much for her.

After Sister Hattie Bell was born, and before Mamma had gotten out of bed, Madge and I found some paint and proceeded to smear it all over the north side of the house. Grandma caught us in

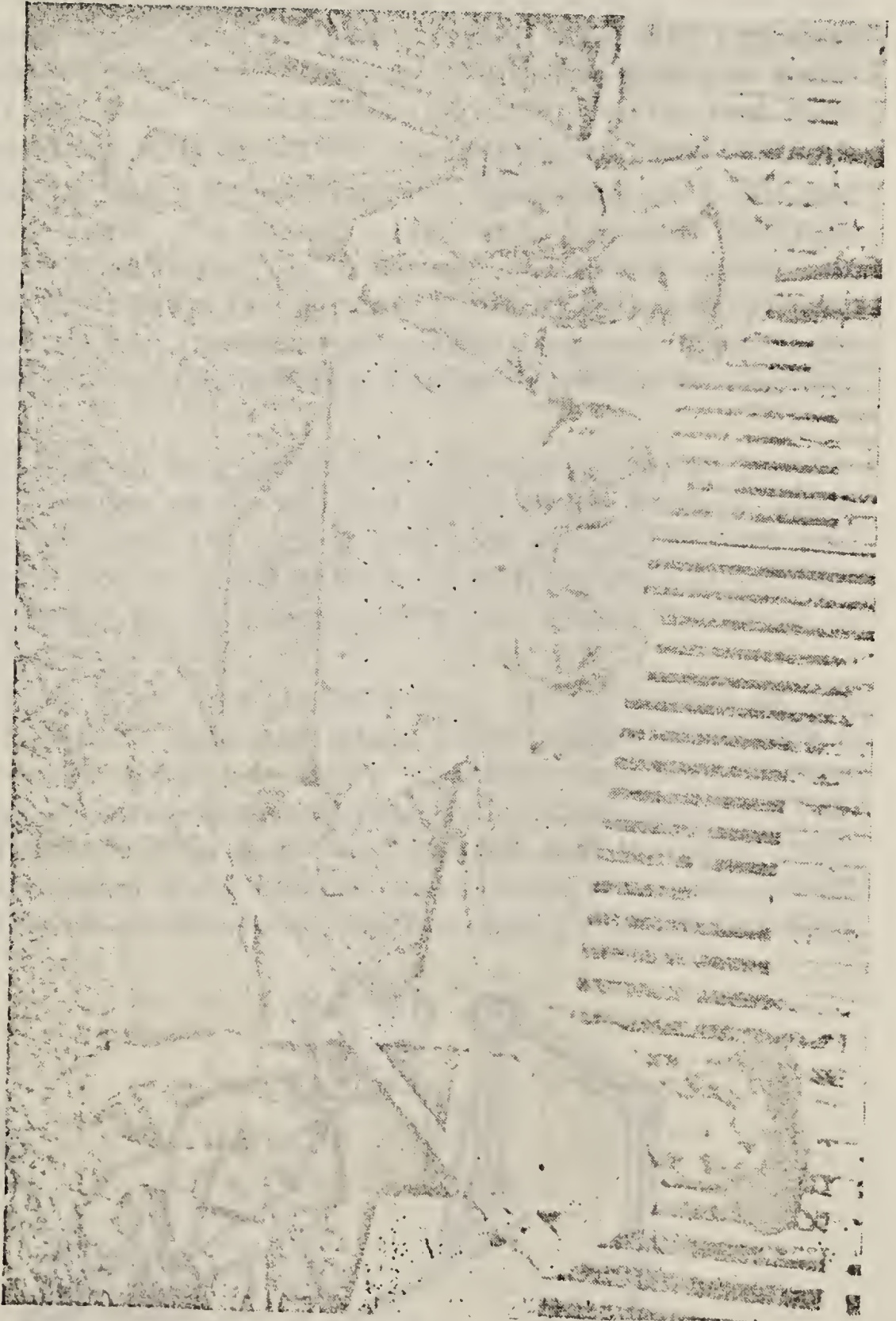
the act and took over. I told her she was not my mamma, so she just tore off a limb from a tree and marched Madge and me into the sickroom and held us while Mamma, from her bed, poured the willow to us. What a day!

William Henry Campbell, named after his two grandfathers, was born July 1, 1886. and his sister, Mildred, was born October 31, 1889. Being as near to the ages of Madge and me, we made quite a quartet.

The Campbells had a gentle old roan horse called Bob, and Bill Campbell and I rode him from the day we were big enough to climb a fence from which to mount. I was quite young when we rode Old Bob around the yard and headed for the road one day. Something big must have happened, because Bob wasn't easily excited, but this time he tore out for the cactus with Bill in front and me holding to his waist for dear life. As we rounded the corner of the Campbell lot, I slid off and pulled Bill right down on top of me. Scouts were sent out to locate Uncle Doctor, and he was found at Berry's hay shed. He came in a gallop and worked on me until I regained consciousness away along into that night.

This one accident didn't dampen my ardor for horseback riding, for later on Bill and I went for our long ride. We were not more than four or five years old, but we rode that horse to Ambia about five miles south of Brookston, for some candy bananas, which Mr. U. S. Logue sold at John Boyd's store in Ambia. As usual, I fell off the horse on the way home. This time I did not pull Bill after me, however. I walked until I was ready to call it a day, because of course, I could not get back on the horse without a solid fence or porch or something to mount from. About the time I was giving down completely and after dark had overtaken us—scared to death—one of a posse sent out to find us, came upon us, and we were landed safely at home, where we both took the whipping of our lives.

Madge and I spent the day with Mildred and Bill quite often. On one of our visits, a hard rain came up, and we had to stay in the house until afternoon. Then when we started home, Aunt Mollie put Mildred and Madge in the little wagon, and Bill and I were to haul Madge home, then he intended to bring Mildred home. When we reached Lowdens Morris's home on the way down, Mr. Morris, who was a photographer, came out and told us to hold everything. He made a picture of us and the wagon—Bill pulling, me pushing, and Madge and Midge in the wagon. We were in mud knee deep. Bill had curls, and I had on a plaid skirt and waist with horseshoes on it. I was four or five at the time, but when I was a kid, that was the garb for boys until they were six or seven years old.



Jim Bob and Madge Malloy, Mildred and Will Henry Campbell
(1892)

A few days later, Mr. Morris brought a finished picture to the door, and asked Mamma how many she wanted to buy. Mamma told him "none", but after I put up my usual bawling spell, she told me to take the picture to Papa at the store and ask him how many he wanted, if any. I told him Mamma wanted four. He said for me to tell Mamma that he didn't care for any, but she could buy as many as she liked. I reported back to Mamma that he wanted four, and she ordered four copies of the picture. When Papa came home that night, Mamma said, "Frank, what did you want with four copies of the picture?" He said, "Jim Bob said you wanted four, and I told him", etc. Another larruping for me and from that day, I have tried to cover up my lies better than I did that one.

The Campbells had a croquet court in their back yard. Bill was playing, and the horse, Old Prince, walked onto the court. Bill took a mallet after him to chase him away and Old Prince kicked him right smack in the middle of his head, laying open his skull and causing his parents and friends to get ready to lay him away. Uncle Doctor must have been a good doctor because he pulled Bill through that one.

The T & P Cannon Ball pulled west through Brookston just before dark, and one day as we watched her from the porch of Uncle Doctor's office, we noted that a dog had been tied to the back end of the last coach. He managed to keep up with the train to the Guy Bean crossing, and I am glad because we were spared the agony of seeing him dragged to death.

Uncle Doctor's office was an institution. It was located in the corner of the Campbell yard and was a little waiting room with a smaller room on the south side where medicines were kept. Doctors in that time mixed up their own. Uncle Doctor specialized in a yellow powder of some sort for burns and wounds, and it worked wonders. Folks had many boils, risings, bone felons and much white swelling. The doctor pulled teeth, lanced carbuncles and did all that



sort of work right there in the office. He was out in his buggy or horseback most of the time, but when he was in his office, it seems

that every few minutes we heard that piercing scream, "Oh, Doctor". He had just pulled a tooth or lanced something or cut off a finger. The only instrument I remember was his tooth pullers. They were rusty, and one size worked on front and jaw teeth alike. But from the squalls emanating from his office, they did the work all right.

Uncle Doctor worked harder than any man I have ever known. I recall that there were days upon days that we never saw him. He came in home at intervals and tanked up on black coffee and re-filled his medicine bag while we were all asleep. He rode in good weather in a cart with a top to it—the roughest vehicle I have ever ridden. When all other efforts had failed at finding him, he could be located either at John Colley's on the south or at John Ausmus's on the north. The Colleys were the sickliest folks and Pete Ausmus had white swelling.

When Uncle Doctor caught Bill and me doing something he didn't approve of, he rode his horse close to us, dismounted, and whipped us with the reins. He was fairly good at it, too. He invented many a gate in his life. He also invented a contraption to let the horse loose from the buggy in case he tried to run away. He absent-mindedly pulled the trigger for this latter contrivance one day, and after winding up in a ditch had to walk home. His ambition was to invent a gate, which could be opened without getting out of the cart. He finally achieved this ambition, but the gate was so heavy and combersome he had to go back to getting out, opening the gate, driving through, then out again to shut the gate.

When his patients could not pay him and insisted upon working out their bills, he would put them to work around his place until the work ran out, then he put them out to work on the public road.

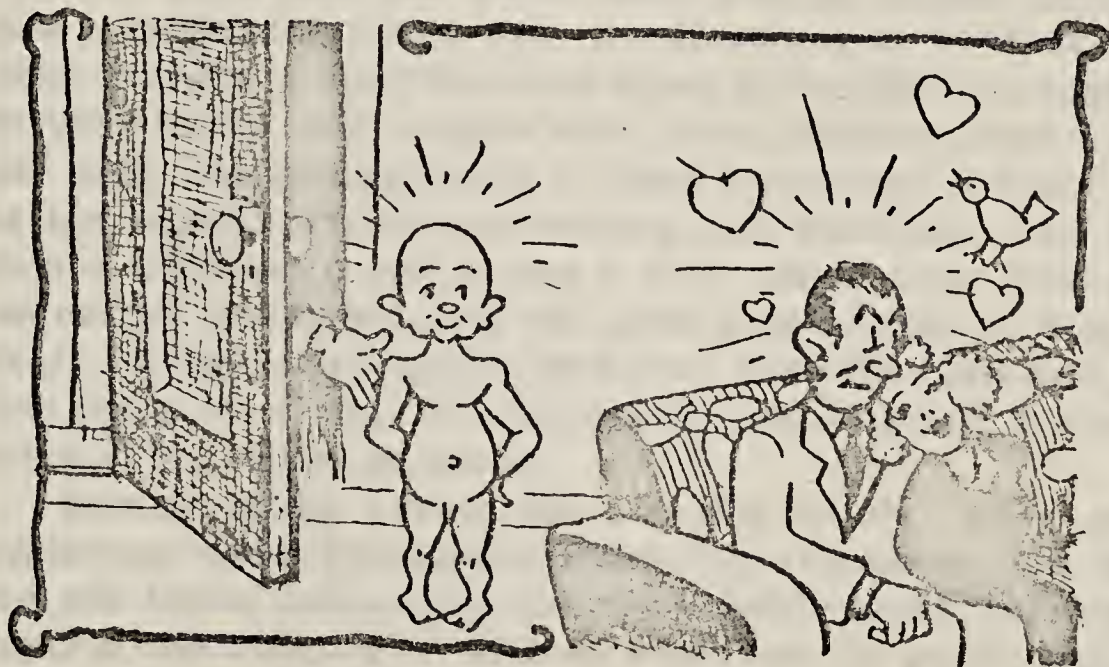
Emma Lloyd Campbell was born May 14, 1892, named for her grandmothers. I do not recall this event although I was five at the time. Bill and Mildred must have spent the night with us, for we all took time about spending the night with each other when a birth in the family of one or the other was expected. Anyhow, the records show that Emma Lloyd was born on this date, and I know for a fact that she was named for two mighty good women—Grandma Bell and Aunt Emaline Campbell.

The Hawkins girls were always my best bets. They gave me the run of the place when I visited them next door. Aunt Bettie and Uncle Hawkie were fine to me, too. Aunt Bettie was exactly like Papa in all her moods, etc., and was really one good woman. The Hawkins girls let me make soda pop at their house. An empty soda pop bottle of the wire and rubber opening brand was used. They filled the bottle with water, vinegar, sugar and flavoring, then poured in some soda, jerking the stopper closed quickly. The bottle was shaken, the wire trigger hit with the hand, and the mixture spewed all over the place. Can you imagine a drink like that—but I thought it fine.

They showed me a rainbow over Colonel Bean's home once after a rain and told me a pot of gold lay at the end of the rainbow, just

beyond Colonel Bean's house which was a mile from their place. They started me on my way for the gold all right, but Mamma caught me just in the nick of time and wouldn't let me go after all that gold. I could have been a rich man if she had let me alone.

Once I spent the night with the Hawkins girls, and they entertained me royally. They put my gown on me and got me on the bed, teaching me how to hold my hands in various positions between the lamp and the wall and make shadows of different animals on the wall. In the next room Mallie was entertaining her beau from Paris, Doctor Marcellus Walker. Stelle and Nellie had me lie on the bed and kick the wall for a while, whereupon Mallie came in and laid them out. This they didn't appreciate, so they led me to the only door of the parlor, jerked my gown off me, pushed me



naked into the room with Mallie and her beau, slammed and locked the door and left me stranded with the couple. Quite playful with each other, those Hawkins girls.

One night I was at the Hawkins', and the girls were all there in the front room with me. They held a whispered conversation and grabbed me and told me I had to go out to Mrs. Jones' with them (Mrs. Jones' meant the middle of the garden). When they explained that they needed me to keep the boogers off of them, I swelled with pride. I knew then that I had reached manhood, when I was called out to protect these grown girls. I took it in my stride and felt mighty important and unafraid as I stood inside the little house in the role of protector. Somebody jerked off a catalogue sheet without warning, though, and I changed from a hero to a dirty coward. I knew the wolves had me for sure.

Mr. Caleb Ellis and his wife and son Frank, lived near the section house by the railroad. Mr. Ellis hauled cotton to and from the gin, the cotton yard and the depot platform, and did other hauling. Mrs. Ellis took in sewing. She subscribed to the Delineator, and Mamma took the Ladies Home Journal. Mamma sent me one day to borrow Mrs. Ellis's Delineator and wrote a note saying she would return it within the hour. On my way home with the Delineator, I

stopped with the Campbells and engaged in a game of post office which was played with the corrugated fitting that came out of a box of Garrett's snuff. Time wore on and when Papa came home Mamma sent him after me. He brought along his trusty switch. I had on my plaid skirt, and he held on to the tail of that skirt and hit me on the bare legs every step of the way home.

The section foreman was Mr. Wade. He and his wife never mixed with folks much, because they were Irish and could not talk too good English, and then too, they were Catholics, and since the social life of Brookston was built around the Methodist Church, they were more or less left out. They were good people, though. Their nephew and their niece, John and Rosanna Wade, who were orphaned in Ireland came out to live with them. John and Rosanna were good too, and grew into fine folks. John was an expert accountant and had a responsible place with the Government at Washington. Rosanna married a good friend of mine, Robert Rhodes, who also went to Washington and worked with John. Rosanna died in 1918, and her body was brought back to Paris for burial. I was a pallbearer at her funeral, and it was raining cats and dogs. The priest conducted the service and swung a little affair on a brass chain. As we carried the casket over the open grave, I was in front and suddenly the side of the grave gave way from the hard rain, and down into the grave I went. It was terribly embarrassing to everyone, but couldn't be helped of course.

Roman candle battles and shooting anvils were popular at Christmas time. The town divided into two teams and lined up on the old Mollie Baily Show site for a 'battle royal. This was right in front of the Campbells', and we could see the entire spectacle from the front porch. In shooting anvils, two anvils were secured from Mr. Drummond, and one was placed upon the ground. Powder was poured into the hole on top of the anvil, and a little stream of powder let out to the edge of the anvil. The other anvil was placed on top. Then a man with a long iron rod, which had been heated to white heat at one end, stood off and placed the hot end to the little treacle of powder, and the big noise came off. Seems silly maybe, but it was lots of fun.

Mr. Newt Norris and family had moved into the hotel and replaced the Conradys. The Norris boys were Cliff and Raymond. One Christmas, Cliff and John B. Rogers decided to outdo anything that had ever been heard in Brookston. They secured a wagon hub (iron) and plugged up one end with a bois d'arc plug. The hub was filled with gun powder, and the other end stopped up with just a small opening for the fuse left in the end. The fuse was lighted, but the charge didn't go off. Cliff went up to investigate, and the thing went off right in his face. He lay between life and death for weeks, and finally Uncle Doctor pulled him through, but never did get all the powder, bois d'arc and metal out of him. If he is living today, he is all scarred up from the blast.

Trips to Paris seemed to be for just two reasons—buying new

clothes for me. and having my picture taken by Mr. Hudson and Mr. Patterson, the photographers. Our first stop in Paris was at the Paris Dry Goods, where I was fitted out in a new suit and shoes. Buying me a suit was an ordeal for Mamma and me, as well as for the unlucky clerk, Mr. Ritchie and the neighbors, who came along to help make the selections and handle me. The suit department was upstairs right against the hot roof. A sky light added to the heat. By the time we had walked up from the depot we were all ready to roast, and then had to go immediately into this oven and go through the ordeal of clothes fitting. First Mr. Ritchie tried me for size, then to do this, he used winter suits. By the time he had decided on my size and had convinced Mamma that he was not a moron and knew a fit when he saw it, I was of course wilted and running out of my clothes. As I sagged from the strain Mamma socked me one and told me to quit "humping over". Then when I straightened out my shoulders, she socked me again and told me I was just "smarting out" and for me to stand natural. I tried for years to hit a natural stance, but never found it. After our siege with the clothes, I was hauled off to the photographer, and there I was told to quit humping over and to look happy with a new suit burning me up and new shoes pinching the daylights out of me. After a few shoves and kindly licks from Mamma, I was never in a mood for picture taking, and the prints always showed it. If Hudson and Patterson had many customers like Mamma, they must have died rich men. We had many a picture made in our time. A favorite pose was me sitting up there with a Little Lord Fountelroy collar on and looking like a jackass eating tacks, with Madge sitting alongside me with her head on my shoulder and a forced smile. No telling whatever became of all those pictures. We have only one left, and that one is tinted, showing me with crimson red lips and a cherry complexion and sky blue eyes.

Aunt Hattie taught Madge and me a song which went over pretty big for years—really bigger with Madge than with anyone else. The song was "Little Grey Kitty". Nobody ever asked us to sing the song, because Madge beat them to the draw. As company crossed our threshold Madge announced the next number, which was this song. When all but I had agreed on the song, Mamma took me out and made a believer out of me. Madge started off alone singing, "Oh where, oh where is my little grey kitty, it's lost and it cannot be found. I've hunted and hunted the whole house over," etc. This was my cue, and I entered from another room carrying a little cloth stuffed cat, walking slowly and grinning like a Cheshire cat or a jackass and singing as I held the stuffed cat toward Madge, "Oh here, oh here is your little grey kitty, I've found it and brought it to you", etc. This was bad enough when we were little kids, but even today we never have company that I don't expect Madge to burst out and offer to sing "Little Grey Kitty" with me. It's no wonder we have never had any friends.

Early in 1893, a negro, Henry Smith, committed a heinous crime

in Paris. He was serving a jail sentence for something and was made a trusty by the jailer, Mr. Vance. He violated his trust some way, and Mr. Vance took away his privileges. For this he did not care for Mr. Vance, and when he had finished his sentence and been released, he went to the Vance home, where he had worked previously, and engaged little Myrtle Vance, the 3 or 4 year old daughter of the jailer, in conversation. Finally he took her in his arms and told her he would take her to town and buy her some candy. She readily went with him, and the next day, after an all-night search, her mangled body was found in some woods in the southeast part of Paris. A search for the negro was on in earnest. Rumors flew back and forth that he had been seen here and there. One night some men came to our home in Brookston and called "Mallory" until they roused Papa, and they told him the negro had been seen south of Brookston, and that they were on their way after him. Papa dressed, saddled Old Sal, our family mare, and went with them. This proved to be a false alarm, and later the men came back in daytime and got Papa to accompany them. He was staying home from his store at High because no one considered his womenfolks safe with the negro at large.

On the second trip, while Papa was saddling his horse I talked to the men in front of the house, and one of them told me that if they caught the negro he would give me a goat. I asked if he could pull a wagon and the man said he could. I thought our front gate posts were the strongest things in the world, and asked if the goat could pull them down. When the man said "Yes", my future was made. Mr. B. B. Sturgeon was County Attorney at the time, and he and Mr. Ban Bywaters went to Arkansas and brought the negro back to Paris.

The Gore family lived in Brookston and were good friends of ours. The girls were Vashti and Kate. Vashti was cross-eyed, and I could never tell which way she was headed. But she was a fine girl, and it made no difference to me where she was going. Kate Gore married Quince Dickinson, and they lived in Idabel for a long time. She is staying in Paris now with Mrs. Cora Temple.

The Fitzgeralds lived north of town and were very aristocratic, fine people. The only children I remember were Lee and Dollie. Lee was for years Texaco agent at McKinney, where he died recently, and Dollie married Dave Ames, another Mallory standby. She was related to our good friend and neighbor, Mrs. Sallie Beckley.

Mollie Bailey and her show visited Brookston each year. Mollie used the Campbell pool for watering her horses, and in return for this privilege she gave the Campbells passes to the show. They got enough for themselves and the Mallorys, and we all felt like and were treated as more or less a part of the troupe. Mollie Bailey was a Texas institution and was known all over the state. The show traveled overland from small town to small town. There were sleight of hand tricks, and all sorts of acts, none of which I remember except the act "Birdie and her Birds". Birdie was Mollie's daugh-

ter and had some trained canary birds, which she put through the paces to the consternation of me and the rest of the audience.

Frank Crisp was the colored Brookston barber. He had a little shop about five or six doors from Hawkins and Mallory. I don't remember my first hair cut, but do recall some mighty early ones. In his shop he had pictures on the wall of masculine heads done in all sorts of hair cuts, and with all sorts of moustaches. When he cut my hair I wondered why he gave three or four clips, then held the scissors at arms length and made several false clips. The hair clips were very slow, then the false clips made as fast as his fingers could move. Frank was a good negro, and everybody liked him. He had a scar on the back of his neck. One of his friends must have used a razor on him when he didn't really need a shave.

One song, which Aunt Mollie played and sang for us, and which always brought a good cry from all of us, was supposed to be exact quotes from a little girl named Nellie. All I remember were the words, "Papa's a drunkard, and Mamma is dead." I didn't have to hear any more than that, anyhow, to break into sobs. Aunt Mollie played, and we sobbed.

After the birth of Hattie Bell, our move to High was delayed for two reasons—first, the weather was too cold to try to move with the young baby, and second, Mamma stayed with the Campbell children while Uncle Doctor and Aunt Mollie went to the World's Fair at Chicago. All I remember of their trip, is the return. We all met them at the train, and they had packages galore, valises, telescopes (square suit cases, which dovetailed into the shape of a box when closed), packages of all sorts. Among other things, Aunt Mollie carried several large fans which were heavy and made of some sort of grass. They were too heavy for practical fanning but made nice wall ornaments, for which they were used later. Upon Aunt Mollie's arrival, she immediately opened her valise and took out a piece of sheet music—a song, which she said was all the rage at Chicago. She said everybody on the fair grounds and on the trains, in the hotels, and everywhere, whistled and sang the song. She sat at the organ and pumped out and sang for us. The title was, "After the Ball is Over". The only words I recall were "After the Ball is over, after the break of day, many a heart is broken, etc."

Uncle Doctor said there were two kinds of hotels in Chicago, one the American plan, and the other the "Eu RO pean plan", heavy on the RO. Their account of the trip held us spellbound for days, but I don't remember more than I have recorded here.

Life at Hightown was different from at Brookston for some reason—maybe because we were away from the Campbells and the Hawkins. In other words, we were more or less out on our own at High. There were new people to meet, a new church to build and attend, and the new store, which was not exactly on the order of the Brookston store. The store at High was new from top to bottom, building and all, and competition was not so keen. In Brookston,

Jim Roche served about all the sardines, salmon and canned oysters across a counter, and other merchants did the same. In High, Papa had next to a monopoly on the cafe end of the business. Field hands, mostly negroes, ordered what they wanted and were served at the counter. Heavy little China bowls were used, and a serving consisted of opening a can of oysters or whatever was wanted, a bottle of pepper sauce, and a few crackers and a spoon. After a serving, the bowl was mopped out with a flour sack and was ready for another customer.

Among our new-made friends were the McClures, Highs, the Colemans, Russels, Snells, Smileys, McBaths, Coopers, the Whites and many more, including the Jacksons and the Powells. All these were fine people and have remained our friends to this day. We seldom see some of them, but when trouble hits us, they are pretty close around and are the kind of folks worth knowing.

Cotton and corn were raised on our farm at High, and with them watermelons and "mush-melons" as we called them. The watermelons were of the yellow meat variety, and in season our storm-house was full of watermelons. The storm-house was a fine institution. The door opened on the east and, of course the room was under the ground with timbers supporting the ceiling and all the dirt that covered it. The thing always stood about a foot in foul smelling water. We never used it but once that I recall, and if I had it to do over I would choose the storm to sitting in that damp, dank, candle-lit hole in the ground with spiders, centipedes, yellow jackets, and all sorts of varmints flying and crawling around me.

I picked up a lot of crazy ideas at High. Negroes who worked on the place were always looking for the world to come to an end, when they predicted that fire would envelope the earth and we would be no more. There were lots of signs by which the judgment day was to be announced to us sinners. One I remember was that when I looked at the setting sun steadily for some time and it seemed to be revolving like a wagon wheel, I was to get ready for whatever hit me. Of course, if you look into the red, setting sun, it finally appears to be moving. That the prophecy failed to materialize the first time or the second time did not stop me, and for months all I had to do was look at the setting sun and start getting warm from the heat that I knew was not far distant. I have always been bright like that.

Hattie Bell was the baby. At High, the ordeal of weaning her was begun and from all I recall of this Papa was the head weaner. We had a little trundle bed which folded up and was slid under the big bed every morning, then pulled out at night. Hattie slept on the bed between Mamma and Papa until the weaning started. Then Papa got in the middle of the bed and put Hattie on the outside. After he had gone to sleep Hattie crawled around his feet and right on up to Mamma. Hattie was promptly shunted to her side of the bed. This performance was repeated all through the night, and by morning developed into a battle between Papa and Hattie Bell. Papa

always talked of "conquering the young lady", and for years I thought to conquer meant to wean. After a time Hattie Bell was transferred to the trundle bed but with no better results. She is still pretty good at bowing her neck.

The railroad track ran in front of our place and about fifty yards from our front door. Along about 1893, there were many tramps on the road, and all during the day they kept the railroad hot. They were not bad men—just tramps. Papa sold cotton sacks in the store, and Mamma sewed the duck into sacks for him to sell. The sill of our west window was only about six inches from the floor. Mamma backed the machine up to this window, I sat in the window and with my hands pumped or peddled the machine. One night, as we were running off cotton sacks, me with my back to the yard, Mamma suddenly put her foot to the pedal of the machine and told me to stop. I stood and looked at her, and she registered terror and fear like I had never seen before. I turned and saw within a foot of me outside the window, a tramp, with his shoulder stick from which was suspended a sack holding his belongings. Mamma asked him what he wanted, and he replied that he wanted food. She told him she had no food, and he politely thanked her and went on his way. I was terribly impressed and know that she was too.

During the twenty months we lived in High, I don't recall that we ever sat down to dinner alone. We had company every day, it seemed. Hightown folks were great on spending the day with each other. While none of our neighbors lived more than a mile or so from us, a visit always meant a day.

The Mallorys were very active in church affairs in High, and Papa was one of the founders and builders of the Methodist Church there. I don't remember any day services in the church, but do recall the night sessions. A protracted meeting was held and the Mallorys, Colemans, McClures, etc., were always on hand. We went in a wagon. Immediately upon arrival at the church, we children were laid out on pallets in the aisle of the church. In no time we were asleep, and the next thing we knew was when we awoke at home next morning. Mamma said that as soon as church was over, Papa and a couple of his friends rolled Madge, Hattie and me up in our own individual quilt, carried us out and threw us in the hay in the bed of the wagon, and we were on our way. The only song I remember was "Blessed Assurance", which was the song Mamma used in putting Hattie Bell to sleep—if ever.

When we left Brookston, Papa was teacher of a Sunday School class of young ladies. They presented him, as a farewell gift, a leather bound hymnal with his name stamped in gold on the cover. Madge and I used this hymnal in holding our own Sunday School at home. All there was to our Sunday School at home was singing of a few songs and calling of the roll. When school was opened, the roll was called, and all the neighborhood names were called. If Madge was the superintendent for that day, she called the roll, and I answered "present" or "absent" for all the names. In addition to

the names before mentioned, we always included Mr. Ben Budd, and Peter Cartwright. Those two were our main members, because of their names, I guess.

One day I was on my way to the store, and as I passed the home of Dr. Compton, a crowd came down the road carrying a man whose arm had been mangled in the Smiley Gin. Kid-like, I turned and followed the crowd. When they reached the Dr. Compton home all were turned back except the doctors, who were Dr. Compton and young Dr. John Jennings, who had just come to High after finishing medical school. My being so small got me by in this case, as in many more cases in after life, and I found myself in the back room with the doctors and the patient. In the excitement, no one saw me and I had a front seat. Hot water was brought as soon as it could be heated, shades were pulled down, the doors locked, and right before my eyes the doctors cut and sawed that man's arm smack off at the elbow. His screams could have been heard for a mile, I am sure, but did not slow down the operation. After the arm was amputated it was carried to the Compton garden, where it was buried. I was told later by Miss Floy Compton that when the boys were bad or ugly, the arm would rise from the dead and the fingers would claw the eyes out of the guilty one. I still have my eyes, don't I?

The Smileys lived on the hill west of High and we often visited them, spending the day. On one trip Mrs. Smiley called upon Mamma to make Charlie Smiley some pants. As stated previously, in those days boys wore waists and skirts until they were five or six years old. The pants were made and Charlie was called in to try them on. He not only would not come in but ran down the road. Mamma ran and with the help of a negro man who worked on the place, caught Charlie and brought him kicking and screaming back to the house to be clothed in pants. He wrested himself loose and ran under the bed. The bed was pulled out from the wall and with Mamma on one side on the floor, and Mrs. Smiley on the other, Old Charlie was treed—so they may have thought. He ran out from the foot of the bed and was gone again. This kept up for hours, and finally got worse until they bound him and literally "put the pants on him".

Mamma, who was always a concert promoter, put on a big Easter cantata or something at the church. Several acts were scheduled, but the main event was the one I was to be in as one of the principals. The rostrum was curtained off, and six boys of my age were taken behind the curtains to be prepared for entry and acting. I both entered and acted. Miss Lillie Kimball had been imported from Brookston to preside at the organ. Mamma came backstage for final instructions to us actors and after taking her seat in the front row, where she could prompt any of us who forgot lines, she gave Miss Lillie the signal for the chord and the playing of the march. At the first chord, Roscoe McClure led off, then Chas.

Smiley, Smith Coleman, etc., with me bringing up the rear. After we were lined up on the front of the rostrum and facing the audience, we must have presented a wonderful spectacle. Mamma had worked for a week on the letters, and around the neck of each of the six boys, suspended by a silver string was a pasteboard letter about a foot square made from tinfoil taken from chewing tobacco boxes. Starting with me and my "E" the word "EASTER" was spelled out plain as day. What a whiz was Mamma.

As we took our places, the music stopped with one final chord, and the show was on. I was supposed to say, "E" stands for Easter, and then a verse about the cross, etc. I started out, "E stands for—E stands for—E, E, E," and poor Mamma sitting there trying to coach me. I made several starts with just plain "E", and nothing else came. I couldn't think to save me what "E" stood for. Thinking was always a strain on me anyhow, and I began to get red in the face and strain harder and harder. Just about the time the audience gave up, and Mamma was going into a tailspin, the strain was too much for me. Hard thinking works upon different people in different ways—affects the hearts of some, the eyes of others, etc., but in my case it was my kidneys. If the stage had not



sloped toward the audience the whole troupe would have been drowned. The line broke as all the kids peered around and laughed. Mamma gave the signal for the chord, and with the rest of the troupe I made my spraddled legged exit from the stage. I was the idol of Hightown concert fans from that day forward.

An incident, which affected the peace of us Mallorys for a few days, might be included here. As was the custom, Papa built a fire in the kitchen stove one morning while Mamma dressed the children and fed the baby. When Mamma reported to the kitchen, she told Papa that the stove was not hot and he would have to wait for his breakfast. He insisted it was hot, and she demurred. Finally she



said she could sit on the stove, it was so cold. Papa dared her to try. She wore a heavy wool skirt at the time, and she sat herself down on the stove. The smell of burning flesh and wool that followed was something to remember. Poor Mamma was out of the running for several days.

Mrs. Jim Powell was our next neighbor and at that time had been married several years. Among her purchases when she married, was a paper of pins. She still had the paper and every pin of the original paper was intact. When she was through with a pin she replaced it in the paper. That lesson of thrift made quite an impression upon my mind at the time, but as everyone knows, thrift lessons were soon forgotten by me.

Mr. Dave Coleman ran the other store at High and across the road from Papa's store. The postoffice was in Mr. Coleman's store.

Mr. Bob Kerr and Mr. Tom McClure clerked for Papa. In their odd moments, Mr. Tom pulled out flour and meal sacks and as mice ran from under them, Mr. Kerr caught them in his hands. I was only six years old, and I met Mr. Kerr in my office thirty-one years later, and as he entered I called him by name. He marvelled that I knew him, but how could I forget so brave a man as Mr. Kerr.

In the spring of 1894, just a year after we moved to High, Papa entered the race for County Treasurer. The office of treasurer at that time was more than it is now, and really included the duties and responsibilities, which now fall to the County Auditor. The office paid \$166.67 per month, which was a pretty fair rate then. As if we didn't have enough company already, Papa started bringing qualified voters in for dinner every day. By election day no less than seventy-five per cent of the voters of Lamar County had stuck their feet under our dinner table. When the day came in July, Papa stayed in the store all day, and went to bed at the usual time that night. During the night a Paul Revere rode a horse up to the front door and yelled to Papa that he had been elected with only Clardy box to hear from. Clardy being about thirty miles from High, there

was still some doubt, because thirty miles is a long ride on a horse just for a meal, and no Clardy voters had eaten with us, but Clardy's returns did not affect the vote, and he was elected. All Madge and I knew about it, was that we were going to move to "town". Paris was never referred to as Paris, but just plain "town". When the news got round that we were moving to town, friends and neighbors came in to congratulate us and each in turn asked Madge and me what we were going to do in town. Madge's stock answer was that she would "Walk on the sidewalks wearing a tea gown". I don't know what I told them, but imagine it was my stock answer when well meaning friends asked me what I intended to make when I grew to manhood. "A fence" was my brilliant answer to this question.

Well, after the July election, Papa made his arrangements to move, and stayed in Paris about a month familiarizing himself with the duties of the office. Then in November, 1894, we moved. Our belongings were moved in a wagon, or wagons, bed clothes, trunks, stoves, dressers, tables, chairs, thunder mugs, etc., all stacked as high as possible, with ropes binding the lot down to the wagon. On the tip top was a little metal red wagon, which belonged to me. As soon as we hit the sandy land at Shiloh, I was allowed to get down from the wagon and pull my little wagon through the sand. I had been brought up in the black land which was as hard as concrete when dry, and waxy when wet. Being able to make tracks with my feet was a new experience for me, and after about a mile of pulling my wagon after me and looking back at the tracks, I had to give up and get back in the moving wagon.

Our first home in Paris was on Graham Street adjoining the Baldwin home. A brand new cook stove awaited us there in the new place, and to this day, when I smell a hot new stove I am reminded of our first day in Paris. The Baldwins were fairly well-to-do, as we called it, and I was afraid of them. I looked upon them as something apart from this world. A high board fence separated our lot



from theirs, and Madge and I took turns peeping through a crack in the fence for a fleeting glance of the Baldwins as they came and went. Madge would yell, "Come quick, brother, I see one." When I caught a glimpse, I did the same for her, and working together like that we had several good views of these wonders each day.

Christmas came, and after the holidays, Madge and I started to Graham school. Fred Baldwin took me in tow and said for me to follow instructions. When we got on the school grounds, Fred stood me up against the wall and told all the boys he wanted them to meet his friend and neighbor, Jim Bob Mallory from Hightown. He suggested that they all line up and give me a little peck on the head as they passed me. They missed the "little" part of the instructions, and when the entire school had passed, I had been beaten to a "pulse", as old man Bob Johnson would say.

I had learned my letters at home from Mamma, but Madge and I entered together in the first grade. Miss Sue Givhan was the teacher. Madge and I occupied the same desk. When Miss Givhan learned that I had been taught at home, she told me I was to go to the second grade and Madge should stay in her room. When we were separated, we both balked, cried and bawled and created quite a scene. We were subdued of course, and I went to the room taught by Miss Etta Jones, who in later years married Judge D. H. Scott.

We lived at the Baldwin house about a year. My brother, Young Mallory, was born there. He was born July 12, 1895, and was named Young Frank Mallory. The doctor was Dr. Baldwin, and the nurse was Aunt Janie, an old negro woman. While the folks were deciding upon a name for him, Aunt Janie called him "Sonnyboy", and this was shortened to "Son", by which name he answers now in his ripe old age of 54. In the following pages of this book, without his permission, which I am sure he would grant, he shall be referred to as Son.

June 12, 1895, just a month before Son was born, Papa and Mamma bought a lot about a block east of where we were living. The lot described in Book 79, page 245, of the Deed Records of Lamar County, was 93 x 300 feet and was bought from Judge John W. Rountree and his wife, Lucy. The consideration was one thousand dollars in cash and included a large barn at the back of the lot. This was a part of the home lot of Judge Rountree, and they were to be our new neighbors.

A one-story house was built on the lot, and I think we moved in about the first of November. The front door was of colored glass panels and I thought it the most beautiful door I had ever seen. As a matter of fact, the only colored glass door I had known to this time was in the home of the rich Baldwins. Don't get the wrong impression when I refer to the Baldwins as being out of this world. They were the finest, best neighbors and friends anyone ever had, and to this day we consider them our best friends. What I wrote about them was from our first impression of them—country little kids that we were.

The house was built by Mr. John W. Harrison and his brother, and the first meal we had after moving in was a big chicken dinner, to which all the carpenters, brick masons and painters were invited, and which Mr. John Harrison recalled to me many times before his death. In the big red barn, we found a lot of books which had belonged to Dudley Rountree when he was small. One of the books was "The Mikado", and after Judge Rountree said we might have the books, this Mikado book was my most prized possession. I mispronounced the title and called it the "MIKE-ado". But what's the difference? It had on the cover, the picture of a Japanese or Chinese man with a pigtail.

April 3, 1895, Papa demitted from Roxton Lodge No. 543 AF&AM and affiliated with Paris Lodge No. 27. He became active in the Centenary Methodist Church and was made a member of the Board of Stewards and served as a Steward for forty-eight years, until the day of his death.

November 21, 1895, Mallory (Mallie) Hawkins was married to Tom Ford, and that same year, Campbell Sansing, a cousin of the Campbells, had finished Tulane University and settled in Brookston to practice medicine with his uncle, Dr. J. F. Campbell.

In 1896, Uncle Bob Bell was elected County Attorney of Cooke County and served until 1902, when he voluntarily retired to practice law. And in this year, Papa was made a Trustee in Centenary Church, and served forty-seven years, until his death.

Mamma and Papa both became very active in the church, and Mamma took an active interest in the Missionary Society and promoted concerts, as she did in Brookston and High. By this time she had recovered from the shock I gave her in my performance at High. Mrs. Ellen Robinson, the widow of a Methodist Circuit Rider, was teacher of the Sunday School class which Madge and I attended. She was known all over the conference as "Aunt Rob" and was a good soul. She operated the Junior Missionary Society too, and I can remember well how deeply she impressed me with the idea of feeding and saving the heathen and starving Koreans. Every time the doors of Centenary were opened the tiniest bit, the whole Mallory family rushed in for a front seat. Sunday School, preaching service, missionary meeting, Junior Epworth League, church at night, prayer meeting Wednesdays, quarterly conference, love feasts and protracted meetings. I don't see how we ever got the housework done with all those meetings, but we did.

Mamma taught a child to sweep as soon as his shoulders came up higher than the straw of the broom. She didn't have a lazy bone in her precious body, but I have never seen her with a broom in her hand, except as she handed it to me and told me to get going. We kids washed and dried the dishes when we had to stand on a high chair to reach the sink. Scouring the floors, churning, sweeping, yard cleaning, and all such work was a part of our daily curriculum.

When we lived by the Baldwins, we had as our neighbor on the west, Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Williams. Mr. Williams clerked at the

Paris Dry Goods Store. These were very fine neighbors and friends. January 19, 1897, Uncle Bob Bell married Olive Hockenhull, daughter of George and Mildred Hockenhull, at Gainesville. While Mamma and Papa attended the wedding at Gainesville, Madge and I were left with Mrs. Williams. I had always been taught to stand on the hearth to warm but when Mrs. Williams saw me standing on her tile hearth she gave me the works.

Cousin Ewing Epps Burgher, a big fat man weighing about three hundred pounds, died August 28, 1897, at Forest Hill. And in this year Papa was made Treasurer of the Methodist Church, holding this office until 1922, when his many other duties forced him to resign the job.

The year, 1898, was quite a year. Marjorie Bell was born October 11, Genevieve Campbell on November 19, and then on December 8, Helen Hutchison, who was later to marry my brother, Young Mallory, was born.

Papa was chosen Superintendent of the Sunday School in 1898 and served until 1902, when he turned the school over to Mr. Henry A. Cunningham, father of the now famous journalist and radio commentator, Bill Cunningham.

Mamma was standing in the front door one day in 1898, looking down the alley in front of our house. She noted a man trudging up the alley wearing arctic overshoes, and with a big heavy valise. She called Papa's attention to the man, because nobody white ever came up the alley except those bound for our bed and board. Sure enough this one turned out to be Papa's cousin, Wiley Olive, from Tennessee. He was well received, and many hours were spent by Papa as he listened to the history of the Mallorys in Tennessee, all of which he forgot before I even thought of this book. I was only eleven at the time but was elected to take Cousin Wiley to the farm to see Grandma and Uncle Jim and Uncle Allen. The weather was cold as kraut, and the roads were muddy. We drove old Buck to the buggy, and about every mile or so Cousin Wiley had to stop for first one thing and another. Some of the times to get warm by somebody's fire, but not every time. It took the greater part of the day to make the twelve mile trip. At each house where he warmed, he recited the history of the Tennessee Mallorys.

One Sunday morning, after a couple of weeks visit, Papa was running in circles trying to get every one out to Sunday School on time. Cousin Wiley made a grave mistake. He told Papa that he didn't believe in the Sunday School branch of the church. My goodness, Cousin Wiley, you shouldn't of said that. Papa didn't argue the case because after the one or so well chosen words he uttered, the case was closed. He told Cousin Wiley, "Here I am trying to raise my children to fear God and keep his commandments, and you butt right out with a statement like that." I think Cousin was

all right, but he just didn't believe in the particular branch of the church. Whatever it was though, he left us.



Sunday, February 12, 1899, was the coldest day ever recorded in Lamar County to that date. Miss Birdie Brooks was my Sunday School teacher, while Madge was still with Aunt Rob, listening to the horror stories of the starving, heathenish Koreans. We were trying to keep up our attendance, because after getting a certain number of silver stars we were awarded a gold star. So all the Mallorys were in their places on time this cold Sunday. The school that morning consisted of the Mallorys, Aunt Rob, Miss Birdie and Old Uncle Robert Troup, the janitor. Service was held against the big stove in the basement.

August 1, 1899, Aunt Bettie Hawkins died at Brookston. Aunt Bettie's build, features, voice, expressions, mannerisms, outlook on life, and her character were all identical with those of Papa and Grandma Mallory. She was buried in the family plot on the Mallory farm.

Hattie Bell, my sister, started to Graham school, September 18, 1899, and on that same day Estelle Hawkins was married to Dr. Campbell Sansing, it being her twenty-third birthday.

My brother, F. D. Mallory, Jr., was born September 23, 1899. All I can recall of this event, is that I rode my pony to the bottoms very early one morning and told an old negro nurse to make haste for our house. F. D. was, of course, named after his father, and at the time he was named, it was just plain F. D., Jr. After F. D. was up some size he started calling himself Frank D. Mallory, Jr. There wasn't much Son could do about this, although he already bore the name Frank, so he just altered his name to read, Young Burgher Mallory, after his Uncle Young Burgher and Uncle Young B. Mallory, Papa's brother who died in 1864. Son's initials are cut all over barns, well houses, smokehouses, etc., and it is "Y.F.M." I don't know how old he was when he changed his name, but do know he was old enough to carve his initials and know too, that it was as late as 1909, because at that time he carved his initials as Y.F.M., and the

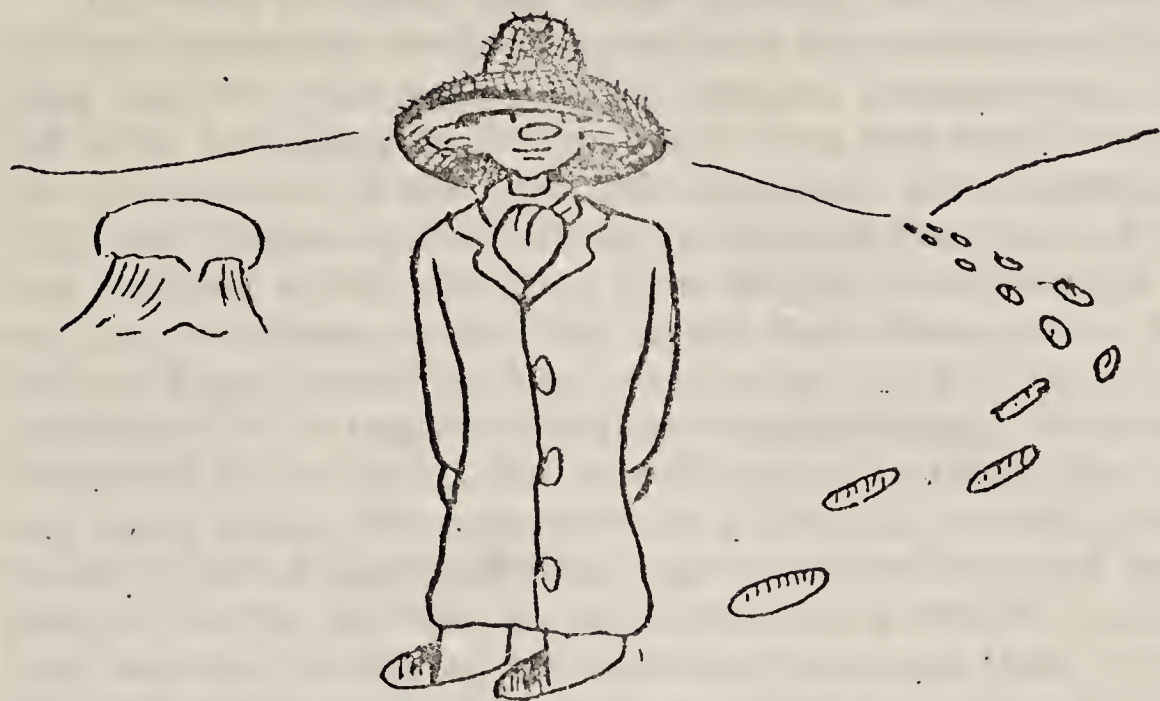
initials of Arthur Cameron on the parsonage barn.

But we are getting a little ahead of ourselves here. After moving to Paris, we didn't get snooty because we lived in town, but kept very close to Brookston. Week-ends and summer vacations were spent largely at Brookston. The Campbells were great entertainers, and I guess we must have been welcome in their home any time we went out. Very shortly after we had moved into our new home in Paris, we learned early one morning that the whole business district of Brookston had been burned the night before. School or no school the Mallory family was on its way to Brookston in a few minutes after hearing of the disaster. Incidentally, that fire was the beginning of the end for Brookston as a trade center—the worst thing to happen to Brookston since I left there.

Bill Campbell subscribed to all the magazines when he was little, and we studied them religiously. All we looked for in them was the "write for free literature" or "free samples" in the ads. We answered every last one of these ads, and while no record has been kept, I'll wager that Bill Campbell has, in his day, received more mail through the Brookston Post Office, than any other person. One ad which many of you remember was "The Mead Cycle Company", in which they advertised bicycles at ridiculously low prices. Bill ordered one from them, and it was a great day in our lives. The tires were of solid rubber about a half-inch wide. Bill was so proud of this wheel. On a visit to Brookston, I mounted the handle bars and Bill was in the saddle, as we rode up and down the big cotton platform at the depot. The boards made an excellent track for the wheels—smooth and everything. Bill pedaled up and down the platform, speeding up on the straight of way, which happened to be the direction in which the boards were laid. I might mention here that there were cracks about an inch wide between the boards in places. On our fastest lap, with Bill trying to scare me to death, the front wheel slipped into one of the cracks. When I came to, I could hear the angels sing, believe me.

One Christmas, we all went to Brookston for the holidays. A heavy snow fell while we were there, which made it necessary for us to return to Paris on the train. Before train time I looked for my hat but it was lost, as usual. The entire Campbell house was turned upside down in the search for my hat. As I ran frantically from one room to another, I occasionally ran into Mamma, who added to my already discomfort, by socking me one across the head. When the train was due and we could no longer search for the hat, Mamma grabbed one of Uncle Doctor's straw creations from the hall, slapped it on my head and dragged me across to the depot. You who have seen those high crown, wide brimmed straws of Uncle Doctor's, can appreciate what I looked like—and for goodness sakes—snow a foot deep all over the ground. But I dare not remove that hat even for a minute. What disparagement! What mortification! Mamma should have been as ashamed as I, but she seemed to enjoy it, until her glance wandered toward me, when she socked me

again. It later developed that Bill had hidden the hat so I would have to stay with him for a visit.



The visiting wasn't all one sided. The Campbells returned our visits, call for call. They never missed a circus, and their wagon trips to Paris for the circus were truly gala occasions. They drove Prince and Queen, two of the biggest and slowest horses in the country. They arrived the night before the circus, so that we could get up around midnight and go to the railroad tracks to watch the circus unload. I had my milking and hog feeding to do before I could go anywhere, and one circus morning as Bill and I went out to milk, he offered me four bits if I would go to the north side of the old graveyard back of our home and tie a rag to the north paling fence. I did this all right, but when I returned in record time, Bill would not believe I could have gone to the north end. He withheld payment until after the parade, when I took him out and showed him the rag. We always followed the parade back to the show grounds, and one time this parade following got me into trouble. We were right behind the caliope which was steamed with a coal or wood fire. As it reached the northwest corner of the square on the return trip to the grounds, the operator cleaned the flues of the thing, and I, in my bare feet, stepped smack on a live coal, which stuck to the bottom of my foot. With the crowd stampeding all around me, I could not pull my foot up to get the live coal away from it and just had to let it fry.

The late Odd McIntyre once wrote in his column that he had asked Mr. John Ringling what was the best year-in-and-year-out circus town in the United States. Mr. Ringling replied, without hesitating, "Paris, Texas." So in some years the circus gave three performances, the first starting at about one P. M. and going right on through. On such years Bill and I always managed to stay hidden and see all three shows, then follow them to the train and wave goodbye to the last car as it left Paris. From the first engine at about three or four in the morning, until the caboose lights on the

rear of the last train at about the same time next morning, was a lot of circus, but we never had enough.

On Bill's off-circus day visits to Paris, our first point of interest was inevitably the fire station, then the courthouse. One of these trips was very interesting to us, because among other sights, we got in on a hanging in the jail yard. The new court house was under construction at the time. Bill Campbell, John Humphries, John Hill, Roy Cannon and others of us, climbed the stairs of the Roundtree building across the street from the jail yard, through an office, and out a window to the roof of the Paris News office. From here we could see everything that went on in the jail yard, which was surrounded by a board fence about ten feet high. The hanging was scheduled for ten A. M., but as will happen in times like that, there was some delay. We boys were on a tin roof, barefoot and wearing broad brimmed harvester hats. By ten o'clock the roof was getting just too hot for our feet, so we worked out a sort of scout program. One boy was to stay on the roof and watch for them to bring out the condemned, while the rest of us cooled our feet in Mr. Sturgeon's law office (he was not in, so what the heck, he didn't care). When we tried to open the window we found it had automatically locked from the inside when we let it down. We started a hollering campaign, trying to get somebody to come up and save our frying feet, but nobody paid any attention to us. We put our hats on the roof and stood on them until the heat came through the straw, we danced, we sat until our bottoms roasted, and by the time the hanging took place at twelve-thirty, we were in no mood and would have gladly donned the black robes, if they would have just let us cool our heels first. Around one o'clock, Mr. Sturgeon came into his office and let us in. Oh boy, what a relief and the fact that we got licked all over Graham street for staying out all day didn't hurt as much as it could have, since our feet had cooled off some.

Bill had answered an ad and received a shipment of salted peanuts, which he readily sold from house to house, and soon had a prize of some sort. He told me about this and was going to order some bluing to sell, which would net him a watch. I got in on this deal and ordered a batch for myself. When it came, it was ball bluing in a sack, and the name "Bluine", which the carton printing revealed would make washday a holiday. Selling instructions came with the shipment and I practiced on Madge, Hattie Bell, Leola, the cook, and on all the kids in the neighborhood until I had the sales talk down to a tee. But I kept putting off the start of the campaign. Finally Mamma got in and named the very hour when the sales program was to get under way. After crying over the thing for about a day, I bathed and scrubbed until I was as slick as a button and was on my way. Mrs. B. W. Lewis lived next door on the west, and she was to be my first customer. Now Mrs. Lewis was a very intelligent person. She studied all time and could quote Shakespeare backwards, but did not know too much about the finer points of a hard washday and an easy one. And besides, she was hard of hear-

ing. I knocked on her door with all the bravado I could summon in the shape I was in. When she came to the door, I had lost some of my mannishness though, and inquired in a weak, squeaky voice if she would be interested in some blaine which would help solve her washday troubles. Mrs. Lewis never so much as washed a handkerchief—in fact, she had never washed anything but herself and her bird dog, Old Dallas. She had me repeat my product's name several times, then looked at me as if from far away and said she didn't know what I was talking about. I meekly told her, "Never mind" and was on my way. The school was between Mrs. Lewis' and Mrs. Baldwin's house, but the trip seemed like ten miles to me. When Mrs. Baldwin answered the door, my nerve failed me and I just asked her where I might find her son, Fred. I had just passed Fred on the way in and she knew it. Fred asked me where I was going, and I told him to deliver a message from Mamma to his mamma. What a subterfuge!

I played around for time, then finally could have kicked myself for being such a weakling. I braced Mrs. Williams and intended to just shout in her face that I had blaine, and needed the business. When she opened the door, I broke into sobs and could not speak. She ran all the way up home to find out from Mamma what terrible thing had happened to the Mallorys. My next stop was longer than the others, because I just went in and sat for an hour with Mrs. Cannon and didn't even mention blaine, but the last call was the briefest of all. When Mrs. Will Baldwin answered, I just ran without even a cry or word. Upon my return home, which was delayed as long as possible or advisable, I turned in my sales report to Mamma, who low rated me as a salesman and as anything else. Every day meant another kick in the pants for me. After days, Mamma forgot all about blaine and I hid my stock under the house with my secret sack of Dukes Mixture and my pipe.

The family went for an all-day outing to the Huddle place at Lake Gibbons (Hopewell), and we took along the cook, Leola. Mr. Huddle had a pool in his pasture, and we all went in for a wading in the pool, again including Leola, the negro. We had a day of it all right, but on the return trip a heavy rain caught us, and by the time we reached home the streets were running with water. When we reached the school house, I noticed that the water in the ditch had a blue hue to it. I felt a little weak over it, but when I reached our alley (driveway), and saw dozens of my prize brown leghorn baby chicks riding the waves out to the street, it was too much for me. The stock of blaine had gotten knocked off onto the ground and the rain just absorbed it, wrappers and all. There I was with my stock gone and nothing to remit to the company, and no chance of income since my stock of poultry was gone with the blaine. What a discouragement! Some weeks after the flood, I had a letter from Blaine saying they would turn the account over to Mr. Jim Patrick, the lawyer, if they did not hear from me in ten days. But for Uncle Jim, I know I would have landed in the penitentiary.

Following our holiday at the Huddle place, smallpox broke out in the house, and all of us had it just hard down. Quarantine signs were placed on our front door by the health officer, and Mamma didn't care too much for him forever after. How could he help it? Upon investigation, we found that when Leola went wading with us she was just shedding her smallpox scabs.

The John Rountrees moved away from us some time in here, and sold their home to Mr. and Mrs. Tom S. Hill, who moved in with their family, consisting of Mabel, Warner, Vera, Bessie, Flora and John. This was the beginning of an era in the lives of us Mallorys which could not be recorded upon paper.

Mrs. Hill was a very fine woman, and when Mamma started working over one of us kids, Mrs. Hill always ran over with the thought that maybe her visit would slow down the whipping. It did not, but she continued to try. What a woman was Mrs. Hill. Mabel was a school teacher, and Warner, Vera and Bess set out to make concert singers. They practiced continually—day and night. John and I took delight in mocking them, but never got more than a rap over the head from the girls for our trouble. In my life, many kinds of folks have crossed my path, but I don't believe I have ever known one who could think of as many nutty ways to get into mischief as John Hill could think up. We chunked passers by, stopped farmers and asked them if they knew where John Apidillo lived, stole watermelons and peaches from peddling wagons, scared teams, shot negro boys with air rifles, broke up sissy parties in the neighborhood, and did all things calculated to hurt people and earn for ourselves a bad name and a whipping. Mr. Hill was mayor of Paris, while they lived there. Our lives would indeed not be complete without the memory of the Hill family.

In 1900, Papa resigned his office as County Treasurer, and became assistant cashier of the Paris Exchange Bank, which had always been known as the Clement Bank. It was located on the southeast corner of the square, but after a time was made into a National Bank and moved to the Scott building on the northeast corner of the square.

Papa and Cousin Mac Burgher attended the National Sunday School convention in Atlanta, Georgia, and while there, they were invited by Bishop Candler to invest in coca cola stock. Every Mallory on earth missed being a millionaire by about a hundred dollars, when Papa didn't buy that stock. But he did bring me back a repeating air rifle, the first one ever seen in Paris. What all I did with that air gun would fill a volume. Funny, a BB shot from an air rifle will break the skin, but will not imbed itself in the flesh—that is, not permanently. Fred Baldwin and I made many tests and I know this to be a fact.

Our visits were not confined to Brookston and Honey Grove by any means. We visited Grandma Mallory at every chance. In bad weather, the trip to the farm was made on the Santa Fe to Ambia, then by wagon to Grandma's, a mile and a half farther on. The

train left Paris in the afternoon, and we were met at Ambia by Uncle Jim or one of the boys on the place. The return train came through Ambia around ten o'clock at night. For the return trip, we went to Ambia before dark, leaving us only about four or five hours to wait. The time was spent in Mr. John Boyd's store until he closed, after which we waited in the station which was no more than a shed. In winter, this was truly a pleasant wait.

Visits to Grandma Mallory's were something. Upon our arrival, the place was literally turned over to us and we took advantage of all the hospitality offered to us. Uncle Allen, who seldom left home, was especially glad to have company and did all in his power to make our visit a pleasure. No sooner had we gotten settled than he suggested ice cream. I can see him now fumbling around in his snap pocketbook getting the money out for me to buy ice at Ambia for the ice cream—and a little candy for myself. When I returned with the ice, the mixture was all ready for the freezer and it was ice CREAM, too. This ice cream wasn't made from powders, but from yellow, rich milk from Old Crump, the best cow that ever kicked over a bucket. The freezer held a gallon and we always had enough ice for a second freezer. The question of cream and other ingredients never entered into the matter. The Mallorys fed better milk to the hogs, than we buy today for our strawberries. Uncle Allen could eat more ice cream than anybody and did he like it?

This Uncle Allen was a character. We always referred to him as being paralyzed, but he was not. He was born a normal baby, but early in his life, he was dropped to the floor, or had some sort of accident, which did paralyze his right side. He had normal vision at birth, but when a baby had plain old country "sore eyes", and a Dr. Robertson prescribed a salve which ruined his eyes. The Robertsons and the Mallory were the best of friends, and so it must not have been carelessness. Brought up as he was without the use of his right hand, he naturally developed super strength in his left arm and hand. I have seen him crack pecans—not the soft shell variety—between his first finger and his thumb. Folks, he was powerful.

Uncle Jim was all time driving stock from the stack-yard to the horse lot or from the lot to the pasture or some other place. He had a reason of course, but it did look to me like he did a lot of moving about. There were no gates to the stack-yard—just a rail gap. To gain entry, the rails were removed at one end, or "take down the gap". One day Uncle Jim wanted to drive all the stock out of the stack-yard except Flaxy, a fiery little mare with a flax colored mane and tail. He left Uncle Allen and me at the gap to head off Flaxy and keep her in the stack-yard. I was told to stand out of the way, because this Flaxy was a fool and pretty headstrong. Uncle Allen took his stand with a club in his hand to stop Flax. Uncle Jim gave a yell that Flax was coming out, Uncle Allen took a sort of Ben Hogan stance, and as the mare came toward him, he let her have it right between the eyes. She went down for the count

and lay motionless for hours. Finally she came around all right, and as mean as ever. The stack-yard was a big lot with a rail fence around it, in which oat straw was stacked.

Another time, Uncle Allen stopped a shote with a rock, and the pig didn't even squeal. They usually squeal when dying but this one couldn't. He had passed on for good, with a rock imbedded in him imbellicus.

Uncle Allen smoked a big crooked-stemmed pipe with a guard over the top to prevent sparks from setting fire to the barn, etc. In the pipe he smoked a tobacco that was sold in cakes or plugs just like chewing tobacco, except that it was dry and brittle. To fill his pipe, he broke off a little piece and crumbled it in that strong right hand. When he fired up, the odor of that strong tobacco reached a mile through the woods. I took myself upstairs one day and rolled me a cigarette out of this strong tobacco and a newspaper. One draw and the room started whirling all round me, up came the ham and eggs and few other articles, and I was out for the day. When I thought for sure I was going to die, I had to admit to Grandma what I had done. I don't recall that she even so much as batted an eye.

Grandma was very neat and clean about her person, as well as the house and grounds. She swept the yard daily in good weather and used only one hand and arm in sweeping. She just wrapped her arm around the broom handle in some way and got the job done. After sweeping the leaves into a pile she burned them. I can still smell those leaves burning.

Uncle Jim brought a little mule with a black stripe down his back. He said he was a Spanish mule. I was interested and asked him why he had bought such a small mule—it looked like a little colt compared to Daise and Doll, his big black mules. He said the small mule could pull as much as the large ones. I wrapped a chain around a stack of logs in the yard and hitched the little Spanish mule to the load and drove him around the house and to the front yard, where Uncle Jim could see just what a stout mule he owned. I worked all afternoon at the job, thinking it would be quite a show for Uncle Jim. When I rounded the house and he saw that mule struggling with the stack of logs, he said—(well, I'll tell each of you in low tones). He asked me what the devil I meant loading that mule down with all those logs, when I was not accomplishing one thing. I was terribly taken down by his lack of interest in what I considered quite a project.

At the front fence were several hives of bees and Grandma always had honey a plenty on the place. Uncle Jim loaded some old rags into a bellows, set fire to the rags, donned a mosquito net over his head, put on gloves, and as he approached the hives worked the bellows and threw smoke into the bees. This quieted them for some reason. Once I followed him and got too close. A swarm hit me, and they stung every place on my body that was bare. I must have had a hole in the seat of my pants. I ran to the house and as

Grandma applied the soda, I had one chill right after another. I must have had five or six chills in one afternoon, then came the fever. I ain't no apiarist no how.

In my early days all the land south of the Mallory place was a forest. When the land was cleared for cultivation, the wood was taken from it and hauled to Brookston and other points on the prairie for fuel. An almost constant stream of wood haulers passed the house. Each of these wagons stopped at the Mallory well for some of that good, cold spring water with which they filled a jug, which hung suspended by a rope from the wagon frame. The well water tasted mighty good to them, but today we kick about the quality of our thermos bottles. Sissies!

Evenings at the farm were not too dull. Josh O'Brien's father, John O'Brien, was a little Irishman, who was educated for the priesthood, then fell out with the Catholics. A Catholic or a Protestant can think of enough to carry on lots of talk, but when a man has been a priest or a preacher and has kicked over the traces, he really has some talk bound up for those who will listen. Old Man Beaugard was a Frenchman or something. He and O'Brien, who lived up the road about half a mile, used the Mallory porch for their lecture hall and neither of them held back. Beaugard had worked on a ship, and O'Brien had been just about around the world, and I heard some tall tales from them.

Dances were held at the Linch home about a half mile north of Grandma's. Mr. Linch rented the east half of the farm. When the dance got under way, the music from the fiddles, one cornet, an organ, a banjo and a guitar, could be heard distinctly from Grandma's porch, as could the stomping of the feet of the dancers. Now and then, when Uncle Jim was in the mood, he took me along and we watched the dancers, and at times he would take over the lead fiddle.

Dave Linch, the old man's son, could kill squirrels and rabbits with rocks, and I marvelled at his skill. Still don't understand it. When they talk of Dazzy Vance, Walter Johnson, Diz Dean, and Bob Feller, I always think of Dave Linch.

Mr. Lane lived near the Linch home, and early mornings we could hear the old man knocking the dirt and hair from his curry comb against the feed trough. I never saw a good horse owned by him, but he took plenty good care of those he had.

Uncle Jim Mallory was a crack marksman and I have heard that Grandpa James Mallory had no equal in these parts. Their favorite gun was a cap and ball rifle. Many wild tales have been told about their exploits with this gun which was said to be as true as a gun could be made. The barrell was about three feet long and the stock had beautiful carving on it. I have seen the gun but never saw it used that I recall. Uncle Jim would not shoot a squirrel with a shotgun because he said that constituted just plain murder. Papa has often told me how Uncle Jim as well as Grandpa could shoot a squirrel's head at unbelievable distances and I have also heard

other old-timers on the farm attest to their skill with a rifle—their rifle.

Another gun familiar to me was the old muzzle-loader shotgun. It was an eight gauge, double barrelled and very heavy. Like the rifle, it had a hand-carved stock. With this shotgun went a shot bag, a powder horn and a powder and shot cup. The horn had a little metal clasp through which a treacle of powder was sifted into the measuring cup. The powder was poured into the gun barrel and tamped down with "gun waddin", then the desired quantity and size of shot poured in on this and tamped with more wadding. A cap was placed on a firing pin which had a very small hole running down to the powder. Firing of the cap of course set off the discharge. As I recall them, both the guns were extra fine pieces. So far as I know, nobody in the family knows what became of either of them.

Ante-dating these guns was a flint-lock rifle. The firing piece of this rifle was around the place for years, including the flint rocks and at night the kids amused themselves by firing the flint and seeing it spark.

A dinner horn was used on the place for calling the field workers to meals and for other such purposes. We still have that horn. It could be heard for two or three miles through the woods.

Down south of the Killingsworth place on the way to the farm, lived a family who had a son with a head as big as a half bushel. Long before reaching this place, we children started a fight to get on that side of the sully so we could stare at this unfortunate boy. Papa always stopped the team and gave us the same talk each time. He told us that this boy was unfortunate, and that if one of us so much as looked at the boy he would stop right there and give our "hides a tanning we would remember". We always saw the boy, but out of the corner of one eye. We never dared take a full view of him. In those days people who were deformed or half-wits, were referred to as "afflicted". Uncle Allen was always "afflicted". In her later years after Mamma had suffered four or five strokes, she called some merchant on the phone and asked a favor of him—coupon business I guess—and he told her she would have to come to the store in person to get whatever it was that was free. She put on her best act and sadly said, "I can't come to town; you know I am afflicted." With that she bursted right out laughing and hung up the receiver.

After we moved to Paris, visits to Grandma Bell's took on more interest, because we were old enough to get around better and could stay out of the way of Cousin Dodie and her croup and cold treatments. I could ride a horse and Uncle John Poole always had one he turned over to me on my trips there. Then Joe Reed's dad, Cousin John, had some cow ponies around the place and we were allowed to ride them. Folks nowadays pamper children until they are old enough to drink whiskey and tear up cars, so they never have any fun as kids. We were under strict discipline at all times, yet we

were given more range. Maybe it was because we did not run the risk of traffic that children do today. At any rate, when we were very small we were allowed to ride horses to and from or about any place in the county in which we happened to be.

I remember that when I was a very small boy, we went to Red River County to visit Miss Lula Martin, one of Mamma's school chums who had married Mr. Charlie Stiles. He was a cow man of the first water, and young as I was, he put me on a horse which I rode until scraped off by a limb.

At Honey Grove, we had a corner on the bottle business. Kids there had not learned about washing bottles and selling them, so when we landed there we always made the rounds of the neighbors, gathered up bottles by the gross, washed them and sold them to Mr. Daily, who operated Henderson's Drug Store. He gave us one cent each for the clean bottles, but we were required to take half our pay in merchandise and the balance in cash. What did we care for that—he had baseballs, bats, tops, dolls, marbles, and all sorts of merchandise in which we were interested. As Mr. Daily went to the back of the store to count and check the bottles I always took advantage of the chance and stole a package of Sweet Corporal cigarettes or a sack of Bull Durham or Dukes Mixture.

The cash we received from bottle sales went to Fritz Messerer, a German, who, with his sisters Mary and Margaret, operated a confectionery and sold glace (glass a), which was shaved ice with soda pop flavoring poured over it. Fritz had the first ceiling fans I ever saw. They were operated by one of the sisters in the back room, who turned a crank upon which was a belt that ran to a pulley on the ceiling. Fans were operated only when a customer was served.

We went from store to store asking for calendars, samples and empty cigar boxes and got many of each, which our mothers finally wore out moving them from place to place. Paris druggists were on to my racket, and when I entered a Paris drug store, the clerk nearest greeted me with, "No, son, we don't have any empty cigar boxes, calendars or samples". In Honey Grove, they didn't know any better and could always scrape up some of each of the items for me.

Aunt Lindy was a Mallory landmark. She was married to George Miller, who drove fine horses for Mr. Gary and Mr. Burton. Lindy was black as midnight and weighed around three hundred pounds in her prime and panties. I would say about half that weight was lap. She should have been able to handle old George without any trouble, but now and then she reported for work lame and bruised and she invariably gave George full credit for her wounds. She said that in a yard or floor fight she could down George, but that if he ever got her in a corner, he "just worried her down, then went to work on her." Mamma fired Lindy many times, but always on the morning following her discharge, she showed up and could be heard shaking the kitchen stove grates before day. One night Mamma

headed her off in the alley as she went home, shook her down and found enough groceries to feed us all for a week. When Mamma told her to "give" she roared, "My God, Miss Mallory, what you expect my family to do—starve?" Lindy was most appetizing to look at, and all her years with us, she cooked, but didn't serve many times, and for a good reason. For one thing nobody ever knew what she was liable to say, and then too,—well, we can skip that. A boy named Shelton Barentine lived back of us and Lindy didn't care for him. When she got crossed with me she always called me "Shelkim Voluntine", she called F. D. "Buzzard" and Sarah was "Juice Eye", because she cried when a baby. After Sarah was married, I took her and Buck to see Lindy and when Sarah introduced her husband, Lindy said to Buck, "God, I guess Little Old Juice Eye think she grown. Do she still wet her breeches?" What a calamity to ask a groom a question like that. Lindy's son died the same day she died, and they had a double funeral at the Solid Rock Church. The front rows were reserved for the Mallory family. They were well filled. Good old Lindy. She saved me many a licking when she got her frame between Mamma and me. She never knew her age, but did recall that she was married and had one child when the Civil War came. Her son, Lewis, was seventy-six years old when he died and that was about 1937. He was the baby boy. She was considered an old Mammy, when she came to us in 1900. She had a boy older than Lewis, born before the Civil War, who she said was a "yārd baby".

We had two sets of twins as our playmates. Kate and Doll Scales lived two doors east, and Cora and Dora Lewis lived just west. Kate and Doll were opposites in looks and ways, while the Lewis girls were alike in every way. They lived there for several years, and while I was with them every day I never learned one from the other. Their names—Cora and Dora—were similar and confusing even if they had not so closely resembled each other.

Mrs. Lewis called Mr. Lewis, "B. W.", and all during the day and night, she came to the back door and yelled, "B. Dubu-u-u", laying heavy on the U. They were good neighbors and good folks. Mr. Lewis had a dry goods store, and he employed me one summer to work for him. My job was to open the store at six A. M., sweep it out, pull all the covers from the stock of merchandise and have everything in ship shape for the clerks, who arrived at seven o'clock. Then I went to breakfast and after breakfast until nine that night I delivered packages on a wheel. Saturday night, after the store closed at ten o'clock, Mr. Lewis called me into his office, sat me down and gave me a talk on thrift. He told me I should save every cent I made, and that someday I might own the store. I believed him until after an hour of the thrift talk, he paid me off. He very ceremoniously counted out into my hand twenty-five pennies as my salary for the week. I thanked him, even though at the time and ever since, I have not felt that I was duly compensated. I didn't go back to work Monday and rather than up and argue about my pay, I just stole a pair of brand new wagon lines out of his barn and sold

them to a fellow at a wagon yard for three dollars. When Saint Peter reminds me of that one I will have a dandy alibi.

One of my daily chores was to get up about daylight and ride my wheel to town for the breakfast meat. Yes, we had steak for breakfast—a whole dime's worth of it. One morning as I rode home, I went around by the Thornhill's home on Bonham street as usual, thinking that maybe my girl, Clara Thornhill, might be up, although she never was. My way of courting was to ride by her house as fast as I could. As I rounded the corner of Bonham and Division streets I ran my wheel smack over a dead negro. He worked some place around the neighborhood and had dropped dead on his way to work. A high white-washed board fence surrounded the corner lot and in falling, his head slid down that fence and got whitewash all over his hair. His mouth was open and his eyes were staring, but at nothing in particular. A ghastly sight, which I shall never get over.

Mr. L. C. Clark ran a wholesale liquor store where now is Joe Wunch's clothing store. He had two beautiful daughters—Flora and Maudie. Flora, or Flossie as we called her, was about my age. Shortly after we moved to town Floss sent me a gates-ajar valentine with a lot of lace-looking paper on it and a lot of mush about "My Valentine". With no experience at love I didn't know what to do about it, so did the first thing that popped into my mind. I hid behind the fence and as she passed by on her way home from school I ran out, grabbed her, beat her up and called her every kind of so-and-so I could think of. I regretted that one many a time in later years. My what a doll, and how I handled the deal. Her sister Maudie was a beauty and a little older.

"Courting" reminds me that my first love was Nell Bankhead, although she never found it out until both of us had been married for years. Then I told her how I worshipped her when she was a kid. We were at a Japanese party at the Hill's home one night, and were told to sit on the floor with our feet under us. I have always been so awkward I couldn't do that, and I was embarrassed to death over my failure to sit right, because I knew Nell would never forgive me. She didn't even know I was there, I am sure. Daily I rode my pony past her house in a dead run, never looking her way, but looking across the street from her house toward the Francis Williams' home. I never knew whether she was looking or not, and if she did look, she had no way of knowing how dearly I loved her. Like everybody else in Paris, I still love Nell. She is a fine woman and married to a mighty good man, Dr. Owen O'Neill.

When I was in grammar school, I was teacher's pet, which meant that I served as monitor most of the time. At noon, recess or any time the class was to be dismissed, the teacher looked at me and gave the order, "Monitor, turn, rise, pass," which meant get my feet in the aisle, get up and go after the hats and coats. This was always considered a privilege and was extended only to the pure in heart, which I was, if anybody was. Not only did I act as monitor,

but I hold the record of having dusted more erasers than any man who ever went through Graham, or any other school.

It was a rare thing that we ever sat down to dinner without company. We knew everybody in the county, and Papa just couldn't resist asking them to dinner. Then we had Grandpa, who knew the population of Direct, Tigertown, Razor and all out there, and he never let one go by. One of our regular visitors was Mr. Jim Bonner from Direct. He had a white beard that grew right on down into his boots. At the dinner table, Mr. Bonner held the stage, and when he told anything his eyes would snap; he looked from one to another quickly, then broke down with a wheezy sort of laugh, that I have often tried to imitate. I have never succeeded, because my effort always throws me into a violent coughing spell. Mr. Bonner wore pants made of some stiff material and had pockets on the outside. When he sat down the pants pockets were open at the top, just like a teacup. On one of his visits, Sister Madge served the coffee and just as she started to serve Mr. Bonner, he gave one of those laughs, which was always accompanied by a jerk of the elbow. That boiling hot coffee, down in his front pants pocket, set him on fire, and he was very quiet and sober-sided for the rest of the meal.

Uncle Clint Van Way was another regular. He was Grandma Bell's brother and was called every year for Federal Jury service. His visits lasted a week or more. One term, he got tied up on a hung jury for two or three days, and when he finally came home, he reported to Grandma that he had been tied up with the eleven hardest headed men he had ever seen. Uncle Clint lived at Rosalie.

Mr. Hartsell Good ate with us a few times, but Grandma didn't care for him because he and Grandpa always discussed the book he was selling, "The Negro, a Beast". Miss Mahala Martin was another. She was a typical old maid and wore tight curls on her head. When she entered the room—which was always the dining room, as she invariably came while we were at dinner—she kissed Mamma and all the children. F. D. was a small boy, and I told him about Miss Mahala, and that once when she kissed a boy, she bit him and gave him rabies. On her next visit, she chased old Epp all over the place and hasn't caught and kissed him yet.

Aunt Bell New, Grandpa Bell's sister, was truly a fine woman. She was totally blind in her later years. We were all glad when Aunt Bell visited us, because she was lots of fun, and so fine and pleasant about everything. I thought a lot of her myself, and one year I just hauled off and went to Pettv to pick her cotton crop for her. The chiggers got me though, and I had to have help with the crop. With the chiggers eating my very vitals out, Aunt Bell gave me an old clothes brush to take to bed with me to scratch chiggers. One day, as Aunt Bell sat on the back porch, I lit up a pipe, knowing that blind as she was, she wouldn't know any better. Suddenly she asked me who was smoking. I told her a passing tramp was smoking a pipe. Next day I fired up again and Aunt Bell in her gentle way said: "Jim Bob, that tramp's passin' agin, ain't he?"

Ed New took me to the train at Petty when I started home and left me there alone, except for a negro boy who had helped me gather the crop after the chiggers got me. As the negro and I sat on a bench in front of the stores an engine whistled from the west, but it proved to be a freight. The negro said he was going to ride the rods if it stopped. When he saw it was not going to stop he said he was going to catch it anyhow. He ran for it and made a dive for the first car, missed and was sucked under the wheels. After the train had passed, a lot of men around the station picked up that negro with shovels and shingles and put all the meat on an old mortar board. I never missed a deal like that one.

Mamma was always mother confessor to the preachers who lived next door, as well as to the Campbells, the Hawkins', the Pooles, and the neighbors, not to mention her own family. When Papa died he had been married to Mamma for 57 years, and had never since his marriage bought a garment. Mamma bought every rag he ever wore and he liked whatever it happened to be. He never knew when he needed shoes, shirts, hats, etc. Mamma just brought out an assortment she had taken home on approval, tried them on him and made her decision without a word of assent or dissent from him. He took a bath every Sunday morning—no more and no less—and if Mamma didn't have clean clothes out on the bed for him, he didn't change.

This reminds me of Sunday mornings when we were kids. Mamma and Papa were always very frugal and didn't have any more fires in the house than were needed. In Winter we didn't have fires in all the rooms because there were too many rooms. When one of us got up he just grabbed his clothes and ran for the living room and the only fire in the house. In really cold weather each kid ran to the kitchen, got his plate and back to the fire in the living room. When Sunday morning came we all had to take a bath and things picked up around that living room. There is no odor like the odor of our living room on Sunday morning in Winter. One tub after another of hot water was drawn, a dirty child jumped in the hot water and after a minute or so called to Mamma for inspection. She wouldn't think of letting us out of a bath tub until she had given us a last going-over. I never knew her to look at our necks and ears and say, "Well done". She managed to find some dirt we had overlooked and then she went to work on us. As she bent over with a soapy rag she didn't go after the job like it was a pleasure to serve us, but she gritted her teeth as she gave us the one-two-three. She didn't wash where it was needed but concentrated on our ears, eyes and necks and never seemed happier than when she had filled our eyes with suds from that hot soap—Castile soap that came in long bars with little pink veins running through it. It's a wonder any of us have eyes or ears. Papa smoked Old Virginia Cheroots (3 for 5), and Sunday mornings with the vapor from all those baths mixed with that Cheroot smoke we had an odor that no Mallory can ever forget. Smelled good though.

All Mallory children were well dressed. This may seem a funny statement for me, one of them, to make. But I have the word of people who knew us, and then too, I knew my mother. Mamma could always do things with a needle and thread that other folks would have thrown up their hands at the very thought of doing. She tailored clothes for Winter and made the finest, daintiest frills for Summer. She could crochet better and faster than anyone. I recall a time when we lived at High. Hattie Bell was the baby. Old Buck had been hitched to the buggy and we were ready for the trip to Brookston. Hattie's cap could not be found and Mamma sat on the edge of the front porch and crocheted (how the heck do you spell croshayed) a cap for Hattie Bell and we were on our way. Mamma didn't crochet like other folks—well, what did she do like other folks? She was right handed but in crocheting she held the needle taut in her left hand and worked the garment around the needle head.

Mamma's long suit was her ability to organize. She could work up a concert without any effort. And along about 1926 when the Methodist Church was just one step ahead of the sheriff she headed up the Missionary Society. She was not the President, nor the Vice-President. She was just the over-all managing director or something. The ladies were trying to get up some funds to help pay off that church and Mamma took the job of seeing that the money was raised. The society was broken up into groups or circles as they called them. Mamma's job was to figure some scheme for each circle to raise a lot of money and see that the circle functioned. She even had one circle selling horse liniment when there wasn't a horse in town unless it was Uncle Doctor Campbell's old horse, and Uncle Doctor had plenty of liniment. Came time to elect a new president for the Society and nobody wanted the job. Mamma got the phone and called women who didn't even belong to the church and told them that when the question of a president came up she immediately thought of the one being called—nobody else would fill the bill. Getting a turn down didn't stop her. She just looked through the directory and called another prospect. She was the best.

What a team Mamma and Papa made through all the years! As different in their make-up as day is from night, and yet no two people ever hit it off better than they did. Mamma always on the run, jumping at Papa with her plans, he seemingly paying no attention to them until one of them went against his grain, when he roused up and set his foot down. Mamma threatening every day to whip one of us, and seldom doing it. Papa never threatening but at long intervals giving off with something like this: "My son, you have disobeyed me, and I am going to have to whip you tomorrow". Nothing more would be said, and invariably I thought he had forgotten—wishful thinking—until the time came, when he was as good as his word and carried out his plan.

Mack Mills was a character who made himself a name with the Mallorys. He came to us from Frogtown, Oklahoma, and was

nothing short of a wonder. He was as black as coal and as slick and greasy as an oyster. When the Mallory children went upstairs for their studying at night, Mamma gave old Mack a speller or a reader and made him study right along with the rest of the kids. After studying for awhile, Mack asked Mamma to let him go down the alley to Bonham street to see just one electric street car pass. This was a nightly request. If he had worked hard that day, he was permitted to go, but for just one car. Once Mamma had him drive her down to the Y.M.C.A. Auxiliary meeting and told him to go on home, and when the kids came home from school, he was to tell them where she was. He reported all right, and said she was at the "Tazikkity". Then he lay down on the ground and rolled and laughed. When he studied at night he got back of the stove, which was a little sheet-iron stove, than which nothing can get hotter. He sat there and sweated it out, and now and then bursted out laughing. He was so heavy and laughed so heartily, that when he laughed he shook the entire house.

Mack slept in the kitchen on the floor, and I slept in the back room down stairs. One night I was awakened by the fire bell giving off with one ring then two, one ring then two, which meant on the plaza, or square as it was called before Mr. Culbertson gave the city that fountain. The weather was freezing but I couldn't miss. I called Mack, and he was ready to go. He slept in his clothes, and all he had to do on this cold night was wrap a towel around his head. He could outrun a gazelle, and he ran a block then waited for me. Finally as we reached the fire, which was the Hale building, where the Grand Theatre is now located, Mack couldn't wait for me and left it with me. They had excavated for the Scott building foundation, which was to go about twenty feet below the street level. A board had been strung around this pit to keep folks from walking into it. Mack didn't see that board and ran through it and on into the twenty foot pit, which was about four feet in water and ice. Old Mack drowned out the orders of Fire Chief Billy Barry, until kindly hands lowered a 2x4 for him to scale and get out.

Mack could churn in five minutes and never spill a drop of milk. He said the reason he was so proficient was that his Granny whipped him for every drop of milk he spilled, when he lived in Frogville. Imagine Granny whipping that two hundred and twenty-five pound negro, who was built like a brick wall. The last time I saw Mack he was selling barber supplies and Hoyt's perfume and had about a dozen fountain pens and pencils sticking out his vest pocket—just trying to look big.

When we were kids we did most of our night studying in the big room upstairs. The present generation would not understand this night study, but our teachers gave us home work to do and it had to be done. There was lots of it. That was before the new-fangled school teachers found out our parents didn't have enough sense to help us get an education. Everybody had to be real quiet during the study period and no monkey business was allowed.

Mamma sewed and watched over the study class with an eagle eye. Now and then she looked up from her sewing, turned up her nose, glanced from one to another until she finally settled on the guilty one, to whom she said: "Who made that let? You did. Go out into the hall and shake yourself". The guilty party always came back too soon because it was cold out in that upstairs hall, and Mamma sent the culprit back as many as 3 or 4 times before she was satisfied that a thorough shaking had taken place.

Sister Madge and I worked pretty well together when we were young. We had about the same interests. For instance—sewing was one of my hobbies, and I liked flowers, pansies being my favorite. We always earned extra money some way, and when I was lucky enough to make two-bits, a nickel went for pansy seed, and the balance for cloth, which I thought might bend nicely in a quilt pattern. I could hemstitch pretty well, but did not take to it like I did piecing quilts, because it was a trifle tedious. Embroidering doilies was duck soup for me. I learned the really fine points of embroidering from Mrs. W. H. Williams, while Mamma and Papa were in Gainesville for Uncle Bob's wedding.

We were death on raising bantam chickens and pigeons. American Boy, the magazine published by Dan Beard, had plans in each issue for pigeon houses, chicken houses, tree homes, etc., and these plans were carefully saved from each issue and put into a scrapbook. As each new project was suggested, Madge did not take any interest whatever in the foundation or the frame or the structure, but started searching for little pieces from which to make the roosts.

Two little bantam chickens, which we named Dewey and Daisy, were prized possessions for several years. Everyone knows where we got the name for Dewey, but I don't know where the name Daisy came from. Naming Daisy was Madge's job, while I named Dewey. The only Daisy I knew was old Negro Mammy Lindy's granddaughter. She died about the time we got Daisy, and the hen may have been named while Madge was in a sentimental trance over Daisy's passing.

Among my many pigeons, I had a pair of white Fan-tails, which cost me one dollar and twenty-five cents, bought from some Hightower boys on South Birmingham. A few days after I paid this fancy price for the pigeons, I took Madge out to the horse lot to instruct her in marksmanship, using my Daisy Air Rifle, which Papa had brought me from the Sunday School Convention in Atlanta. One of my Fan-tails was sitting on the back of the cow for some reason, and I told Madge that we would just presume we were going to shoot the pigeon. The sights were explained to her carefully, and I told her that at that moment I had the sights aligned in good shape and had a dead bead on the head of the pigeon. What happened I will never know, but for some reason I pulled the trigger, and that prize Fan-tail dropped without a flutter. We ran and found that he had a BB shot imbedded right where his eye had been. Was I nonchalant? No, my screams could have been heard as far as the

courthouse on a clear day. And be it said, Madge didn't take it as a matter of course.

That was one good thing about my crying. After Madge and Hattie Bell got here I never cried alone. If I cracked down, they joined in with me. When Mamma got down around my bare legs with a peach tree limb, my sisters out cried me two to one.

Grocers sent salesmen out to the homes of customers each morning to take orders. These salesmen rode a horse in a dead run and were all high type men who were on the job. I recall some of them—Mr. Bud Ballinger, Jimmie Keel, Mr. W. W. Biard. They always came to the kitchen door with pencil and order book and wrote down the orders given them by the housewives. They were live-wire salesmen and told the customer what was new in their food stock, etc. The orders were taken back to the store and deliveries were made in little pick-up wagons drawn by ponies. As recounted earlier in this book, I drove a delivery wagon until fired for throwing turnips at non-customers.

I have lost lots of good jobs in my life and there was never any question as to what brought about my dismissal except in one case. Cotton buyers used to stand on the corner of the square watching for farmers bringing cotton to be sold. As soon as the farmer hit the square all the buyers made a rush for him and cut out of each bale a sample of cotton by which they measured the length of the lint and passed on the grade. When they had decided on their bid for the bale, the sample was thrown to the ground. I carried a tow-sack and picked up these discarded samples for about a week, then got a job selling the Dallas News on the streets. With fifteen of the seventeen cents I had made from picking up cotton I bought a three-section snap pocketbook to carry my Dallas News money in. Next morning I reported to the News agent at the Peterson Hotel for work and he had decided he didn't want me and had hired another boy. I was left with that pocketbook and two red cents. However, I got on right away with a Doctor Simmons who travelled around the country in a hack from which he sold a patent medicine that would do most anything for a man. The doctor had a black-face act and a girl who wore a very short skirt and did a dance that was pretty good. Doctor had some fruit jars with water in them and floating around in the water were the vilest looking, wormy looking pieces of flesh or something. In his speeches which he delivered to the crowds he held up these jars one at a time and told the crowd that the bottle contained a parasite taken from a very prominent Paris woman who for obvious reasons had asked that her name be withheld. My job was to deliver bottles of the medicine to customers who had held up a hand, take the four-bits and deliver same to the good Doctor. He didn't say "man", but rather he said in his plea "is there a mon over here". Then when a fellow raised his hand Dock yelled "that good mon over there takes a bottle". I tried several times to hold out on Doc, but he was too well versed

in the ways of the world for me. He wore a Prince Albert coat, high silk hat and striped pants.

A big carnival held forth on the square for a week and I got a job selling confetti—the first I had ever seen. The idea of buying confetti was to carry it around until you saw a girl you wanted to flirt with, and let her have the confetti right in the eyes. After selling confetti two nights I was promoted to ticket taker on the hoochie-koochie show, which was a most satisfactory job. Not only did all the Graham Street gang get to see their first hoochie-koochie show for free but the work was very pleasant and gratifying to me.

Grandpa Bell as a rule, had just one drop of a very watery fluid suspended from the tip of his nose. At intervals, Grandma nudged him and in a whisper said "Nose, Pa". He never showed any interest nor any outward signs of embarrassment.

Our first experience with milk delivered to the house was when Mr. Jim Hogue, a life-long friend of the Bell family, owned a dairy west of town and delivered milk. He had a panel job little wagon with the middle of the bed lowered. He stood in this low space and had big milk cans in front of and behind him. He drove two mules and carried a dinner bell which he rang. We bought 20 little paste-board wafers about the size of a dollar. In the afternoon we placed a water pitcher on the front steps with one or more of these tokens in it. Mr. Hogue had a long handled dipper with him and when he stopped at a client's house he rammed that long dipper into a can and brought up about a half-gallon of milk. Then he came up to the steps with the dipper full and if we had put out one token he poured a pint, 2 tokens a quart, etc. When he got back to the wagon he rang the bell again and this was the signal for us that the delivery had been made. There were times when we didn't hear the bell, and of course got only the milk the stray cats had left for us, but if we were alert we got much good rich milk for a dime.

What's happened to babies? All us Mallory kids were raised on food which our mother chewed up for us with her front teeth, then put into our mouths. I've mentioned this at times and folks always seem shocked that a man could even think of such a thing. That's what we got instead of Pablum and I believe if the custom were revived, kids would honor and love their parents more than lots of them do today. At least they would not say "Uh-huh" and "naw" to their Mommies and Daddies instead of "Yes-Maam" and "No-Maam". When one of my nieces was about 9 or 10 years old, a school teacher told her that "Maam" and Yes-Maam" encouraged an inferiority complex in a child and retarded individualism and self-reliance. I'd just as soon have my grandson say "go to hell" to me as to say NAW—but he says it now and then.

Among their many other peculiarities, all Mallory babies learned to crawl with their feet out front rather than in back of them. Most kids were put to sleep by rocking or walking them but the Mallorys had to have their backs rubbed. I guess I was chief back-rubber because there were five after me. With that monotonous

rubbing it was always a race to see which went to sleep first—me or the baby.

Mamma was not only the best mother and the greatest executive of her time, but she was a dietician, rare and supreme. As kids we were not allowed to cut into biscuits and molasses from the start but had to eat one big helping of meat and vegetables first. After eating that first big helping, then we might reach for the molasses pitcher. When he had poured what we considered a fair helping of molasses we added butter, and with a knife we mixed up the butter and molasses to a yellow sort of paste, the first two or three bites of which were mighty good. They say experience is the best teacher, but there is one thing that we never learned from experience. We never learned how much of the pasty mixture we could eat. Invariably there was a goodly gob of it left on our plate. This was stored in the China closet and for our next meal we were not only allowed to eat molasses first but had to eat that blob before we got the meat and vegetable course which we HAD to eat.

Mamma had the funniest ways of punishing us. When my time for punishment came around, she made me sit in a corner and hem-stitch or embroider. Son, who hated to carry a package or be hampered in any way, had a limb off a small tree tied to him and was made to walk up and down the front yard dragging the limb. Others were tied to a bed post by a small, fine silk thread. To break the thread called for the death penalty. Scouring the kitchen was one form. Another plan was carrying a big stack of shingles from the corner of the back yard and piling them neatly under the house. Next day the punishment might mean taking that same stack of shingles from under the house and stacking them in the yard. When I finally roofed a pigeon house with the shingles in self defense, they were so slick from handling I could barely hold them to tack them to the house.

The pigeon business was the big business. They were sold in pairs to boys around town. When a pair was sold, the buyer was told to keep them up for about two days—no longer. In two days, they adopted their new home and stayed around. After two days of confinement in a pen, the mites came. As a matter of fact after two days, when they were released, they came straight back to me. Off hand, I would say I sold the same pigeons to Dud and John Hubbard a dozen times.

In addition to the pigeon business, I had extensive poultry holdings. I bought a rooster and five hens from Mr. Billie Crook, for which I paid seven dollars and fifty cents. They were Brown Leghorns, not much larger than a bantam, but prolific layers. The eggs were stored in a small box lined with cotton, which I had picked up from the square. The eggs were sold for fifty cents per setting of fifteen eggs, and there was a ready sale for them. I gave Uncle Jim about five settings, which he placed under those wild hens on the farm, and within a year or so the farm was brown with Leghorn chickens.

I visited the farm, and Uncle Jim was feeling his oats. He told me to get the shotgun and shoot him a chicken. Ordinarily Old Pup caught chickens for dinner, but he wanted this one shot. He went along with me, and as we crossed the road toward the barn, he pointed out a dominecker and told me to shoot him. The chicken was standing just in front of a dense Jimpson weed patch. I got down on my knees, took aim and fired. Immediately the Jimpson weeds started trembling and shaking like they had been wounded by the shot. We investigated and found that seven brown leghorns hidden in the weeds had bit the dust. Uncle Jim looked at me, laughed, and said, "Now you've played hell."

Wiley Walters, brother of the late Bud Walters, came out from the old country and lived on the farm. He had a son, Dorsey Walters, about my age. One day Dorsey asked me two questions I could not answer. He asked me how it felt to ride on a train, and I have never been able to think up a good answer for that one. Then he asked me which "horspital" in Paris was the best. There was only one, the Aikin Hospital. I told him so, and he said, "No, Jim, there's two of 'em—the Aikin and the Lane." It so happened there was an Aikin Hospital named for Mr. W. B. Aikin, and a wagonyard owned by Mr. Sam Aikin, as well as one run by Mr. Lane. Dorsey thought a "horspital" was a wagonyard. What a boy, this Dorsey. The last time I heard of him, he was editor of a paper in Altus, Oklahoma.

Uncle Jim gave me \$17.50 with which to buy a pony. I had heard that Wes Tyler, who now owns a second-hand furniture store in Paris, was expecting a car load of Choctaw ponies which he would sell for \$17.50 each. When the car arrived, I went down for my pony. The prospective buyers were all lined up and given details of the sale. A fellow was to hand over \$17.50 to Wes, and tell him he would take the next pony to come out of the car. When my turn came, I handed over the money and waited. After a long commotion in the car, the men dragged out a little bay, pot bellied pony with a short tail and practically no mane. He was something to look at, but proved to be the best horse in the country.

I had to have help to get the pony home, and after I got him there, all I could do was turn him loose and stay out of his way. He was a bronc, if I ever saw one. I fed him, watered him and tried to make friends with him for several days before attempting to put a bridle on him. Finally I got the bridle on and led him around the yard and the lot for a few days, before trying out a saddle. It must have taken two weeks of pampering, before he was finally led into the stall, where I had, with the help of Roy Cannon, built a partition so that the pony could not jump out from under the saddle. When we got him saddled, I led him around again to get him used to the new experience, finally one day getting up on the partition in the stall and gently slipping into the saddle. Strange to relate, he didn't seem to mind. Cannon led him to the alley beside which ran a chicken netting fence about seven feet high. Cannon turned him loose, and I tried to coax him down the alley. Instead, he reared as

high as possible and hung his front legs over the chicken wire. Mamma came out just as I skidded off, and when we had gotten him down from the fence, she told me to get on him and ride him or take him back to where he came from. I rode him, and he wasn't as bad as I thought.

After I had owned him for awhile, Cannon and I rode him double to the farm. Roy had never been on a farm before, and it was my pleasure to show him around. Among other things I showed him how to knock wasp nests out of a barn ceiling. On the ceiling of the mule stall was a particularly large wasp nest and we decided on this one. We got all our bearings and went away to let the wasps forget they had ever seen us before. Some minutes later, we came back, slipped warily up to the stall door, let go of some cobs, and ran for our lives, after slamming the door and locking it from the outside. Before we had gone far, we heard Uncle Jim's ungodly yells and rushed back to let him out. How were we to know he had gone in the stall? It wasn't morning anyhow, so what business could he have had in there? He came out that door, holding his pants in one hand, waving the other hand with his hat in it, and cussin Cannon and me for all we were worth. After he got his pants up and soda applied and had a chill or so, he saw the funny side and laughed with us.

Bill Campbell came to visit us and drove Old Queen to a buggy. Queen was the biggest horse in the country, and my pony was not much more than a Shetland. We decided to try him out in harness, so we macked him out in Old Queen's gear. He almost walked out of the collar, but what did we care. He got started off fine, and since he did so well, we just drove out to the cemetery and back. On the way home we passed through the square, and the lights didn't add much to his composure. At the southeast corner, the wheels of the buggy skidded on the street car curve, Pony gave a lunge, and we pulled back on the lines. The harder we pulled, the harder the buggy pushed him, and we landed, Pony, buggy and all right dab in the middle of Reb Siell's confectionery. Dan Baker helped us get untangled.

Mr. Booth, the vegetable man, bought Pony and made a gentle work horse out of him. Mr. Booth sold vegetables from a wagon, going from house to house. He called out the names of all the vegetables listed in any seed catalogue. He was a fine man, but his voice was just a little high. His son, Bill, rode with him and helped deliver vegetables. When Mr. Booth was ready to start up, he yelled, "Git in the wagin, Willie, Giddap", and he was off to the next customer.

One fine day, Mr. Jim Parker, who ran a saloon next to the First National Bank on Bonham Street, sent for me and told me I had better get Uncle Jim back to the farm—that he had been around about long enough. Although I was just a kid, I could get things done with him when nobody else could talk to him. I met Uncle Jim and Rube Sikes, a left hand fiddler from Tigertown, down on

Smoky Row. I nonchalantly asked him what he was doing? He replied, "Oh, nothin' much—me and Rube have jist been a buckactin' on the boulevard". We went to the wagonyard, geared up the mules and drove back by Mr. Parker's place, where Uncle Jim and Rube went in and soon came out with what they told me was a gallon jug of sorghum molasses. The jug was placed in the wagon, and we three started for the farm, after tying my pony to the rear of the wagon, so I could have a ride home. That fool pony would not cross the railroad at the crossing by the ice factory. You can guess all day for the reason for this idiotic idea, and you will come up with as good a guess as mine. He was just a flea bitten Choctaw pony, and that was part of it. I insisted that we cross some other place and told Uncle Jim why. He said for me to do as he said, and that he would attend to the pony. A couple of one inch ropes were always carried along with which to tie up the mules, and when we reached the tracks, Uncle Jim got down from the wagon, tied these ropes around the pony's neck, he and Rube got under the wagon, where they said they had to tighten the cob in the jug to prevent the leakage, and when they got back in the wagon, he told me to drive on. Knowing better than to try an argument, we started, and the pony reared back on the rope. Finally he went down to the ground. I stopped the mules, telling Uncle Jim the pony would be killed. He said a horse that wouldn't mind his master ought to be killed, and that if we killed the so-and-so, he would buy me one that had some sense. He had taken over the driving and wasn't satisfied with dragging the pony across the tracks, but had to pull him for a full block before exhaustion and excitement overtook Uncle Jim and Rube, and they had to get under the wagon again.

Every mile on the way home, they started a discussion of the cob stopper in the molasses jug and invariably had to get under the wagon to be doubly sure there was no leak in it. Mr. Rube stayed one night with us, and the next morning Grandma had one of the boys on the place to take him to Ambia to catch the train for Paris. Uncle Jim told me the next time he bought a jug of molasses, he would insist on a bois d' arc peg in the mouth rather than a cob.

I tell these things on Uncle Jim, because I know he would not mind. He was a fine man, honest in all his dealings and expecting and demanding honesty from the other fellow. Telling him a lie or accusing him of telling one was what is known today as "sticking your neck out". Mamma called him Cousin Jim, which started maybe when she was a child, knowing him to be a nephew of her Aunt Mary Burgher. Everybody was crazy about Uncle Jim, but none dared to try to head into him and advise him regarding his habits, etc. Mamma didn't hold back though, and now and then offered advice, which was never taken and which was thrown right back in her face. Uncle Jim never held out on a fellow. His mind was an open book, because he gave voice to it. Nobody ever had to wonder if Uncle Jim liked him or not. That was easy. One Sunday, we loaded up in the surrey and went for the day to the farm. Mamma got

right friendly with Uncle Jim and after sparring around for a while shot this bolt right at him. "Cousin Jim, we are going to get you into a hospital in Dallas, where you will be made into a new man." He asked her what ailed him of course, and she told him through closed lips and teeth what his trouble was. Finally she just blurted out to him that she was referring to the Keely Cure. He said, "What are you trying to do, Sallie? I know all about that place. Bill Hamilton went down there, and after his return he couldn't stand a drink for a year. They durn nigh ruined Bill." That took care of that. What a character!

Grandma Mallory was happy in her home and never left it for any length of time. She came to Paris once a year at the insistence of Mamma and Papa. On this annual visit, Mamma made her some clothes—enough for next twelve months. Grandma wore very full skirts, which dragged the ground and with two pockets in the side of the skirt. In these pockets she carried her snuff, a handkerchief and her glasses. Grandma looked out our dining room window and asked me what was going on down the street. She pointed out that buggy after buggy was passing going west and many people were headed west afoot. It was the noon hour and this procession of a few buggies and pedestrians alarmed her. After one day with us, Grandma always started looking for rain. She took her stand at a window and looked longingly up and down the street for "Jimmy" to come after her before "we had a spell of weather". She just couldn't stand to be away from her home.

Nobody ever had more boils than I, and Grandma Mallory had the only sure cure. When a boil came out on me, she made a poultice of axle grease and tied it to the boil overnight. By morning, no boil. Another remedy was fat meat applied the same way, and with the same results.

Grandma had a lot of peach trees in the garden, which bore profusely, but the peaches were little scrawny affairs with tiny specks all over them. She cut these small peaches into quarters, placed them on long tables of lumber on saw horses out in the yard, stretched a mosquito bar over them and let them dry. They made the very best fried pies I ever ate.

Mamma could pick the finest help for the yard and kitchen. One of her best picks was Bill Kindle, a negro, about 30 years old, and with a bad snuff habit. Bill picked a guitar and sang during his off moments—which were more than his on times. He tried for months to teach me to handle the guitar, but no soap.

Another good hand was Sallie Tillerson. After Sallie had worked a while, a little negro girl showed up one day, and asked if her Mamma was there. Sallie showed up and proved to be the girl's Mammie. My mother said, "Sallie, I thought you told me you were an old maid." Tillerson replied, "Well, yessum I is, but then I ain't no prissy old maid."

Duke Hill, a little negro, was a pal of mine. Duke kept a string of greyhounds, and Mamma let me go hunting with him Saturdays

—he and his friends from out of the bottoms. After I was married, Duke came to live with us at the farm, and as we lived in Amarillo in 1927, we had word that good Old Duke had died—seated in the middle of the garden, right after dinner. When I carried papers as a kid, I have gone out to the lot many a cold morning to saddle up my pony for the route, and found Duke there on his pony and with my pony saddled and ready to go. Then he rode the route with me.

Which reminds me that I had a paper route after buying the pony. I carried the Paris Daily Advocate for Mr. W. N. Furey and Mr. A. W. Neville. My route was the third ward, and the papers were delivered afternoons, except the Sunday issue, which was delivered at four A. M. I carried the Paris News for a while under Mr. D. D. Young, and this required getting up at three and starting on the route at four. Many times, I have carried my route Friday afternoon, then left for Brookston to spend Friday night and Saturday with the Campbells. I have ridden that pony until I was ready to drop, but never saw him tired in my life. The story of the Mallorys would be indeed incomplete if our faithful family horse, Old Buck, was left out of the picture. Buck was a big white horse, gentle as a lamb and known by everyone who knew the Mallorys. He was tried under all circumstances and was afraid of nothing on earth, but a sheep—gentle as a lamb and scared of sheep. On two occasions he proved himself a wonder indeed. Once just before reaching the farm, we ran into a flock of sheep and Buck stopped very suddenly, throwing Madge out on the ground and under the wheel of the surrey. Buck stood there shaking like a leaf—until Madge was pulled to safety, then he reared and pranced around until we had to unhitch him and lead him past the sheep. On another occasion, Hattie Bell fell under the wheels when the surrey dropped into a ditch in front of the house, and Buck held steady with the back wheel of the surrey balanced on the edge of the curb. Buck was poison to a fence or gate, and no matter how the gate was latched he could open it. When he had the gate open, he and the pony would tear out for Slate Shoals, the farthest point in the county, and the muddiest road to get to it.

Grandpa Bell had made his last trip to Grand Lodge at Waco in about 1897, and some time later, he and Grandma came down to live with us. Grandpa made new friends and met old ones and spent all his daylight hours up town going over the situation.

The date has skipped my mind, but one morning Fred Baldwin got on his pony and went out west of town to Mr. Clark's home to get some tomato plants for his mother. His pony stumbled, fell and Fred was thrown overboard. He lingered between life and death for several days and died at the home. While he lay sick, the doctors stuck him with needles, but he did not stir. All the time he was sick, his old bird dog, Don, lay under his window and howled. Fred was one of my best friends and would have made a fine man, I am sure.

Madge took piano lessons from Miss O. P. Richardson, who lat-

er married Governor Ogilvie of Alaska. Miss O. P. drove a little dapple pony to a big phaeton buggy. He could have hidden in that buggy. He never walked, never trotted, but went in a lope sort of gait. I asked Miss O. P. about him several years ago, and she told me about his gait. He belonged to Robinson Brothers Circus, and on the circus visit to Paris the horse was taken sick. They could not take him along, so left him here with Professor Richardson, who happened to be present when the horse got down. Madge was not the lover of music that the folks thought she was when she started taking lessons. Practice was torment to her for more reasons than one. She just didn't have time, and then it was work. And besides, the mosquitos in that parlor around the piano. I went in the parlor one day, and there was Madge practicing and bawling her heart out with newspapers wrapped and tied around her legs to keep away the mosquitos. She studied one piece where she had to make a run of about two feet down the keyboard with her finger. To overcome the pain that resulted to her finger, she got hold of a small stick which she whittled down to a bevel point, and when she came to the run, she just picked up the stick, made the run with it, and dropped it. Pretty clever.

Fred Baldwin had an uncle, Scott Baldwin, who lived with the Ben Baldwins. Uncle Scott was an immaculate dresser and among his other attire, he wore a little tan overcoat, which was neither a long nor a short overcoat. It was between, and as he walked, it spanked him at every step. He was very precise, clean and all that. After a heavy shower one day, he started to town with his overcoat on, and as he started across Graham at Division street, he touched a light pole to steady himself. Being on wet ground and against that wet pole, he was stuck to it and couldn't get loose. I shall never forget Uncle Scott as he struggled around that pole and the little tan overcoat spanking him at every jump—and to think, Fred got a licking for laughing at him.

Fred and Johnie Grant and I had some large fire crackers one Christmas, and had a contest to see which could hold the Little Giant longest without throwing it. Johnnie Grant won the contest, but lost two fingers.

Mrs. Richardson, who taught me, was a real old timer—that is, she wore clothes of other days' styles, and was an honest-to-goodness school teacher. Every day at around eleven o'clock, she spun the telephone crank, and as she waited for an answer she always looked around the school room like she had lost something. When her answer came she invariably said, "Hello, Upee, what are you having for dinner?" (Upee was for O. P.) She was principal of the school, and her husband taught Papa when he attended Mr. Clark's school at Honey Grove. Mrs. Richardson at that time taught Mama, too. We always felt that we were kin to the Richardsons, but were not. Old Professor Richardson chewed a lot of tobacco and used to come down home and play dominos with Grandpa, after pulling up the spittoon and the table, one as necessary as the other.

It took either of them forever to do anything and double sixes would have been bad enough, but they had to play with double twelves. One game lasted all afternoon, and they would get mad at each other and make me think I was to witness a murder.

Never a dull moment in our early lives. One night as I came across the dark back yard I stumbled over Son, lying on the ground and to all appearances dead. We got him in the house, and he finally came around and said he had fallen with a cramp in his stomach. The smell of Old Virginia Cheroots didn't have any connection with this spell, I am sure.

All kids have a weakness of some sort. Mine was lying, which I got over early in life, and which I have not practiced since I was a very small boy. Son's weakness was running away from home. When he could barely walk, he left it with us one day, and we finally found him on the Frisco tracks about six blocks from home. I remember Papa bringing him in home many times, giving him a thrashing, and then before the licks cooled off, Son disappeared again. I can understand this running away stuff though, because in my day I've done a lot of roaming myself. And too, I have heard that one morning a long time ago, Grandpa Jim Mallory left home for Paris to have a part made for his rifle. Two months later he walked into the dining room while the family was at supper, took his seat at the head of the table, and non-chalantly said: "One of you boys pass me the ham". After supper as the family sat on the front porch Grandma asked, "Jimmie, did you git your gun fixed"? "Yes Magdalene, and it worked like a charm. I met some fellows at Paris and we went to Reelfoot Lake (Tennessee) for some hunting and fishing, and I was right proud of the gun. Old Monday (horse) lamed on me a little coming home and slowed us down some. Has the mare, Maude, brought her colt yet"? That was the full story of his trip then and forever.

Epp didn't run away from home, because he was always too busy around the house. He read more than any kid I ever knew, and Grandma and Grandpa Bell considered him a prodigy. Grandma always referred to him as the smartest boy in the country, and Grandpa, who was fairly conservative countered with, "Yes, but he better watch or he'll get too smart for his breeches and smart out."

Son, as a boy, was very neat while Epp was the exact opposite, and was a shining example of what a boy shouldn't look like. And too, Epp had a little trouble with his nose. I guess he was born with a cold, as his nose was always running until Mamma got around him, when at the very first lick he sucked it up.

Epp was Lindy's pal, too. She thought he was alright. She came to us about two years after he was born, so practically raised him. I don't know why she called him "Buzzard", but my guess would be closer than yours.

A bunch of us Graham Street boys had been to a hanging, and when we got home, we put one on just like the one we had witness-

ed. We chose Joe Billingsley for the condemned man. The rope was secured and tied around a limb of a peach tree in Squirt Billingsley's yard. Then we measured and tied it around his neck as he stood on a chair in the yard, made a talk to him, let him have his last message on this earth, and kicked the chair out from under him. Hello, I thought that rope was longer than it was. We had miscalculated altogether. Dr. Stephens came down though and pulled old Squirt through alright.

We had trouble another day trying to put on a show like we had seen. A fellow came here to make a balloon ascension and naturally all of Graham Street was at the fair grounds to see him take off. We kids watched them build the fire and as the smoke filled the big bag, we helped hold it down. Finally the fellow gave the word, everybody turned loose and up he went. We all ran for or ponies, mounted and followed what we thought was the trail of the balloon and the man in the parachute. We were not more than one hundred yards from him when he landed out toward Hinkley. We saw that whole show, and it was grand.

Next day, we all went up on the court house tower, and carried with us handkerchiefs knotted at the corners and with strings leading from the corners to a small iron tap where the strings joined. Stanley Force was one of the boys, and he had a silk handkerchief that smelled like the girls who lived on North Jefferson and were allowed up town on Thursdays only. He threw his parachute out, and it landed on the slate roof of the court house. Knowing what would happen to him if he lost the handkerchief, he let himself out a small window of the tower onto the roof and started gradually sliding down to his hankerchief. He got the handkerchief, which had lodged at the edge of the slate roof, which was as hot as the hinges of someplace or other, and he couldn't get back. He was afraid to try to back up and couldn't turn around. He was barefoot, and what that hot slate was doing to his rear and his feet and hands could not be printed.

Everything was tried and finally we had to get the fire department, who let Walter Balir out on a rope, which he tied to Stan, and the two of them were pulled to safety. I saw Stanley forty years later, and when I met him he began laughing and reminded me of that experience. He said he had never gotten over the scare nor the heat.

All our crowd worked at odd jobs during the summer vacation. One year I took a job with Mr. Hardin Ragland, who was operating Mr. Ryan's canning factory north of town. I was put in the corn department where I cleaned the silks out of roasting ears after they had been shucked. I worked hard at this job. The company operated a soda pop stand there at the plant, and when a purchase was made of soda pop, it was charged up against the worker. They gave little pasteboard wafers for work done, and these were cash at the end of the week, less what the fellow owed. At the end of my first week I had thirty-five cents in tokens and owed the soda

pop stand fifty-five cents. And this after slaving my heart out, working my finger nails to the flesh, Mama packing my lunch for me every day, and me riding my pony about six miles a day to and from the factory. There may have been justice, but there wasn't any money in the job, so I just never went back. I wonder who holds that twenty cents against me. I never paid it.

Saturdays I worked for Pete Backer in his barber shop. When a customer entered the shop, I gave him a little disc with a number printed on it. Then I went to the mug rack and got out his shaving mug and placed it by the cash drawer. As barbers finished with customers, the next number due for a place was called out by me, the mug was handed to the barber for the incoming customer, and the finished customer's mug was replaced in the case. I also took the money and made change. When the barber called, "NEXT", I sang out twenty-one or twenty-two, or whatever the next number. On these Saturday nights, I learned a lot of new words.

I took off from this job one week end though. Mamma had gone to Honey Grove for visit and had left me with Papa. She took Hattie Bell, Madge and Son to visit with Grandma, while she and Papa and I took in the Dallas Fair. Before leaving town she laid out Papa's clothes that he was to wear, and mine along with them. She had bought me a new outfit from shoes to hat. I tried all this new stuff and didn't care too much for it. I thought it too kiddish for me. So I just went to Papa's office in the Court House, and laid my cards on the table. I told him why the stuff didn't become me, and how he could not be too proud of me in the clothes Mama had picked for me to wear. He went along with me on the deal and told me if I had anything that didn't fit, to take it back and exchange it for something in my size, and appropriate for a man of my age. This I did, and how!

The very thought of what followed is embarrassing to me right now. First off, I traded the hat for one like Papa had, which was a man's hat made for a man not less than six feet tall—a high crown hat like lawyers wore. These hats were not made in kid sizes, because they were worn by men of distinction such as lawyers, senators, judges, etc., none of whom had a pin head like mine. My tie was exchanged for a bow tie with red and white dots. The suit was traded for a couple of sizes larger, which I thought might show me off to better advantage. Mamma had bought me a size twelve, and while I did not have the stature, I did feel that I had the intellect of a size fifteen and so that was the size for me. The crowning exchange was on the shoes, though. The shoes Mamma had left out on the bed for me were blunt toed, boy's shoes and black. Ox blood was the prevailing color of shoes for men at that time, so mine had to be ox blood and with "tooth pick" toes. My feet were rather wide and flat from going barefoot so long, so in order to get a shoe with sharp toes that would accommodate the width of my feet and toes, it was necessary for me to get about three sizes too large.

Mr. Rupert at the shoe store tried to argue me out of this exchange, but he didn't know what I was up against.

I dressed early and was set for the trip when Papa came home to change his clothes. He didn't know but what I was dressed in the latest style—just didn't notice, I guess. We caught the Santa Fe southbound, and Mamma was to come down from Honey Grove to Ladonia on Mr. Porterfield's bob-tail train to meet us. On the train, Papa and I met up with Mr. John Bullington and I talked them into buying a basket of grapes before we were out of the city limits. We turned two seats to face each other and were really enjoying life—until we reached Ladonia. My shoes pinched a little, but what the heck.

When the train stopped at Ladonia, there was Mamma on the platform to meet us. Papa went to the steps of the car to meet her and I followed, swelling with pride at myself and knowing how

pleased she was going to be with my get-up. She swung up the steps as gay as could be, and as she got to the platform between the cars she got her first look at me. There I stood in all my glory grinning at her from under a man's hat with the brim just half way down both ears, that big red and spotted bow tie in a knot that looked like some cowboy had tied it, a suit three sizes too large, and those ox blood, sharp-toed shoes, which I had to drag like I was skating. With a basket of grapes in my hand and that pretty grin of mine. I must have made a sight for her.

Anguish, sadness, disappointment have all registered in Mamma's face

lots of times since that October evening on the Santa Fe, but never so complete as that day. Papa had not noticed me before, but after Mamma called his attention to me in that way she had, he and Mr. Bullington got a good laugh out of it. Mamma was silent all the way to Dallas, then I think she saw the funny side of it.

My feet got hot on the train and swelled, and the shoes became unbearable. I had to shuck them and get barefoot except for my



stockings, which were of course, the heavy ribbed type. Mamma made me keep them on, with the idea that when we got to Dallas I would put my shoes on for the reception we were expecting from the Burghers, whom we were to visit. But with my feet still swelling from the bruise and the heat, the shoes wouldn't go on. They were miles too long, but just not wide enough. My stockings were hastily pulled off at the last minute, and there I was with that big suit with the pants coming down half-way between my knees and ankles, and bare feet.

The Burghers met us and seemed to think everything was O.K. We went on out to their home, and one of the boys loaned me a pair of shoes to wear during my stay. We had a fine visit with them and were entertained royally by the boys. For my entertainment, they set fire to the privy to prove to me that they had a better fire department than Paris had. They called all the grocery stores in town and gave bogus addresses for delivery of the groceries. On Sunday morning, we went to Sunday School and the Methodist Church at that time was on Commerce street just east of Ervay. On the way home from Sunday School, we crossed a bridge over a creek. It was a wooden bridge and on each side of the space for buggies was a bannister protected walk for pedestrians. Here we met some Dallas boys and engaged them in a battle royal. The bridge was located where now stands the Medical Arts building in Dallas. The Burghers lived north of the bridge, on Masten street.

At the Dallas Fair, I saw my first moving picture. It was a scene of a pillow fight between two kids. Both were in bed, one awoke, hit the other with a pillow, then the fight ensued. The pillows busted wide open and feathers scattered all over the room. Being my first moving picture show, I shall never forget that pillow fight. When we got out to the Burghers' home, they made seats of planks out in the horse lot and with me and neighbor boys as an audience, they repeated the picture show for us. Then went to the barn loft, tore holes in Cousin Jessie's feather bed, and from the hay loft window scattered feathers just like the picture had shown it should be done. Fine boys, those Burghers.

I wore the Burgher shoes home on the train and shipped them back by express. I don't know what ever became of the ox bloods, but I do know that Mamma never threw anything away.

Bill Campbell, Mildred, Madge and I were allowed to go to Dallas for the Fair the following year, and without a chaperone. As the train stopped at stations along the way, Bill and I jumped from the train before it stopped, then waited until it started up before we caught it again. The contest was to see who could wait longer to grab the train and swing on. Naturally Bill always won, because as Virginia Lightfoot once said of Mary Mallory, when they were kids, "He was of the daring type". Mildred and Madge were proud of us alright, but were always worried for fear we might wait too long to swing up to the steps. Trains in those days did not have enclosed platforms between the cars, so we used the off side of the

train, knowing what the conductor would have done to us.

Mr. J. W. Dickey was a neighbor of Grandma Mallory and was one of the family cronies. He had several children, and they were more or less a part of our family, as they were very neighborly. The children of Mr. Dickey and his good wife, Aunt Sue, were Sam, Marvin, who was named for Bishop Marvin, and whom we called "Bish"; Kittie, Maud and Pearlle. There were others older than these but I forget their names. The Dickeys had a croquet ground between their home and the chapel. At night during the summer, torches similar to those used by circuses to guide wagon trains at night, were placed around the court and competition was something to remember. Uncle Jim was a regular at the court and often took me along.

Phil Hawkins was courting Nellie Hackleman at Roxton and drove down from Brookston for his courting two or three nights each week. When we saw Phil's buggy on the return trip to Brookston at night, we knew it was time for the party to break up.

On one of Uncle Jim's trips to Paris, he got an idea. He covered the log home with wood siding and had it all painted white. My good friend of this day, Mr. Mike Bateman did the painting and ate and slept there until the job was complete. One night I came in late, and Uncle Jim was eating supper, but I did not see Mr. Mike. I innocently asked, "Has that fellow gone back to Paris?" Uncle Jim, who was a master at the art of sarcasm and irony gave me that glare and countered with, "What do you mean, 'that fellow?'" If you mean that gentlemen, Mr. Bateman, yes, he has gone, and don't you ever let me hear you, a kid, refer to a gentlemen as a 'fellow'." I was never more impressed really, and I never hear a child get out of place to this day that I don't recall Uncle Jim and that worthwhile lecture he so keenly impressed upon me in so few words.

Grandma Mallory had more chickens than she could count and didn't have to be very particular about them getting any certain per cent of vitamin A, B or C. They didn't cost her any feed bill, and if they happened to lay an egg, she was just an egg to the good---if she ever found it. On my visits to her I would get under all the cribs and in the barns and find eggs, some of which we would take to town and sell. But I always got my share first. I would build a fire in the kitchen stove in the afternoon, boil me a few fresh eggs, go to the well and draw up a cooler of sweet milk and have me a feast. Those were the best eggs---and that milk. Cows don't give rich milk like that now. Grandma used to make boiled custard out of Old Pide's milk, and it was so thick it had to be cut with a knife---ho, it wasn't quite that rich, but it was plenty.

When Madge set out to bawl, she didn't do a half job of it. One day she got a wash bowl and set it on the hearth of the cook stove to wash her hair. After the washing job she started to pick up the bowl to refill with clean water for the rinse. She made two mistakes in one---the bowl was soapy and her hands were slick as

an oyster. The bowl was dropped on the kitchen floor and broke to small pieces. Madge, of course, slipped down into the suds and broken glass and gave out with a bawl. I ran to her but couldn't budge her—in fact, in my bare feet, I slipped down beside her. I got up and tried in vain to pull her up, but she was as limp as a rag. Finally it took Mamma, me and Susie Morgan to get her to her feet. I saw her break the record for bubbles—blubbers we called them—while she was on this bawl. Bubbles as big as footballs came from her mouth. I'm sure they were not soap bubbles, because the soap was on the outside and not in her mouth.

Grandma Bell was a school teacher for years, and after she came to live with us, she took over the spelling teaching at night. She was a speller of the blue-back type, and when she spelled a word, she pronounced each syllable and spelled the letters real fast. Her idea of spelling, which is the best, was c-a-t "cat, n-i-p, "nip." "catnip". As Grandma spelled out and pronounced the words, she at the same time, practiced elocution or something, and at each syllable she raised or lowered her eyebrows. When one of the kids could not spell a word and started staring off into space with that blank look, stammered and yapped some unintelligible something, Grandma waved the spelling book in the air and with a sarcastic smirk that meant more than words, came through with "T Yty", which in the present day parlance means "NUTS". The spelling lessons always ended with Grandma taking a nip of ginger and dabbing camphor on her eyebrows.

When Bill Campbell came to see us in Paris, we were always late with the feeding and milking. One night, as I went into the barn after feed, I distinctly heard a man in the feed room—as a matter of fact, I thought I saw him. I ran and Bill ran with me. We had an old single barrel shotgun, and we got that out of the house. One of us stood guard at the lot fence with the gun cocked and pointed toward the barn, while the other stood in the yard and threw stove wood at the left window. After heaving a few sticks at the barn, we paused for a warning to this booger. I hollered at times to try to scare him out, telling him that if he would come on out and walk down the alley, he would hear no more about it. Then I tried persuasion, telling him in a nice way, that it was our barn and asking him to be decent about it and come on out. Papa finally came out after Bill Campbell started cussing the man in Hay Meadow fashion, and he took the gun and marched us into the barn, right into the jaws of death. It rained that night, and next morning, Bill and I were forced to go out to the lot and bring every stick of that wet stove-wood to the back porch to dry. If we had been told to carry all that wood to the lot the night before, we would have cried our eyes out.

When I was ten and twelve years old, my folks thought nothing of sending me on my pony to the farm Friday afternoon, where I would get a load of corn, drive those two big beastly mules, Daise and Doll to Paris, throw the corn into the loft and return to the farm

Saturday afternoon. Then come home on my pony early Sunday in time for Sunday School. Of course I had help throwing that corn, because Mamma could get as much work out of the Graham Street Gang as she could out of me.

Bill Campbell had worked on Berry's hay meadow for two or three seasons and had made good money at it, having worked himself up from a gate boy to a sulkey rake, buck rake, punching and tie boy to six-bits a day. I prevailed on Mamma to let me take a fling at the hay meadows one summer and rode my pony out for what I thought was the beginning of my career. I made a better start than Bill had made, starting from the first day on a sulkey rake, from which I did not advance during the season. My pay was four-bits a day and keep. The keep amounted to sleeping on loose hay with my pants on and with the sky for cover and eating beans, bread and meat from a community pot with tramps from all over the country. I worked at this job for about a month when the season was over. Mornings when the dew was too heavy to work the hay, we hunted jack-rabbits. The Ausmus boys had a bunch of greyhounds, and all the hunters rode horses out for the chase. The meadows covered about fifty square miles, and when the dogs jumped a jack, we could sit right there on our horses and see the entire race without moving from our tracks, because the rabbit always ran in a big circle. The land was rolling prairie, and sometimes we would temporarily lose sight of the race when the rabbit and the dogs left high ground and ran down between the mounds. One morning we lost sight of the race longer than usual, and we were all wondering what had become of the rabbit and dogs. Suddenly Sam Ausmus hollered to his Daddy, John: "Ickey nanner Pappie, nanner doe he," which to you high-brows means, "Look Father, yonder he goes." I told Professor Wooten about that, and to his dying day he never saw me that he didn't repeat the immortal words of the distinguished Samuel Ausmus.

In my school days at Paris, I sat with the same boy from first to the last day of public school sentence. He was George Hayden Brosius. When I entered Miss Etta Jones' room in 1895, at Graham School, I was seated with George Brosius, right on through the rooms of Miss Tura Dial, Miss Love Long, Miss Hattie Griffis, Miss Etta Reed, Miss Mabel Hill, Mrs. J. J. Richardson and through high school and to graduation. A fine boy, this George Brosius, whom I called "Cotty", because in his lunch basket, which he brought to school, he often brought a leg of a cotton-tail rabbit.

Although I have not passed a blow since my school days, I often came home from school with a bloody nose or a black eye. Some of my fights were just skirmishes, but some of them impressed me greatly. Among these were fights with Roy and Pete Brown, John Brewster, Frank Mudd, Roy Cannon, Ray Fitch, Bill Gooding, John Hinkle, and Bill Miller. A sidewalk made of large clinkers surrounded the school, and no matter where a fight started, it wound up on the clinkers. If you have never experienced a face and head

massage with a clinker, you've missed something. I've gone in home from school when Mamma, who was hardened to such sights, knew I was bound to die.

And speaking of schools, we can't overlook the school concerts at Brookston. Bill, Mary Bell and Mildred starred in all the Brookston concerts, which were held in hay barns during the off season. We made the trips to Brookston in buggies, and I don't recall a single concert which was not accompanied by a storm. Concerts consisted mainly of drills. The actors, or whatever they might be called, wore costumes of various hues and getups and by the accompaniment of an organ or piano made fancy figures while marching. They staged little one-act dramas in connection. In one of these which I remember, Bill Campbell was the drunken father, who came home and just prized up jack. He wore one of Uncle Doctor's Prince Albert coats, boots and all, and in his hand carried a pint bottle of reddened water. He took a dram from the bottle and through his whiskers made from the stuffing of a buggy cushion, threatened his family with all sorts of punishment if they even crossed his path. This went on until the audience was ready to scream, when Bob Moore came on the stage in the role of hero, and put the drunkard to flight. I don't remember what was the moral of the act—if any.

At one of these concerts, a storm broke out and the concert had to be cut short. Madge and the Paris girls were dressed for the occasion alright, but Mildred and Mary Bell and Emma Lloyd were garbed in flimsy dresses with tinfoil trim and with satin slippers. When the crowd made the break for home through the rain and storm, the night was dark as could be, the only light being streaks of lightning at intervals, when a fellow just ran as far as he could per streak. Slippers were discarded and it was every man for himself. After I reached the Campbell home, young Campbells, Mallorys, etc., were straggling in for an hour or so, all of them soaked to the guards and barefoot.

Joel Spring, a well-to-do Indian moved to Paris and lived on Price street across from the Ideal Laundry. He had several sons, among them, Dude, Jodie and Henry, and a little blond girl. Joel Spring died, and the family took the body back to Goodland (now Hugo) for burial. Mr. Aaron Griener drove the hearse to the Frisco with the body. We Graham street boys, to show our respect, accompanied the hearse to the depot, but in a round-about way. We were all on ponies, and as the slow trip was made, we rode around and around blocks, dashing madly by the hearse. The Spring boys rode on top of the hearse with Mr. Greiner, and as we passed, Dude leaned out of the high drivers seat and pointed down at the coffin in the hearse, hollering, "Hey, kid, the Old Man." Quite impressive, and I think our way of paying respect for the dead was something for the books.

After the Spring family left Paris, Mr. Mooneyhan moved into the house vacated by them. Mr. Mooneyhan used to operate a cafe on Deep Bonham street. The cafe had no floor, just like other busi-

ness houses in that block had no floors. In front of the cafe was a board walk, and at mealtime, Mr. Mooneyhan stationed himself out in front of the door in a big chair and with a bell in one hand. With the other hand he pulled a rope back and forth,* which operated some frames holding tattered newspapers to keep flies off the eaters in his cafe. He was known as "Mooneyhan, the Tennessee Man". He ran a shoe shop at his new location on Price street, and several years after he moved there, I noted in passing at noon one day, that the old man was lying on the floor of the little shop writhing in pain and swelled up to twice his normal size—which was something—and moaning. He had tried for years to invent a perpetual motion machine and having failed at last, as many others before and since have done, he took poison and died.

In the cafe location, Mr. S. J. Duval opened a grocery store. It was here that Grandpa spent many an hour going over the situation. Mr. Duval placed a chair in Mooneyhan's old chair spot, and Grandpa occupied this chair for days and hours. Grandpa wore an alpaca coat with big pockets on the outside of the coat, and when he went home for the night, he loaded his pockets with onion sets from Mr. Duval's stock, and ate them as we would eat candy. Whether he bought these sets or just grazed around, I never knew. When Madge and I entered Mr. Duval's store he greeted us with, "Come in Buddie, Come in Sissy".

May-Day at Graham School was quite a day. A queen was elected, and a parade was staged, which included large floats, tissue paper streamers, flowers, etc. I thought Louise Caviness of my class was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, but I never had the nerve to tell her so. She was candidate for Queen one year, and I took advantage of this chance to show my love for her. I really worked for her election, and she won in a walk. But when she got up her list of escorts, princesses, lords, etc., I was not included. There's gratitude for you. As her float passed in review, I saw her from afar and worshipped the very little seat she sat upon, but she didn't know anything about it, because I was behind a hedge at the time.

An old boy named Herbert Cooper joined up with Graham School. He was from Cooper, Texas, and wore a uniform he had gotten at some boys' military school. He was very military in his carriage and too precise for words. After we had gotten our report cards, he asked me for my rating. I showed him that I ranked "1" in my class. He said, "That just shows what a military school training can do for a fellow. You have been in this school five or six years, and I have my first report card, yet I ranked "13" and you ranked only "1". A fine boy, Herbert.

Herbert lived on Bonham street across from Walter Moore. The Moores had a vacant lot next to their house, and we used this as a tennis ground and for other games. Herb was a new-comer, so we had to test him out. We told him he would have to race some boy from the gang and keep on racing until he had won one race, then we would let him into our order, which was a boys order sponsored

by the magazine, "American Boy", edited and published by Dan Beard. We spent hours discussing the race and had old Herb all set. He was sure he could win, because he felt that his military training would stand him in good stead. A tennis ball was to be placed in a hole at the south end of the Moore lot, and two boys were to race from north end, get the ball out of the hole and return to the starting point. There were two holes and to be two tennis balls. The racer from the gang stumbled a couple of times on his way to the hole in which the tennis balls had been placed and covered with dead grass. Herb won the first heat and beat the other boy to the hole. He made a dive with his hand for the tennis ball under the dead grass—what's happened here. Something has gone wrong. There wasn't any tennis ball in the hole assigned to Herb. What he rammed into was not a tennis ball, and certainly is wasn't blackberry pie.

We built a telegraph between Walter Moore's and Herb Cooper's and could really send messages. I could send but never learned to receive. We also installed a printing press and with type picked up behind Paul Bennett's shop, we printed cards for each other and for the public. But the public never took to the cards. I tried to get the contract for printing Papa's candidate cards when he made his second race for Treasurer, but he didn't take to the idea either.

Speaking of cards, I had a soda pop stand in the front yard in partnership with John Hill. I swiped a lot of Papa's cards, and as folks passed the house, I stood in front of the stand and yelled, "Soda pop, chewing gum, vote for Mallory" and gave them one of Papa's cards. He caught me, and that was my political end. I thought he would appreciate my help, which he didn't. I stuck a nail in my foot while running the stand and had to sit on the porch while my partner John Hill ran the stand. Business was no good, and John started drinking up the stock. Each time he popped a bottle, I wept and yelled, "There goes another bottle". The stand was a failure.

One of us always had a nail in his foot. When Son first learned to talk, he could not say Hattie Bell, so he said, "Belly." Nellie Hawkins, Mary Bell, Vera Pettus, and some other girls had a house party at our house, and Hattie Bell had stuck a nail in her foot. We all called Hattie Bell, "Belly", and after sticking the nail in her foot, Mamma applied the old remedy turpentine and sugar on a rag. As the girls met for the party, Hattie Bell showed them her foot with the sugar-turpentine bandage on it. Nellie Hawkins said, "Why, this is little Belly Sugar Foot." That name stuck to her for a long time around our house.

Editor's Note: I am writing this May 21, 1947 and it is 3:30 P. M. Belly Sugarfoot just phoned me and said that she has another grandchild, just born to her daughter and son, Sarah Etta and B. P. Denney at the Sanitarium of Paris. Dr. Scott Hammond presided, and the baby is named Patricia Claire. The Claire part is for Clara Rice Thompson, and I don't know where they got Patricia.

Mother and child are both fine. The grandmother is in a tailspin because she is expecting another grand-daughter for John and Virginia Lightfoot Walker in Florein, Louisiana, before night.

I've been thinking of Uncle Jim. He was taking the chairs out of the wagon one Monday morning after Grandma and all of us had used them to go to church the day before. A negro boy was helping him and kept calling him, Mister Jim. Uncle Jim said for the boy to quit calling him, Mister Jim, and to call him Mr. Mallory. The boy said, "Alright, Mister Jim," whereupon Uncle Jim broke one of the chairs over his head and then laughed at him for hollering. He was not brutal in the least, but just didn't want anybody to cross him.

I can smell that old desk at the farm now. It contained papers that had not been disturbed for years, and there was always a hunk of beeswax in the drawer. They used beeswax on twine or thread before using it. It gave the thread strength and held it together better, I guess. Anyhow, everything at the place smelled of beeswax, more especially the desk and the table drawers in the front room, in which were several old flint rocks and a set of white dominoes with red spots on them. They were not painted, but were a little greasy.

A great day in the lives of the Mallorys each year was the day we all fixed up a lunch and drove to Sylvan to spend the day picking cherries on the place of Mr. Etheridge. The cherries were pitted and preserves enough to last a year made from them. Strange to say, we seldom saw cherry preserves, because Mamma could not bear the thought of running out. So each year, we had a good supply left on hand, which was added to until we had enough for the entire block. Then when they had spoiled, they were emptied out and more made.

For a long time, Bill Campbell and I had been promised a trip to Gainesville to visit our cousins, Jack and Grady Howeth, and Uncle Bob and Aunt Olive. For days, we were coached individually and separately, as to the rules of conduct to be followed on the visit. We were put aboard the train with a lunch box each, and were on our way. We had lunch with us but got off the train at Bonham and bought sandwiches, just to be smart. When the train started up, we hid behind the depot and caught it on the run. The conductor took us to task and made us stay in the car at Sherman. When we reached Whitesboro, a man had been killed and his body was stretched out on the depot platform. Bill, who must have been all of ten years old, told some folks that we lynched men in Lamar County for murder, and he offered to lead a mob to find the murderer and string him up. Nothing came of this.

At Gainesville, we received the welcome alright. Uncle Bob gave us the run of the city and turned all his guns over to us. Among the guns was a .22 rifle, and he had some little cartridges that were like shotgun cartridges. They used little shot as fine as sand. On our second day after shooting up all the sparrows in Cooke County, we had a visit from the City Marshall, who said that we

had shot out a window a block from the house, done other damage, scared all the neighbors to death and had hit a horse that belonged to the Lockridge girls next door. Uncle Bob was called and came post haste. He was County Attorney at the time, and he talked and laughed us out of that one. After the Marshall had gone, Uncle Bob told us to lay off the gun in town, and that we would all go out to the McAfee hole next day where there were not so many houses. We did go, and as we passed through Meuenster, a little German settlement out of Gainesville, Uncle Bob stopped the buggy and shot a lark off a man's roof. We caught some fish then went for a swim, and Bill Campbell cramped and went down twice. Uncle Bob caught him before the fateful third down, and Bill was saved.

The Bells had cottage cheese, which was new to me, and other foods a little too fine for me and for Bill. We were about to starve, when one day we went to the grocery with Aunt Olive, and upon seeing a barrel of molasses, we politely commented on how good that molasses would go with some hot biscuits. Aunt Olive took the hint and from then on to the end of our visit we were in high cotton, with all the molasses we could eat.

They had a German maid named Katie. Bill and I were curiosities to Katie, but she did everything to make our visit pleasant—to others.

The Howeths lived across town, and we visited with them. Their next door neighbor was Cousin Dave Roland, who was the biggest man I ever saw, and he had a special built bathtub to accommodate his huge frame. We had a time in that bathtub. Tommie Roland was the boy, and Bill made life miserable for him. Tommie had a pup, and Bill delighted in grabbing the pup by the tail and holding him in the air to hear him yell. Tommie always yelled louder than the pup, "Loose his tail, Wm. Henry, loose his tail."

Aunt Mildred Hockenhull had a millinery store. She was Aunt Olive's mother. She let Bill and me help her in the store. While we were there, she put on a sale of ladies' straw sailors to sell for one dollar each. Bill and I helped sell them and did a lot of good at it.

Before starting home we went to town, and I bought Madge a little Testament for a present, then I cried when presenting it to her on my return home. I don't know why I cried. Religion I guess.

Aunt Harriet Howeth lived with the Wes Howeths and was plenty old at that time—about eighty. She had coarse features and a moustache and wore a string of heavy amber beads around her neck. It was said that she slept one night without the beads and took such a sore throat she could not talk for days. I'm not saying that—I heard it from Jack Howeth.

Aunt Olive was always solicitous about us and was the perfect hostess. Uncle Bob took us fishing and hunting and did the thing up brown. We had not known them too well before that trip. They had visited with us, and always at Christmas time Uncle Bob gave us a dollar, and that was about the extent of our acquaintance with them. But we found them to be just the very best—

as a matter of fact, as I have often told Aunt Olive, she is my favorite Aunt. Being the only aunt I have, doesn't lessen the force of this statement either. The only thing we knew of Uncle Bob was through Grandma Bell, and she had him down as being a far more religious or pious person than we found him to be. He was human, and a fine, fine man.

Uncle Bob was County Attorney of Cooke County, Texas, when we visited Gainesville. Later, he re-engaged in private practice with Mr. Stewart, they had a lot of practice in and around Marietta, Oklahoma, and Uncle Bob was kept busy running to and from Marietta and Gainesville. In 1910, he moved to Oklahoma City, where he bought lots at the very beginning of the town. Stewart, Bell and Ledbetter constituted one of the best known law firms in the Southwest, their practice being in the main, railroad, corporation and oil practice. Uncle Bob represented his firm in the well known Red River Boundary case before the Supreme Court of the United States. He was urged at various times to accept the nomination for Governor of Oklahoma but would not permit his name to be entered upon the ticket, preferring to remain in the background. Many laws and political reforms in Oklahoma were results of his fertile brain. I have never seen him in action in a court room, but knowing him personally as I did, he would be the last man on earth I would try to buck in a civil case in any court.

Uncle Bob died in 1945 and was buried in Oklahoma City. Hutch, Carrie, Son and I attended his funeral.

When we were kids, Mamma's big job was to keep us busy at something at all times — never a dull moment. When we weren't carrying shingles to or from under the house, we were killing flies, picking potato bugs or sawing wood. For years I thought she did all this for pure cussedness just to keep us from having a good time. How little we knew as kids. Fly killing was one of our revenue bearing occupations. Mamma paid us a nickel a hundred dead flies. We had no fly swatters, but instead used card boards about six or eight inches square. With these we swatted them against the doors, walls and floors. After I had collected about a quarter on my kills, I bought some fly paper, which I think was just coming out at that time. It has ever been my policy to get by with as little effort as possible, so I devised a plan to really get into the money.

I built a frame about five by two feet and tacked the sheet of fly paper to the frame. I went to the garden, and with bricks laid on the seat, I placed the fly paper down over the privy seat. With leafy branches from trees, I went behind the out-house and vigorously shook the branches forcing the flies upward and onto the paper. After a few minutes, I brought my kill into the house for my pay. Counting the flies was out of the question, because they were four or five deep on the paper. As I recall, Mamma just paid me for the paper and gave me an extra quarter and told me to quit flies and put all my efforts into potato bug picking. Try

as I would, I never found a short cut for picking potato bugs. The only thing that could be done about them was to pick them off into a big mouthed bottle or fruit jar. I have to laugh as I think of these money making schemes. It took twice as long to count the kill as it took to make the kill. But we were busy, our minds were occupied, and we were made to believe we were accomplishing something. That was what Mamma was after.

When fall came, Papa always had twelve cords of four foot wood thrown in the back yard for our winter supply. Mr. Jim Rice had a steam wood-saw. But Mamma and Papa reasoned there was no use to pay 50c a cord to cut it up into fire wood, when Madge and I needed the money — and sawing 12 cords of wood was so little bother anyhow. Mamma was a hog for bargains, and she bought what was represented as being a cross-cut saw. As a matter of fact, it was no more than a good sized rip saw with a handle at each end. Madge and I spent many hours pulling that old rusty saw through those logs with Epp, Son, Hattie Bell or anyone else sitting on the log to hold it steady. In other words, when we sawed wood, we made a ceremony out of the operation and invited the neighborhood to join us.

We always looked forward to a trip to Sylvan for a visit with the Campbells. They were Bill Campbell's grandparents — Uncle Henry and Aunt Emaline Campbell. I often wonder now just how they would be rated in this day. I am afraid there are not any people like them left. They lived well, and I mean in luxury. Their home was a colonial type house with big columns and porches running the width of the house, high ceilings and carpets like you bog down in. From the house to the front fence seemed to me then to be about a mile, but I was down there not long ago and it must have been all of a hundred yards. This front yard was solid with wild flowers of all sorts.

In the front hall was a sword, which Uncle Henry had carried in the Civil War, and which had rust spots on the blade. I was told that these spots were not rust but were Yankee blood, which Grandpa, in his haste to get home after the close of the war, had failed to wipe off. Under Aunt Emaline's bed were three items, being two big wooden buckets full of stick candy and one empty thundermug with violets painted on it. On the back porch were several cases of soda pop including lemon, sour lemon, strawberry and sarsaparilla (I believe there ought to be another "a" in there some place, but don't know where to put it.) We were welcome to all the soda pop and candy we could hold and didn't even have to ask for it. In the back yard were walnut trees. The back step was one large solid stone, and in the middle of it was a hole, which had been chiseled for the express purpose of holding a walnut while it was being cracked.

Bill and I picked blackberries and were paid 25c a quart for picking. I imagine blackberries were selling at that time for about that much a gallon. In the pasture below the barn was a swim-

ming pool made to order. The Campbells had one hobby other than seeing that everybody on the place got all they could eat and a good featherbed to sleep on at night. They collected goons or half-wits. These folks were not slaves by any means, but were treated just like they belonged to the Campbells. They were fortunate indeed to have been picked up by this good family, because they had everything they needed. The Campbells never talked to them like they were half-nuts but more like they were children. The store down the road carried general merchandise and all sorts of candy, etc., and we patronized it freely. I don't recall who ran the store, but he must have been a great character or he couldn't have held out in that neighborhood. I remember the Sunday School House, too. I don't know what denomination held forth there but it must have been Baptist, as Uncle Doctor was a Missionary Baptist and would tell you so and wry at the drop of a hat.

There were several children of the Henry Campbell family, Uncle Doctor (John), Cousin Dora Sansing, Cousin Willie Day, Cousin Corrie Moody and Cousin Tollie Smith. Here I am calling them "cousin", when as a matter of fact they were no kin to me.

I went with Bill for a visit with Doctor George Smith and Cousin Tollie. In their home I saw my first indoor toilet. Bill and I stole all the spare toilet paper for rolling corn-silk cigarettes when we got home. The toilet had a water storage tank away up near the ceiling. Bill Campbell never saw anything new in his life that he didn't try it out, so he pulled the chain. Down came what seemed like torrents of water with a noise like Niagara. It scared me half to death and I ran for dear life. The Smiths also had the first hard-wood floors I had ever seen and as I ran from what I thought was the end of the world by water, I slipped on the slick hard-wood, got up, tried again and for minutes I ran like a squirrel on an exerciser. I was sure Bill had played the very devil.

All Mallorys and Bells are peculiar, but we had only one dirt eater in the family — Old Son. He ate dirt just like I would eat a radish, but it seems to have agreed with him. He was bound to have retained some of it, because Lindy couldn't have been there every time to scrape out his mouth with that greasy finger of hers.

With all her goodness and gentleness, Grandma Mallory could get set when she had to. On one of my visits to the farm she decided she wanted a little day bed moved upstairs for me to sleep on. She asked Uncle Jim, Uncle Allen and me to carry it up those narrow steps. A fine bunch of bed movers — Uncle Jim full of stump juice, Uncle Allen, a cripple and almost blind, and me about knee high to a duck. But we undertook the job, and Grandma tried to help us. In trying to help, she shoved the bed against Uncle Jim, and this shove, together with the Pine Top he had been drinking, knocked him down the steps. He got up cussing and told Grandma to get the hell out of the way before she killed him. She dropped her end of the bed, grabbed him by the hair, and if she slapped

him once, she slapped him fifty times, before she let him up. He was about 60 at the time, but she told him that he had never been authorized to talk to her like that, and it was too late in life for him to start it. The bed was carried up gently and without further remarks.

Lots of things were happening to the Mallorys around 1901, and more things were happening outside the family, which would play a part in our later lives. April 21, 1901, James Walter Cannon and Miss Nena McCaslin were married at the Presbyterian Church in Paris by Rev. Charles Manton. (They were the parents of Jim Bob, Jr.). Then on April 24th, Joe T. Burgher and Miss Dove Roan were married in St. Joe, Texas. May 26th, James Rhodes, father of Norris Rhodes Mallory, was born in Dallas Co., and on November 20th, Phil Hawkins married Nellie Hackleman at Roxton, and August 27th, Captain Henry W. Lightfoot, father of Will, died in Skagway, where he had gone on business.

I remember Capt. Lightfoot quite well, although I was fairly young and knew him only from seeing him on the street and sitting back of him at Centenary, where his pew was just in front of ours. He had returned from Dallas to Paris in 1897, having served as Chief Justice of the Court of Civil Appeals in Dallas from 1893 to 1897. He was tall, erect, and genteel in his carriage and manners, wore his hair rather long and covered it with a typical statesman's hat — wide brim black felt. He wore a Prince Albert coat and was just about what I thought a Senator or a Governor should look like.

Aunt Martha Dyer was an old landmark and was just about one of the family for years. She claimed that she was a cousin of Grandpa Bell's, but he always said that was "far fetched". I am inclined to think she was kin to him, because they had one trait in common. Aunt Martha could speak her piece without cutting any corners and delighted in discussing prominent folks and the skeletons in their families. As everyone knows, Grandpa was not averse to practicing this art. One difference in these two was that Aunt Martha never stopped talking while Grandpa had to stop and wheeze now and then with his asthma spells. Aunt Martha was so plain spoken that when she came for a chat with Grandpa all the kids were shooed out to the yard to play. She was great on Confederate doings and knew more about the Civil War than General Lee knew in his prime. And she didn't hide what she knew under a bushel — well, she couldn't have because a bushel wasn't big enough.

Aunt Martha wore a little bonnet with long streamers running down her back. She never missed a Confederate Reunion or a picnic and was always the center of attraction. A big Confederate Reunion was due in Honey Grove, and the T & P ran a special train for the 3 day celebration. Grandma and Grandpa had been living with us for some time, so it was arranged for them to go to Honey Grove for the Reunion — Grandpa to get in his word

with his old comrades in arms, and Grandma to visit Aunt Hattie, who still lived in Honey Grove. Being quite a devotee of reunions myself, I was appointed to accompany them to Honey Grove. Aunt Martha was on the train and went from coach to coach giving the old Rebel yells, leading sing-songs and making herself very conspicuous, to the delight of all the old timers, except Grandma. Finally she acted like she had just discovered Grandpa, and she ran for him hollering that there was her Cousin Billie Bell, whom she was going to kiss. She grabbed Grandpa and the tussle was on. Finally she broke away and declared to the crowd that she had kissed him. Blushing like a school kid, poor Grandpa swore by all that was Holy that she had not touched her lips to him. All the old-timers crowded around Grandpa and Grandma and dared Aunt Martha to make a clean job of it and settle the argument. Knowing Grandma, you can well imagine how delighted she must have been, right in the smack dab middle of all this hurrah. and Aunt Martha scuffling with Grandpa for a kiss. It was Grandpa and Aunt Martha wallowing all over the seat until she finally pinned his shoulders to the mat and was acclaimed by everyone in the coach, the undisputed winner. Grandma looked like she had just been hit in the mouth with a sour pickle while Grandpa looked like a little kid who had just messed up his Sunday breeches.

Aunt Hattie and Joe Reed met us at the station, and I turned Grandma and Grandpa over to her, while I went along with Joe Reed to take in the hoochie-koochie shows and the ferris wheel. I had never made a date with a girl, but Joe told me he was an old head at the business. We met two girl friends of Joe's, one named Allen and the other named Yeager. Joe took Allen and I had Yeager, but didn't know what to do with her. We took in all the sights that day, then met the girls that night for another round of flying-jennies, ferris wheels, etc. In some way during the evening we all got seperated and after looking for Joe and his girl until midnight, it was up to me to take Yeager out to the Allen home, where she was to spend the night. After we had started I found that the Allens lived about two miles east of Honey Grove on the Petty road. I had no idea where I was going, but Yeager led me on and on past Cousin John Reeds home in the edge of town, past the Santa Fe tracks and right on into the wide open country. The night was black and I know I was white, because I was scared to death. To start with, I was nervous on this my first date, and then too, I never cared for the dark. We finally made it, and I would have given anything if I could have put up for the night — I was scared to go back to town alone. I was too scared to walk slow and too weak to run. I was afraid of the noise of my feet on that hard dirt road, but I didn't tiptoe—I just dragged my feet, one after the other. Suddenly out of nowhere, Hell broke loose. Nobody could describe what was happening to me. I knew a couple of things that would have happened to me if all my faculties and organs

hadn't been completely paralyzed. It turned out that some folks traveling through the country had camped beside the road, and they, of course had a big watch dog with them. He had run right up to me in that darkness barking and gnashing like he was going to finish me off. I have never known why he waited until I was alone, and why he didn't run at us when I was with the girl. I made it into town, but do not remember how I got there. When I reached Cousin John's house where I was to stay, his old dog, Shep, stood guard at the front gate and wouldn't even let me unlatch the gate, let alone enter it. I called Cousin John, Cousin Dodie, Joe, Cousin Laura, Wess, Young, and all of them by name, but it was no use. Cousin John came out on the front porch about 4 a. m. and did what everybody does on the front porch—or rather from it — at 4 a. m., and he let me in. He nor Cousin Dodie ever understood, and thought to their dying day that I was not the kind of boy for Joe to go courting with. They said Old Shep knew me and liked me fine, and that if I had been trying to get in, I could have done so.

As I have said, none of us ever forgot Grandma Mallory, and we wrote to her regularly from the time we could print our letters. The most deceitful letters were written by me, of course. For instance:

Paris, Texas, August 12, 1897

Dear Granma: I heard there was a big meeting down there to your house and I hope Uncle Jim and Uncle Allen got religion and joined the church. I am glad you are having a good meeting. Grandma and Grandpa Bell are living with us now. Grandpa has asthma by spells and smokes green mountain asthma cure almost all the time. I have bad luck with my letters. Have written 3 or 4 but didn't get them off. (What a lie). We can't come out to the meeting because Son has something like shingles. It is big blisters on his neck, back and arm, and big ones on his face. And little sister has big sores on her legs and they are running all the time and are running nearly all over her. Son is a solid sore. His sores meet and make big solid sores. He cries with his sores all the time and has fever with his sores. (Note: from the above it would appear that old Son was pretty sore, and I just hope poor Grandma didn't get this letter as she was sitting down to a meal).

Has Uncle Jim got a good cotton crop? And a good corn crop and making money. If you have I think you might give me enough money to buy me a saddle or a bicycle. We sowed turnips yesterday. Sister and I play bottle horse all day. In July our bill was more than it ought to be and more than we bought and we found out a colored girl who was working here had gone to a picnic. Mamma said she didn't know when she could get down there but the first chance you have please send her some honey you took out. I would like to see the 48 pounds you took out. All of the rest of us are well. Sister is getting about. You must come to our house soon.

Your Grandson, Bob Mallory

What a letter — as deceitful as the Devil himself and as rambling and disconnected as this little book. Please note how pious I got just before asking for the saddle.

In 1902, Mamma wrote to Grandma and told her how sorry she was that because of the roads we could not spend Thanksgiving with her, but that just as soon as the roads and weather would permit, we intended to come down and bring her back for a visit. That we had just attended the wedding of Nellie Hawkins to Bernard Simms and that Nellie Hackleman Hawkins, Phil's bride was there with Phil, and that she made an unusually good impression on everybody. Mamma had a dress and saque (jacket) for Grandma and would bring it along to her soon, and we would gather pecans for her and for us while there. Grandma and Grandpa Bell were visiting Aunt Mollie in Brookston, and Uncle Young and Aunt Mary Burgher had just left after a visit with us. The cow was going dry and F. D. had exzema and wanted to know how Nettie Lane was getting along. "Jim Bob is learning to play the violin real well. He plays at Sunday School and the League every Sunday. Madge is taking piano again, too."

The Nettie referred to in this letter was Charlie Lane's red headed wife. They lived on the place in the old slave cabin and made a crop for two years. Nettie's brother, "Boy," lived there with them. Boy is the only name I ever knew for Nettie's brother. He died during the First World War.

Papa wrote to Grandma, March 4, 1902, and I quote his letter here, because it typifies the man and gives just a small insight into his sincere love for his mother:

My Dear Mother: This calendar reminds me that this is the 4th of March and that God in His Goodness has permitted you to see this day —and has blessed me and others with the great privilege of having you with us so long — teaching us lessons of patience and of Godly living. I am trying in my imperfect way to profit by these lessons you have taught me in my childhood, and in my battle with the world your precept and example continually strengthen me for the right. I know what your surroundings have been and am sure that at times you have felt that your life has been a failure—but not so. There are many who are ready to rise up and call you blessed. I wish I could be with you more in your declining years but I am often with you in thought. Sallie says she must send you a birthday present soon—you know she never forgets you, Ma. We are all real well, though we are getting mighty tired of the rain and mud. I can imagine what a time you have had out there in the black mud. Just as soon as it dries up I want you to come up and stay with us for a long while. With much love, I am your devoted son,

F. D. Mallory

If good old Grandma was ever displeased with her lot in life, she didn't show it.

When we were kids, we staged shows almost daily. Sometimes

in our barn, sometimes in the Scale's barn, on the Scale's shingle stack, on, in or under various homes, etc., admission price was pins. Captain Scales bought shingles for his home but must have run out of funds before he could get them on, because they were stacked in his front yard for a long time. On this stack we had pirate shows and used the stack for a ship. About half the Graham Street population served as actors while the other half comprised the audience — alternating, of course. There were the Hills, Bess and John, the Lewis girls, Cora and Dora, the Scales, Kate and Doll and Irving, Felix Webster, the Hinkles, Roy Cannon, Bill Gooding, Ikt Pryor, Madge and I, and many and sundry others. We never put on a show that Kate and Doll didn't stage a real fight over who was to have top billing.

But in 1902, we put on one in our front yard that was a pattern for all shows to follow for all times. This was not just an ordinary amateur show, but a real one, and pins wouldn't get a man in the front gate, let alone into a seat. We practiced several weeks and the practice sessions were held in a big frame building on South Main Street across from the Episcopal Church. I think Miss Jennie McComas Bixby was the trainer, or whatever you would call it. About a dozen actors and interested parties worked several days on the stage and settings. The stage was set in our front yard and lumber was rented for the benches, which extended on into the Hill yard. The play was Macbeth, and how. Actors I recall were Mae, Fae and Elizabeth McCuiston, Walter, and Gwynnel Moore, Stanley and Bess Dulaney, all the Mallorys, all the Hills, Lewises, Scales, Felix Webster and about 20 others. About all I remember of the play was the witch giving with a lot of namby pamby talk about the cauldron, stirring the pot, and the part where Walter Moore said, "Lay on Macduff, etc." and all that sort of thing. When the stabbing took place, I was the one who stood in the wings to throw red ink onto the arm of the one stabbed. I missed, of course, and threw a dime's worth of ink all over everybody and everything except the poor Devil who was taking the count. People came from all over town, and after filling the seats, we sold standing room clear back to the Scales yard. The show was a financial success but about half through the last act, a wind blew up from nowhere and scattered stage scenery and actors all over the block. Most of the audience stood on our front porch a big part of the night waiting for the rain to abate. Funds went to some sort of charity and everybody seemed to be pleased with results. I don't know what Shakespeare was thinking though.

Mr. Bob Dolman lived on South Main Street and kept a cow as did most everybody else in town. Two old maid sisters lived next door to him and they had a big back yard with a lush growth of bermuda grass and a privy in the middle of it. One fine morning Mr. Bob went out to milk and saw that his cow had broken through the fence into the back yard of the old maids. He picked up a bois-

d' arc block like Main Street was paved with and with all he had he threw it at the cow and as he did so he yelled: "Come out of there, you old Heifer". He missed the cow and hit the privy. One of the old maids ran out screaming bloody murder and with her mother hubbard doing its best to keep up with her.

During one Summer I drove a big bay mare and a little white mule to a delivery wagon for McCormick Brothers, who had a grocery store, where Bill Campbell now has the Cut-Rate Drug Store on Bonham Street. McCormick Brothers' customers got the short end of their apple, potato and turnip orders that summer, because I gave each order a good sampling. I carried the Paris Daily Advocate in the afternoons, as there were no grocery deliveries after noon. On the first of the month, when I had to collect bills from my paper subscribers, I got John Hill and John Humphries to take my grocery route for two days. Roy Cannon threw in his weight and helped the two Johns without charge. The mare was Kate and the little mule was Jude. A few days after the first, Mr. McCormick told me he had received many, many complaints about me from West Paris. Mr. Albright said I had thrown an egg at his wife, Mr. Binns said I had thrown a turnip through his window, a negro reported I had tried to run the team over his baby, who was seated in the sand on West Graham, Mr. Easterwood claimed I had hit his son with a potato, and several reported I had raced my team, whipping them every step. Lots of orders were short, too. I was not worried, because I had been tendered a job by John Waterman, whose meat market was next door to McCormick's, so I just off and told Mr. McCormick I was quitting the route. He agreed so fast that I am sure he had some advance ideas.

I didn't like the Waterman job as well as the grocery job. The hours were o. k., being from 4 to 8 a. m., but I missed the food samples. I couldn't eat raw meat, and John had not gotten round to selling barbecue. Being unable to get anybody to sub for me on Sunday morning, when I had to carry the Sunday papers, I lasted just a week. The following Monday, Mr. Mac hired me back and raised my wages from \$3.50 to \$4.00 — a week that is, and told me he had learned that the complaints were registered against me for the days Mr. Hill, Mr. Humphries and Mr. Cannon worked for me. I stayed with McCormick Brothers until fall.

George Brosius was my very good friend. He was the son of Mr. John Bailey Brosius and of George's mother, who had died before I knew George Hayden. There were three boys, Crossland, George and Lloyd. Lloyd was killed in World War I, Crossland died recently in Chicago, and George Hayden has a responsible position with the U. S. Treasury Department in Wichita, Kansas. I had a nice visit with them in 1946, when Miss Sallie died and was buried in Paris. Miss Sallie was a daughter of Uncle Bob Patton, who was for years, county jailer and later was a chain gang guard. She was a sister of Mrs. Joe Williams, who died two years before Miss Sallie

died. If it is possible, and it is, for a stepmother to love children as much as their mother did, Miss Sallie filled the bill. She was as fine a woman as ever lived and really took the place of the first Mrs. Brosius. She was in the Sanitarium of Paris for a long time before she died, and I went to visit with her several times while she was there. She was laid up with some ailment, and one night she had a nightmare and dived off the foot of the bed into the wall, and wound up with a broken leg. She saw the funny side of this even while she was in pain, and laughed every time she mentioned it.

In high school, I was associated with a crowd of girls and boys who were then as now considered mighty good sort of people. To-day in Paris, there are many sets or cliques, and they are all more or less clannish. I have never had a clan — have always been more or less a free lance belonging to no particular set, but getting along about as well with one as the other. In high school, it was natural that a fellow join up with one or another social sets. Then we had three distinct crowds. There was a crowd consisting of the kids of people, who for some reason or another held themselves aloof from the common herd, and the brats were naturally snooty (take out an "o" and add a "t"). Then there was the crowd that smelled a little worse than I did and had matty hair. My crowd was between these two.

Heading our list as always, was Clara (Shug) Rice, who beat out a mean ragtime and cakewalk on the piano, and whose home was the gathering place for all the clan. Others were Omo Elliott, George Hayden Brosius, Bob DeWitt, John B. Morris, Troy Thompson, George Webster, Blanche McCrary, Bonnie Belle White, Mary Martin, Anna Lula Morris, Glayds Liddy, Mabel Smith, Wilma Hunt. Mattie Wightman and Posey Young, who strummed a mandolin to go with old Georgie and me and our magic fiddles, and Shug at the piano. George and I never learned to play those fiddles, but we tried. Sunday afternoons we spent at the Rice home on West Kaufman, playing and singing, then out at the T & P tracks for kodak pictures with my 2 A Bulls Eye Brownie.

Shug played "Cannon Ball Rag", "Turkey in the Straw", etc. and on the serious side, she gave Al Wilson's "Gretchen", Chauncey Olcott's "Mavis" and "Every Star Falls in Love with its Mate", and all that sort of stuff. If we ran out of songs, we just opened up the Methodist Hymnal.

We broke up for supper, then re-gathered for Epworth League and night church services. After church another get-together. We had fun and lots of it. We were not like a bunch of love-sick saps—nobody was in love with anybody. We were just good friends more like brothers and sisters, except that we never fought. No smut. Then, as now, Shug took over pretty well, the only difference being that in those days there were 8 or 10 of us, while today she has hundreds of them jumping when she hollers "Frog". I have known that girl since she was just a kid and if ever a woman was entitled to a crown in Heaven, it's Shug Rice Thompson. She has brought

pleasure and happiness to more people in Paris than any other person, I'm sure. Weddings, funerals and all sorts of church and school entertainments just couldn't get along without her. She married my very good friend, Troy Thompson, after we finished school, and his untimely death some time later was a terrible blow to her, as it was to all who knew him. Clara's mother, Mrs. Rice, was a wonderful woman, and while she never had anything to say, she sat in on all our parties and seemed to enjoy company. She died about 1921—a good woman indeed.

Sunday, July 1, 1903, Thos (Jew) Martin came to Paris from Chicago. His sister Mary Martin had told me many times that her brother was an "inveterate" cigarette smoker. Our gang met him when he came in and that first night in Paris he spent the night with John Hill and me in John's home. We all slept in the middle room on a mattress on the floor. During the night John kept waiting Thos and Mr. Martin just up and stuffed John into the fireplace and stuffed the mattress in on top of him. Mr. Martin would handle the deal just about the same way today.

When I was of courting age, a straight-out date with a girl was a rare thing for me. I took in all the parties, and now and then took a girl to a show or to church, but to just go out and mug and gum was more or less foreign with me. One reason for this was that I sold tickets at the Opera House at night after graduating from an usher. Roy Meehan was manager of the opera house and had me selling tickets so he could take Mary Hubbard to all the shows when she would go with him. When she turned him down for somebody else, he couldn't sell tickets, because he had to run up and down the aisles to show Mary how mad he was. Paris was on the Greenwald circuit in those days, and we had all the big names in the show business. Among the better known, whom I can recall, were Macklyn Arbuckle in "The County Chairman", Adelaide Thurston in "Under Southern Skies", Billie Burke, Tom Keene, Clay Clement, Nora Bayes, Mary Mannering, Al H. Wilson, Chauncey Olcott, George M. Cohan, one of the Jeffersons, Al. G. Fields with Lew Dockstadter, and many, many others.

In those days the boys didn't handle their women folks like they do now. We seemed to have more respect for a "nice girl". Maybe some of this was due to long, wasp-waisted corsets, lace corset covers, big, open-face cambric umbrella drawers, ribbed stockings and high-topped, buttoned shoes. We are not trying to take any credit for our chastity because I don't know what might have happened in this day of lardy bare midriffs, bras., scant or no panties, brief shorts, bare painted legs and blue or red toe nails. When I compare those days with the present it does seem sort of sissy to think about a red blooded boy sitting across the parlor from a girl as the two passed a box of Huylers candy back and forth. But that's the way it was.

In high school, I was manager of the baseball team, and we went to Brookston to play Brookston High. Troy Thompson was our

pitcher, and he had them eating out of his hand. We beat them terribly. They had a catcher named Bradshaw. About the eighth inning Bradshaw said, "If we can't beat you playing ball, we can whip you", and with that, bats and rocks, sticks, and all sorts of missiles started flying. When I crawled out from under a hay barn just before dark, the team had left me and returned to Paris, Bradshaw was the father of Mrs. Bob Province, who with her husband is our very good friend today.

Troy was about my best friend, then. We alternated going to each others home to study. He would tell his folks he was coming to my house to work out some problems, and I told my folks I had to go to his house to get my lessons. We met at the bowling alley and did right well — thank you. Troy was a wonderful fellow, and it was a shame that he had to die right in the prime of life.

Miss Johns was my English teacher, and when she told us to bring up an original essay of some sort, I wrote about an Italian banana dealer in Deep Bonham named Tony Bassi. I did this for meanless but in 1918, Miss Johns who was then teaching in some college, sent me a copy of my essay, which she had used as the best free hand or whatever they call it, she had seen. I liked Miss Johns, but didn't treat her right. She called me "Mallory" and under her breath I always knew she was calling me something else to go with it.

There have been smarter boys who finished Paris High School, but none luckier than I. It took me only 8 years to complete my public school education in my feeble way and in all those 8 years, I didn't get a whipping. Miss Etta Reed gave me one lick, then felt sorry for me, and let me go. Mrs. Richardson started out, and then stopped short, when she thought I was going to faint, and once Miss Hattie Griffis whipped every boy in the 5th grade but me, and not only didn't whip me but refused to lay hands on me even after I had told her I was guilty of breaking into Mr. Ellington's garden with the rest of the class and eating up all his onions. She insisted that I was just trying to be smart — that I hadn't eaten an onion.

After I had graduated and was due to deliver the class oration for the class of 1903, I used the study hall of the old high school in which to practice my speech. The exercises were to be held that night. In my speech was the word "municipality", and I asked Miss Matthews, the teacher, how to pronounce it. She directed me to the big old Webster's in the S. W. window of the hall and told me to look it up. I did as directed, but as I turned the pages I found them to be loose from the binding. This was all I wanted so I just stood there and finger flipped pages all over the building. She sent me to Mr. Wooten. I had already graduated so knew he had no jurisdiction over me—says you! When I entered his office he asked me in his gruff way what I wanted. I told him with a sneer that Miss Matthews had sent me to him. He told me to have a seat and wait until he finished whatever he was doing. When my time

came, he reached high up on a book case and came down with about 5 switches about 5 feet long. These he wound up together some way, grabbed me by the collar and told me to turn it up where he could get at it. I tried to explain, but he shut me up right now, and said he had been thinking how bad it was going to be that I would get away with all I was guilty of without his ever having been able to get enough on me at one time to warrant a beating. Then he let me have both barrels. After he had whipped me from the bookcase to the stove and back up around the desk a few times, he turned me loose, laughed at me and told me to get back up stairs. I had to run up the steps and my breath was coming pretty fast as I went. He literally burned me up. After I got back in the hall and to my desk, I looked around at all the rest of the students and laughed that smirky laugh. I took one look at the side door and there stood Prof. He yelled for me to come on out and let him finish with me. I begged all the way down stairs, and he finally let me off. He had made up for all those good years he had missed.

Graduation exercises were held at the Opera House. All my family was there and pretty proud of me, because I was, up to the time, the youngest boy who had ever finished high school in Paris—I was sixteen. I played a fiddle and made a speech and then came the diplomas. Mine was withheld until the last, and when Prof. gave me mine he didn't tell how proud my family should be of me. He said I was getting the diploma because the teachers all said if I didn't get out they would. What humiliation. But I really received more plaudits than any of the rest of the class, so what? It was customary to send flowers to the opera house for graduates. I got a little shaky about myself and went to Mrs. Gowdey's greenhouse and told her I wanted a big design for a girl in the class. Then I gave T. C. Tittsworth, a negro shine boy, two-bits to take it down there with my card on it. But my money was wasted because I got lot of flowers. Mamma was worried, because the prettiest design I got didn't have a card on it. Next morning Mamma had me dress up in my blue serge graduation suit and stand with my flowers in the back yard against the lot fence, she took a picture of me with my Bullseye No. 2. I wore short pants at the commencement, and my hair was getting gray—what a freak I was. In my class were 32 graduates, the largest class in history — to that time. When my boys graduated the thing was all over, before I got them located in that mob. Among those in my class were Clara Rice, Cotty Brosius, Bob Dewitt, Lon Ford, Mattie Wightman, Lottie Newsome, Troy Thompson, Walter Moore, Mary Martin, Drue Alexander, Albert Tucker, Bonnie Bell White and others.

Prof. Wooten was a gruff talking sort, but he was plenty good. After I was grown he and I became warm friends and made many Shrine and Masonic trips together. He had a hatful of jokes and told them well. In Dallas, El Paso, Ft. Worth, Galveston, Pueblo, San Francisco, Los Angeles, or wherever he went, he talked to ticket agents just like he talked to kids in the 3rd or 4th grade. And he

got results. The last time I saw Prof. he called me down from my office in Caddel's and handed me a package wrapped in newspaper and said gruffly, "Here, I want you to have this — God knows nobody else would want it." He walked away, and I found it to be an autographed photograph of him with his Knight Templar uniform on. I prize that picture very highly, knowing that if he hadn't thought a lot of me he would not have given it to me.

After finishing high school, I enrolled at Paris Commercial College, Mr. A. P. Lever having given Papa a scholarship for me for no reason that I know. I attended for about two months, during which time five or six house parties were in full swing, and all of them in the homes of good friends of mine. I played all night and dozed all day. While was there the school had a big school picnic at Enloe on the Texas Midland Railroad. The Special was to leave the Paris station at 5 a. m., and each of us was to bring along a basket of food. Mamma fixed me up a big lunch of fried chicken and all sorts of stuff, and I was on my merry way. As I turned the corner on Bonham Street, I saw the train with large cloth streamers on each car and standing by one of the cars was the student body. The yell leader was just giving the sign for the old college yell, and the whole body gave with, "Who are we? Who are we? We're the boys of P. C. C.". This was just too much for me. With my basket I hid behind the Frisco Hotel until the train pulled out. I knew better than to go home after Mamma had fixed that nice basket for me so I just took it over to the freight house after the train had left and gave it to Kid Strange and his crew of negro freight handlers. This was the end of my college days. I never even went back to take a look at my old Alma Mater, which was upstairs over Schmidt's Hide and Wool House on Clarksville Street.

After my brief college career, I went to work for Nicholson-Watson Clothing Company on the North Side of the Square. When they went broke, soon after I went to work for them, I gave Mr. William Frank a chance at my services.

I was always an ape or a copy-cat. Nothing original ever came from my brain, if any. Bill Gooding was one of my chums at Graham School. Bill was never a kid—he was always like a grown man. His teeth protruded, and he had what we called "tushes" I had another friend, Bill Miller, a half-Indian, who had his arm broken when quite young, and his dad didn't set it correctly so his elbow stuck straight out. I envied these boys and always wanted my teeth to stick out, and my arm to be crooked. While I was with Nicholson Watson, they fixed me out in a uniform like a band uniform, cap and all. I was sent to towns around Paris to advertise clothing and distribute circulars. At Honey Grove, Bonham, Denison, Ladonia, Clarksville and all the towns I visited, I skinned back my upper lip and stuck my teeth out like a snapping dog and walked with one of my elbows sticking straight out from my body. Folks looked at me pityingly and well they should have — poor

simple thing that I was. The part that gets under my hide, is that I have never tried to ape anybody with a sound body and mind. It was always a cripple, a goon or an idiot. When I went to Grandma's I would stumble around and fall over first one log and then another trying to see if I could keep my bearing with my eyes half shut. To draw a bucket of water from the well, I held one hand by my side, limp and useless, shut my eyes and poured the water all over the place, trying to figure out how Uncle Allen in his crippled condition could do the things he did. But I could never ape Ray Fitch, who was in my room at Graham School. Ray had a big head and there were ridges running around his head—looked sort of like terraces in a field. Ray always sat right next to the big stove at school, and I got it into my mind that the heat unshaped his head. I asked him about it, and he said that was the cause. I was almost grown before I knew any better.

After leaving William Frank, I got a job in Auditor J. N. Bailey's office at the Frisco. My pay was \$25.00 a month less hospital fees and meal tickets. I ate at home three times a day but topped this off with ham and eggs twice a day at the Frisco Cafe operated by Mr. Bramhall. I didn't need this food but all the train men ate over there and here I go again, trying to ape somebody. My meal tickets ran about ten bucks a month and the hospital fee a dollar—what a dolt I was and am.

The World's Fair at St. Louis came while I was working for Mr. Bailey, and I got a pass to St. Louis and went up with Bill Campbell. Mamma and Papa went before we did, and they left word with the woman where they stayed that Bill and I would be there, and for her to look after us. I am sure she sat up nights waiting for Bill and me. We didn't miss a thing at the Fair. At the time, Mr. B. F. Yoakum was President of the Frisco and was considered the biggest railroad man in the country. Being a tried and trusted employee of the Frisco at Paris, I felt it incumbent upon me to go around and pay my respects to Mr. Yoakum and give him a report on the state of the Frisco at Paris. Anyhow, I had a little time on my hands, and why not waste some of it on Mr. Yoakum—he was good enough to let me work for him, wasn't he? I went to the Frisco Building and got on one of the fast elevators without even looking at the building directory. When the juice was applied to that elevator, I went to my knees and thought I was going through the roof. When we reached the top, the elevator man asked me where I thought I was going. I didn't tell him, because he wouldn't have believed me, and anyhow he wasn't any preacher. So down I went again after struggling to my feet. This time he insisted on knowing what floor I wanted and I just told him I wanted to see Mr. Yoakum. He let me off at a certain floor, and I asked a boy at a desk where I could find Mr. Yoakum. He looked me up and down and sent me to an office down the corridor. I walked in and upon a fine executive looking man, stuck out my hand and said, "Mr. Yoakum, I believe". The fellow smiled and told me he was

not Mr. Yoakum, but that I might go to another office and talk to the under-secretary to the secretary of Mr. Somebody who was third or fourth assistant to Mr. Yoakum. After hours of this a big man told me that Mr. Yoakum was out of town and would be terribly sorry he had missed me. I asked him when Mr. Yoakum would return, but he came up with asking me when I was leaving town. I told him Tuesday, and he all but choked when he had to tell me that Mr. Yoakum would not return until Thursday. Just one of those things, but several years later, when I read of Mr. Yoakum's death, I had a clear conscience — I had done my best to see him, and he was out of town.

After a year in the Auditor's office, I was promoted to night yard clerk at \$55.00 a month. Night work was not what I thought it would be. It was pretty hard on me staying around Charlie Barry's confectionery all day and trying to stay awake all night. And I mean all night, because Paris was a good railroad town in those days. One night in a stupor, I billed a car of oil to Galveston that should have gone to Kansas City, and a car of cotton to Kansas City that was bound for Galveston. Both these were red-ball shipments. A few days later, Charlie Batt, the night operator handed me a telegram addressed to Mr. Chas. Griffith, the agent, telling him to ask for my immediate resignation, and signed by Mr. F. G. Pettibone, General Superintendent at Galveston. I tore up the wire. Why should I resign a job that paid me \$55.00 a month. But Papa always told me something like "your sins will find you out", and when pay day came my sins had found me out. Mr. Griffith offered me a job switching if I could get Papa to sign a release for me. Imagine Papa signing anything like that.

Always the smart-alex, I wrote the following letter to Grandma, part of with a stub and some of it Spencerian:

Dear Grandma: I suppose you had heard about F. D. and Madge having diphtheria. F. D. came near dying but Dr. McCuistion and two other doctors worked with him and put a tube in his throat. By hard work they pulled both of them through O. K. But let me tell you some fine news—a little baby sister came yesterday A. M. at 2 o'clock (Note: that was Sarah). She is as fat as a butterball and cries all the time. Don't you envy us? You can hear F. D. and Sister breathing a block away, the new kid a bawlin', Aunt Lindy cussin', Son and Hattie Bell fightin', Grandma groaning with fear, chickens cackling, me fiddling, Mamma warting and about 38 other noises. There has been more excitement here than so many show days since Sunday. We keep Mamma and the young un on one side of the house and diphtheria on the other side. You know we're afraid the new one will catch diphtheria. But now F. D. is better, and Mamma and the little one are doing O. K., etc. Am in a big hurry. How are you? Write soon.

Goodby, Bob M.

P. S. I am coming down as soon as it's all over and bring you

up here for a long, long, long visit.

It's a shame I was permitted to live after that one. Can you imagine a boy getting to be that big a fool in just 17 years and a few months? Poor, good old Grandma, though, even after this letter treated me like I was a normal child.

My sister, Sarah, was born, September 21, 1904, at home. F. D. had diphtheria at the time, and I was supposed to be his nurse. Papa came into the room about midnight and told me to get on Rhoda, one of the horses, and go across town and get Aunt Janie, an old negro woman, who was present when Son and Epp were born. Sarah was named for Grandma Bell and Mamma, and when I told old negro Lindy that the baby was named Sarah, Lindy said, "My God, I never heard of a baby bein' named that — Sarah is an old woman's name."

1904 was quite a year. Sarah born, F. D. with diphtheria, Chas. Ragland was born, Bill Campbell graduated at Brookston School, Cecille Sansing was born, Cousin John Reed died at Honey Grove, and Carrie Hill finished High School at St. Louis.

Sarah's baby days are not too clear to me, because I was not around the house too much, but I do remember Aunt Lindy used to hold Sarah in her big lap on the back porch, while we ate dinner, and how Lindy kept Mama all stirred up when we had company, fearing that Lindy might bust out with some profanity. One day we had Rev. J. Foster Pierce for dinner, and Lindy as usual held Sarah off from the table. Suddenly she started yelling and cussing, and Mama ran for the back porch to stop her. When Mamma remonstrated with her, Lindy said, "Well, Miss Mallory, — — — — —, and jist look what this baby done done to me — all over me". It was better not to say anything to her when she got started.

The first word Sarah spoke was "Dallas." That was Mrs. B. W. Lewis's bird dog. Then after a few weeks of practice, she was able to say, "Old Dallas." This continued for months until she finally came through one day with "Mamma."

Epp started to school in 1905 to Miss Margie Webster and like me, he was teachers' pet all through school, right on down to Miss Mary Canfield — bless her heart, the best teacher who ever threw an eraser. F. D. was the busiest little critter I ever saw. He was never idle, although his activities did not include worthwhile work. He labored until he dropped, building a tree-house or sparrow trap or shoot-the-chutes, but just hand him a rake or a hoe or a milk bucket, and he became a changed man — transformed from a busy little bee, to a drolling, rheumatic invalid. After Sarah got up old enough to carry wood and do little errands for him, Epp stirred up an interest in cooking. They had a miniature cook stove, oven and all which was fired up daily. Epp put out his sparrow traps and had Sarah watch them and pull the string. Sparrows were broiled, fried and stewed, and once in a great while they managed to get hold of a red bird or a jay bird, either

of which constituted a real feast. Hardly an afternoon passed that the whole neighborhood was not invited in for a sparrow fry. Epp was the main chef, while Sarah kept up the wood supply and swiped the lard, salt, pepper and biscuits from the kitchen. When Son looked upon Epp, he slapped him, when Epp saw Sarah, he slapped her, Mamma came through with a triple slap and ended the round. I always thought that if they ever got grown they would all hate each other, but strange to say they are pretty good friends.

Sarah was F. D.'s stooge in all his undertakings. When he built sparrow traps, tree houses, pigeon houses, gliders, etc., Sarah carried the boards for him, swiped the nails, held the boards while he sawed and nailed them, and when a dangerous job came up, she was the guinea pig. Epp was older than Sarah, so that made it fine for both of them. Sarah always wanted to be Miss Big Ike, and when she was called upon for a dangerous job, she felt that she was one of the boys. For instance, when Epp and Bill Osborne built a shoot-the-chute out of some old lawn mower wheels and packing boxes for tracks, Bill Osborne was the lightest boy in the gang but was too smart to get on the thing for the test to see if it would hold up without killing somebody. So Sarah was grabbed and bound and tied to the car with clothes line and pushed down the incline for the loop-the-loop. She made it all right, and then was never allowed to ride it again. If there was a doubt as to whether or not a wire was hot, Sarah settled the matter. These tests helped her ego and kept the wheels of progress turning for Epp and his crowd of pirates. It was an ideal combination—Sarah, being allowed to run with older folks, and Epp having someone whom he could slap down when the notion hit him.

Just before Grandma Mallory died, Hattie Bell wrote her a letter, which is quoted here, because it gives a fair insight into the daily lives of the Mallorys. I was 18 when this letter was written, but the rest of them were small:

Paris, Texas, February 3, 1905: Dear Grandma: I don't know whether you have heard about our trouble or not but the baby (Sarah) has the scarlet fever. I am very glad to say it is not bad. She took it Saturday night and the Doctor came Sunday but didn't know what it was. He came again Monday and said it was scarlet fever. Mamma has not been downstairs since Monday and we have not been up there. The breaking out went in yesterday but she hasn't begun peeling off yet. Doctor says she is getting along the finest kind and he hasn't been back in two days. Madgie is staying with one of her friends, Bonnie Saunders so she can go to school, but the rest of us have to stay at home. We stay downstairs with Grandma and I have pieced a quilt. It is a nine patch. It took 72. It will be hard on me because I haven't been going to school. There is a big old sign sticking up in front of our house: "WARNING! Scarlet Fever Here". I can't find enough to pass the

time. I know I will have to stand examinations. We have been skating today and having a good time. Brother is working for the Frisco Depot. You know he works at night. I was 12 years old last month. I will have to close as I have to help Son feed.

Your loving granddaughter, Hattie Bell.

If Grandma made any mistakes in her life, they were not mistakes to her but were accidents or were taken as a matter of course. Dipping snuff was a custom among all the women of her day, and she was no exception. Belching and gut rumbling came natural, and while most women coughed and squirmed from one side of the chair to another, trying to suppress these pleasantries, Grandma just sat relaxed and at ease and let nature take its course. She and Papa were enough alike to have been twins, and although he didn't dip, he would not have been taken as a model by Emily Post, because he did a lot of things that she considers not good manners. When he sensed an oncoming burp or rumble, he didn't cough and squirm—on the contrary, he got right quiet so he could enjoy them to the fullest. Folks wondered why Papa was fond of his buttermilk. It was not the taste, not the filling qualities. He always finished off a meal with buttermilk and finished the buttermilk with a burp and a rumble. I have the deepest respect for a man who isn't always squirming, talking loud, or coughing, trying to suppress something that don't hurt anybody.

February 19, 1905, Grandma Mallory died at her home. The family arrived there before she passed away, but I was working nights for the Frisco and didn't get there until the day of the funeral. I shall never forget the trip from Howland to Grandma's in that wagon. Ice had covered the ground for about a month, and the sun had not shone during that time. But on this morning the sun came out, and as we rode through the dense forest, which used to be south of the Mallory place, the sun glistening on the icy trees and limbs made a sight no one could forget. Friends and neighbors had blasted out a grave for her through the frozen ground and the rocks, and a simple country funeral was held in the family plot west of the house.

When Grandma died, she left her 3 sons, Papa, Uncle Jim and Uncle Allen, and there was Old Pup. After she was buried, Old Pup took himself down to the roots of an old sycamore tree, and stayed there. Uncle Allen and all looked for him several days, and when they found him, he refused to move. They carried food and water to him, but he would not eat nor drink, and finally died of a broken heart. What a dog!

Between Uncle Jim and Uncle Allen, one of them was about as helpless as the other. But Uncle Jim was not a man to just sit down and mope over a thing like not having a housekeeper. He did things about matters like that. He went to Dallas and hired a housekeeper. Mamma didn't know about this, so she scoured the country for a good woman to take Grandma's place. She found a widow named Mrs. Ward, who had a daughter, Eleanor, and a

son, Earl. The family loaded Mrs. Ward and her children into the surrey, and on Sunday we struck out to show Uncle Jim that his housekeeping worries were at an end. As we drove up, we were greeted by the Dallas girl of Uncle Jim's choice. She was a big buxom, peroxide blonde, gold teeth, and with a tattoo on each arm, and no less than five or six Kress rings to each finger. She was named after some flower—Pansy, Rose, Daisy or something, and her skirt was a trifle short for that day and time. She was more than just a housekeeper—she had taken over, and from her first smile, I knew she was the perfect hostess. I thought Uncle Jim had made a very wise choice, and anybody with half vision could see that at some time or other in the dim past, she had been a landlady—if you know what I mean. Uncle Jim and Mamma did have a set-to this time. He told Mamma that if she managed to look after Papa and all us kids, she would have her hands full, but she stayed with him and finally, with Uncle Allen's help she won the argument. Mrs. Ward stayed, and Pansy went.

In 1905, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Abernathy operated Mary Connor College on Pine Bluff Street in Paris. They had girls of all ages, sizes, dispositions and shapes from all over the country. One day, Carrie Hill walked in and registered for her share of higher education. One of Carrie's chums was Grace McGee from Dodd City, and shortly after her arrival at school, Carrie went to Dodd to spend the week-end with Grace. Jack Jennings told me about how he was stuck on Grace and asked me to go to Dodd with him the following Sunday to hold off her guest while he courted Grace. I was always pretty particular about my women, but didn't mind a blind date to help my friend, Jack. We went up on the train Sunday morning. That was the beginning of two or three years of the hardest and oddest courting a fellow could imagine. The girls in the school were not allowed to have company and could not get out of the school, so about all a fellow could do to court his girl was to ride by the college on a street car and whistle at her. This I did with all the nickels I could muster. Mrs. Helen Holley was Mr. Tom Hill's sister, and she often spent Sunday with her brother, who lived next door to us. She was good enough to bring Carrie along with her now and then, and at times ate Sunday dinner with us and brought Carrie over. On these occasions good old Mrs. Hollie permitted me to get a livery stable horse and buggy and take my girl for a ride.

When I was carrying papers, I saved enough money to buy a negro house down in the bottoms, for which I paid \$150.00—that was and is the only money I ever saved. On the first buggy ride with Carrie, I headed straight for the bottoms and showed her our real estate holdings. It was a pretty romantic and sentimental occasion for me as I sat there in the buggy behind old Prince and unfolded my heart and discussed this first of our real estate holdings, which we would accumulate for our children. I told Carrie that I had nothing else in mind when I bought it.

(Note: A few years later I went to Dallas for a week, overdrew my bank account \$200.00, and Papa took my holdings to cover the overdraft.)

Carrie's friends at Mary Connor were Grace McGee, Essie Grant, Virgie Howison, Pearl Holt, Lillian Coleman, Ellie Mae McAllister, Ray Haraway, Annie Mae Shelton, Johnnie and Beatrice Hamil, Auda and Cleo Thomas, Essie Williams, Martha Waddell, Virgie Haile, Faery Norris, Gaynel and Frances Hancock, Dorrel Fuller, Lola McClure, Lil Henderson, Isabel Howe, and many others.

I was working in the Bank while Carrie was in school, and on my summer vacation, I visited her and met her mother and her brother, Dan. Her mother was known to all her friends as "Ma". Carrie was born in Chicago, October 5, 1889, to Charles Daniel and Helen Pister Samphier. When she was about a year old, her father died, and Ma married a Hill, so Carrie took the name of Hill. Her brother, Dan, still goes by the name of Samphier, and he lives in Illinois. Ma moved to St. Louis after her second husband died, and while Carrie was still quite young. In 1905, she bought a hotel in Oklahoma City and moved there with the son and daughter. She took Carrie to Sherman and was told about Mary Connor, so came and entered Mary Connor.

Carrie was not the first girl I had at Mary Connor—or thought I had. Before she came into my love life, I gave Isabel Howe a good courting. Isabel was a fine girl, and her parents lived in Hugo, where her father was a judge. I visited in their home often and mistook their natural hospitality for a burning desire to get me into the family. Little did I dream that their treatment of me was just good manners, and that they had no thought of my ever helping with the laundry and the dishes and sitting in that big leather chair in my pajamas. They were very aristocratic and fine people, but they had some ideas about Isabel and me that I hadn't considered. My sparking of Isabel consisted in the main of talking about the classics and deep stuff that was really over my head. I thought of course I was going to marry her, so among other presents I sent her, were a book case and a set of Shakespeare. I figured we might just sit around one of Judge Howe's warm fires and read MacBeth, and that sort of stuff, to each other. Woe was me when I found out that my plans did not coincide with any of the Howes', and that I was definitely out. Isabel was nice about it though. She didn't just come out and tell me to get the heck out of there and stay out, but she just eased me out. She married Judge Stanley of Hugo, a fine man, and he and Isabel were devoted to each other.

Among the teachers at Mary Connor were: Miss Waddell, Miss Meek, Miss Annie V. Roberts, Prof. Townes R. Leigh, Mrs. Helen Holley and Mary Bell Campbell. Then there was Prof. Kinsey, who tried for years to make a fiddler out of me and failed. I spent many hours and much doe on the second floor of Mary Connor trying to master the fiddle and at the end of my efforts, my ren-

dition of "Hearts and Flowers" was just about on a par with the air as played by Jack Benny on the Jello show.

That old Mallory fiddle was really a relic, and on the body of it, where it had been held for tuning and on the finger board where the fingers had operated the thing was worn out. Uncle Jim gave it to me, if I would have it fixed up, so I took it to Mr. Henry Mayer and he did the job. There is no telling how old that fiddle is—it is all of 125 years old.

After I had taken lessons for awhile, I talked to Mr. Ewer, who operated a hat renovating place on North Main Street, and he told me he was an old orchestra leader. I proposed that we organize an orchestra, which we did. In it were Frean Grimes, on the trombone, Johnnie Grimes, on the drums, Frean's father, on the baritone, Katie Grimes at the piano, Bert Hildebrand, on the trumpet (cornet in those days), while Georgie Brosius and I were the fiddlers. We practiced at Mr. Ewer's home on South Wall Street for weeks, and finally got an engagement for Warlick Park dances. After playing there for a few weeks, I "smelled a mouse", as Mamma would say, and although I organized the orchestra it came to me gradually that I was in company a little too fast for my fingers, so I gracefully bowed out and let them have it. Later on the orchestra added professionals and played at the opera house regularly for several years. One of the additions was Billie Gorham and his clarinet. Some of the members of the orchestra went on the big circuit orchestras, but the best I could ever do was play "No, Not One" and stuff like that at the Epworth League and Sunday School. Well, I did play at one or two protracted meetings where the mammoth choirs and the inspired congregations drowned out my sour notes.

Speaking of protracted meetings, we had them. We had Sam Jones, George Stewart, a fellow named McElroy and many other big time evangelists. There was a big tabernacle on the Centenary lot where meetings were held each year. Seats were long pieces of 2x10 placed on beer kegs from Puss Erwin's beer house. These meetings may have done some lasting good, but I don't know. I do know that for the duration of one of them, all my family was mighty pious. It didn't last, but I guess one or two weeks out of the year is better than none. Much courting and carrying on came from those meetings.

Preachers don't holler like they used to. In the old days, we had Brothers Black, I. W. Clark, Threadgill, J. Foster Pierce, and others who preached so loud we could hear every word from our porch, half a mile away. Brother Clark always struck me as being mad when he got to hollering, and his face got red. One day, Brother Clark called for folks who wanted to join the church. A lady and her husband went up, and he kept exhorting until a man named Boss went up. Mr. Boss was just an ordinary man with an ordinary brain. Brother Clark shook hands with him and even though he knew Boss already belonged to the church

he went through the ritual with him just like he did the rest of the would-be-members. He knew something was wrong, as did Papa and Captain Lightfoot and Mr. Varner. Finally Brother Clark came to a part in the ritual where he asked the joiners, "Do you accept the Lord, Jesus Christ as your Savior," etc., whereupon Mr. Boss, who was supposed to say, "I do", came back with, "Hell, No." Papa and Mr. Varner arose from their seats, walked quietly up to Boss, took him by the arm and led him out. Not a word was said and so far as anybody in church was concerned it was a closed incident. Mr. Boss had just suddenly become insane.

One night after prayer meeting a now prominent man here in Paris was married by Brother Hill, and when the ceremony was over the groom slyly placed a quarter on the rail for the preacher. Brother Hill's son, Ben, who was just a kid, went up with others to congratulate the couple, and Ben slid the quarter into his pocket. I guess Brother Hill went to his grave thinking that fellow owed him for his services.

The Mallorys have in their time owned all sorts of furniture—antique, modernistic, home-made and what have you, but one piece of furniture, which we shall never forget is the old blunderbus folding bed downstairs in the middle room. It was not a folding bed like anybody ever saw before, but was a real Rube Goldberg. The mirror in the thing weighed as much as an average bed. The bed worked on a turntable and was just about as easy to turn as a locomotive. When not occupied, there was a wardrobe for hanging clothes, and a lot of drawers like a dresser has in it. These drawers were stuffed with embroidery and lace stuff that Mamma had bought at a bargain from the Paris Dry Goods Store 20 years before we got the bed. There is no telling how much the bed weighed, and nobody knows who put it in the house unless it was Mr. Sid Long, because it had to be dismantled when the time came to move it out. All kids have some sort of ambition—some want to be firemen, policemen, engineers, etc., but the ambition of all the Mallory kids was to be able to turn the folding bed around on the track and help let it down for occupancy. When a child was able to turn that bed around, he was considered grown and was promptly handed a milk bucket, a wood saw and a paint brush.

And thinking of paint brushes—the folks had bought the house at the corner of Graham and 14th, where Dr. Will Baldwin of the goatee used to live. Mamma gathered up all the ladders and scaffold lumber in the 3rd ward and sent old Son down there to paint the little red house. Son is the most timid one of the family and painting right out in public didn't appeal to his finer senses anyhow. But Mark Biggers, who lived around the corner was to put the bee on Son. He passed while Son was on the scaffold painting, stopped and watched him for awhile, and then called Son to the ground where he could address him in that good old Mark Biggers way. He told Son how nice looking he was, what good parents he had, all about his advantages, and all that sort

of stuff, then told him off on why he was making a mistake in choosing painting as a profession. Son tried to argue with him that the job was forced upon him by Mamma and that he hated painting with a passion, but Mark wouldn't listen. He kept hammering his idea into Son, and finally the painter threw away his brush, poured out the paint and ran for home bawling. Mark didn't know how much stink he raised in our family by that little joke of his. It took Mamma and Papa a week to get Son back on the job, and you know when Mamma and Papa combined forces, they could do a lot of damage to a boy's hiney in a week.

Epp was born September 23, 1899, and Sarah was born September 21, 1904, so there was 5 years difference in their ages. On September 22, 1907, Mamma staged a party for the two of them—a sort of double birthday party. Kids of all ages came from all over town. This was more or less a coming out party for both Epp and Sarah. The little girls played their games and had a fine time, and nobody paid any attention to the boys. Epp and his guests had gone to the barn loft and spent all the party time shelling corn. When refreshments were served the boys came down out of the loft and bombarded the little girls with shelled corn and chunked them all home. Mamma commended Epp for this little show of gallantry, and when Papa came home that night he really gave him a commendation.

One of the Mallory family was an old black hen, which we got from Grandma Mallory. She spent all her days sitting on eggs and never hatched a chick. Because of the odor of the hen and of the eggs she always sat upon, we called her Buzzard. Now old Buz was wild as a buck, and Mamma had out a standing reward for her capture, dead or alive, but nobody was ever able to get in catching or shooting distance of her. The minute we approached her nest she took off like a quail—fluttering noise and all—and soared over the trees in the graveyard. After a circle or two she settled in a tree just like a hawk. As she flew there were egg shells stuck to her bottom side, and the odor of the combination was something to remember. Mamma told us that the reason she smelled so bad was that she laid rotten eggs. Maybe so. When Mamma couldn't think of anything else for us to do she sent us all out to catch Buzzard. Might as well have sent us out for an eagle.

Another fowl we had was Stubby. This was a small hen with no feet and no legs below the first joint. I don't know how all this happened, but she was in the yard for years and while she was not particularly a pet, we all felt sorry for her and liked her—as a friend, of course. Mamma threatened to kill her several times, but all the kids raised so much cain that she always relented and put off the killing. But one day for dinner we had stewed chicken, and Sallie Tillerson, the cook, confided in me under oath and told me the chicken was old Stubby. Then at the table, Mamma was very solicitous about how everybody liked

the chicken and really gave us a selling job on what a good chicken we were eating. The kids searched for days for Stub.

Everything had to happen to Epp. One year he got out of bed in the middle of night to see the circus unload and as the train pulled into the T&P yards, he fell right in behind it in a dead run, to be sure he didn't miss a thing. The fireman must have been a thoughtful man, because just as the engine passed the station he shook his grates and laid a bed of hot cinders and coals down the middle of the track about 10 inches deep. Into this hot mass, Epp ran with his bare feet and legs and when the circus finally showed he could have qualified as the barbecued man, with the flesh dripping from his legs and feet.

Another year, he carried water to the elephants all morning for a pass, and when the man finally gave him his pass, he directed Epp to a smaller tent, rather than to the main tent. Epp entered this tent, gave up his pass and was told to sit at a long table. Presently a big bowl of stew was set out in front of him, and he found that he had been given a meal ticket rather than a pass to the show. And to add insult to injury his meal ticket was good only at the tent where they fed the negroes and roustabouts, and not the star performers. He went back to the man and demanded a pass to the circus. The man told him he gave circus passes only to those who had really worked hard. Son was in line and ran at the man with doubled fist and told him Epp was his little brother and that he had carried as much water as anybody. The man gave in with the pass—scared of Son, I guess. Son beat Epp unmercifully when they were kids, but when the time came for action, he could be depended upon to go to Epps aid.

Still another circus day came and Epp, as usual got out before day to see them unload. As he stood around the station waiting for the first train, he went in a little cafe at the T&P and looked over their stock of cigars. They had John Ruskin and Stephen Day. Epp mulled the matter over and over in his mind, and finally settled on a Stephen Day, because the Ruskin had a little twist at the end, and besides, the Stephen Day was longer. He put out a nickle and lit up. The cafe got warm, and he went outside for air. Things started twirling around and by crawling, he managed to get to the compress platform where he lay for hours too sick to raise his head. He came to about the middle of the afternoon performance, too late for any good.

We thought for awhile that cigar smoking was the cause of Epp's burning the barn, but it really turned out that he just got his signals crossed. At the water trough in the lot, where the horses and cows drank, water was splashed over the sides and a continual bog hole resulted. One morning Papa told Epp to take the ashes out of the stove and throw them under the trough. Epp was trying all right, but he threw them under the wrong trough. He poured the hot live coals under the cow trough in the

barn, and on a lot of loose hay. It took about 3 hours for the barn to catch, but when it did start it was a nice fire. The back-house adjoined the barn—about ten feet separating them, and as the barn burned, Grandpa ran out, and as he waved his cane he yelled for dear life to the fireman, "Boys, save that privy."

None but the family can appreciate Grandpa's interest in the privy. He had asthma terribly bad and smoked Green Mountain Asthma cure most all time. This was a tobacco looking medicine which came in a can. The lid of the can held about a spoonful of the medicine and was used like an incense burner. Grandpa put a match to the Green Mountain, then held it under his nose and inhaled the smoke, just like you would treat a horse with the heaves. Most of his smoking took place in the out-house, where he spent many happy hours. Grandpa was a fine man and had a good disposition, but now and then he got all crossed and was a little hard to live with for a day or two. We went into this matter and came up with the cause. He was fine and dandy as long as he was in the harness, bolt and screw, buggy, plow and shovel sections of his Sears Roebuck catalogue, a special copy of which was placed next to his hole for his individual use, but as the days passed, and he got into the furniture, dress goods, and hat and cap sections with those slick glossy pages, and the colored pictures, it just seemed to do something to him, and he couldn't control himself. He didn't really want to be bad—it was just that slick paper, and he couldn't help it.

Frank Woodside was a Mallory Standby. He ran a grocery at Mill and Price Streets. As soon as Sarah could walk, she started running off from home, just as Son had done before her, but in her case nobody worried, because we all knew she was headed for Woodside's. Frank had a negro, whom he called Coffee, maybe that was his name. When Sarah barged in on him, Frank gave her some candy, buttoned up her wet drawers and turned her over to Coffee to return her to Mamma. This Coffee was crippled some way and had very little control of his hands and feet and could barely talk. His job with Frank was to deliver groceries and Sarah, and he drove a horse that was in about as bad shape as he. After Sarah got old enough to button herself up, she started working a neat little trick on Mamma and Papa that none of the rest of us ever had the nerve to try. She warmed up to Frank and had him put candy on the bill as sugar or potatoes. She worked this at the Palace too, where John Robert was not averse to charging a bottle of perfume to Papa as Rx. number something or other. I don't believe Mamma and Papa ever caught Sarah at this.

Mamma did break over one day and allow Madge to pick out a pair of shoes and charge them to Papa. Madge went to the Famous and picked her own size and style and as she dragged them up the walk at home she could barely keep them on, they were so big. I don't know whatever became of them, because they

were too big for any of the family including Lindy. When Mamma got on her for getting such an outlandish size, Madge said she had always wanted a comfortable pair of shoes.

Frank Woodside got in bad with Mamma on one deal. Epp walked in on him one day, and Frank told him he could have all of anything he wanted free, if he would eat it in the store. Old Epp started in the sardine section, waded right through the salmon cans, oyster cans, candy and raw turnips, and after Coffee got him home, he stayed in bed a week. Mamma told Frank he should have known better, but Frank contended that it was Epp who should have known better. Sarah went by one Saturday night and pointing to a certain kind of candy, asked Frank how much of it he had. He told her he had a dime's worth. She told him to sack it up and charge it as beans. Frank replied that since the wholesale house was closed, he would not sell her but a nickel's worth, which he would charge as salt—that if he sold her all of it he wouldn't have any of that kind to open up with Monday morning.

Grandpa Bell never walked on the sidewalk. He took the middle of the street and dared anybody to run over him. One day, as he sort of foxtrotted down the grade from Mrs. Ford's house to our's after a session at Mr. Duval's grocery, I noticed that he kept getting faster and faster, and his steps were shorter and shorter. He didn't go down all the way to the walk, but cut across the yard for a short cut. By then he was in a trot. Right in the middle of the yard, he suddenly crossed his legs, stopped and merely said, "Oh, Pshaw."

He had all his teeth to the day he died, although they were worn almost to his gums. And he made good use of those teeth. He was a good hand around a table, but his food was made for men of stamina and stuff. His dishes were tripe, salmon, red pepper, and highly seasoned meats. Chitlings were ambrosia to him. He ate red pepper just like anybody else would eat apples. Grandma often told him he was "gormandizing," whereupon she gave him a nudge and took half his food and ate it herself. And she always sat down to the table and left it with a stock remark—that she didn't eat enough to keep a bird alive.

Madge finished high school in 1906, and that fall she went to Kidd-Key. Emelyn Ford, Bernard O'Brien and Phillip Hawkins, Jr., were born that year. Papa was appointed City Treasurer, which office he held for 22 years, Mildred Campbell graduated at Bookston, and Campbell and Estelle Sansing moved to Courteney, South Dakota. In 1907, The Paris National and the First National Banks merged, and Papa was made a director, which office he held until death, Elizabeth Cannon Thompson was born, and I was operated on at St. Joseph's where I stayed for six months. Aunt Mary Burgher and her daughter, Cousin Maggie Doak, both died in October of that year.

I developed a habit of staying out all night, and this was

not what you might call right down Papa's alley. One night with Bill and Sambo Lattimore, Watt Jennings, Elbert Morgan and some other good men, I took off with one of our citizens, who was at the time one of the leading hack drivers for Brosius Brothers. He was an excellent gentleman, and I counted myself fortunate that I could number him among my friends. He took us all home with him, which was very kind and hospitable. His wife was sick in bed at the time, but he said we would not disturb her, and she agreed, so we just put a quilt on the floor in her room and engaged in the merriest of pastimes, barnyard golf. This gentleman was not a bootlegger—he admitted he was not. But he did keep a few pints in the wardrobe for his friends and for his own use, and while he wouldn't think of selling one, he would accomodate a man by lending him a pint. Rather than go through the process of buying one to pay him back, it was customary to just pay him for it and let him replenish his stock with the money. Even his good wife, from her sick bed assured us that he was not a bootlegger. After the game this night, we all wound up at Wall's Famous Cafe for chili, and I tiptoed in home about 6 a.m., and to bed with most of my clothes on. That was the best bed I ever hit, believe me. I had no sooner got settled than Papa did a little tiptoeing on his own, and in he came with a broom in his hand. He commanded me to arise, dress and mow the lawn. I demurred, of course, but to no avail. He stuck that broom handle under the covers and started poking. Not knowing just where the handle would punch next, anybody but a moron would have kicked right out of there. I finished the mowing just in time to get to the bank for work, where I was a teller. That one proved to be a long day for me. All day I thought of how Papa had mistreated me and decided to do something about it. That night I told him that since I was getting to be a burden to him, I thought I would just move out to the Frisco Hotel. The Frisco Hotel was a big red two-story frame on the lot just west of the Coca Cola plant and catered to the transient trade. Of course there were some nice looking girls who stayed there regularly, but most of the guests were transients. I thought this would bring Papa to his senses and make him sorry for the way he had treated me. Strange to say, it did bring him to his senses, but he wasn't sorry about what he had done. He agreed with me that I was moving, but said I was not going to stop at the Frisco Hotel—that I was going on right out of town and on the first train. The first train out was the Texas Midland at 5 the following morning. I told him I was not going because I had \$75.00 in the bank vault, and then too, I had my job at the Bank. He gave me his check for my \$75.00 and added \$75.00 to it and told me I didn't have a job in the bank, because he had already fired me. What the heck? I caught the Midland next morning—what more could I do I thought he would be sending for me in a week, but he hasn't sent yet. He should have raised a few knots on my

head before bidding me goodbye, but he was too darned good to me, and didn't knock me down.

Bill Campbell had gone to Dallas and worked for Clarence French in the drug store on South Akard. I roomed with Bill at Mrs. Boyd's rooming house on South Ervay, then with Bill Leftwich and his bride on Cadiz, and finally with Mrs. Freeman, who mothered us for a couple of years.

Mamma had a little negro girl, Tillie Darden, washing the upstairs windows and was right with Tillie, showing her how windows should be washed. Where Mamma went, there also went Sarah. The three of them looked across the street in time to see Bob Long, a neighbor, shoot Prof. Jackoway, who lived across the street from us. They saw the whole thing and watched them haul Jacoway's body away after he was dead. Naturally Mamma and Sarah told every white person in town about it, and Tillie covered the bottoms pretty well with her side of the story, so when the time came for the trial, Papa told Sarah and Mamma they might as well get ready—that they would be called as witnesses. Mamma didn't answer the phone for days, for fear the sheriff would be calling her to court. Of course, Sarah was little and didn't care.

I was not the only member of the family to witness hangings. One day Hattie and Son were sent to town to buy thread for Mamma, and on their way home, they witnessed a hanging. It made Hattie so sick in her stomach that she couldn't eat for a day or so. And speaking of thread. I asked for so many samples for Mamma at the dry goods stores that they didn't wait for me to state my wants—when I entered the dry goods stores, the clerks all started laughing and asked me what kind of samples I wanted.

Halloween night of 1909, Epp, the Ford boys, Asa Burroughs, Frank Fuller and others went up and down the street playing all the havoc they could. Among other things, they overturned an out-house in Mr. John Beckley's back yard. Next morning, Mr. Beckley was out in the street with a shotgun, looking for Epp. Papa saw the old man and went out and asked him what he was after. Mr. Beckley told him if Epp would tell him who turned over the house he would let Epp off lightly. Papa told him to go home and put up that gun, and that if Epp told him anything he would tan old Epp's hide. Epp jumped from one jam to another.

While attending Kidd Key College, Madge met a lot of girls from over the state, and when she came home, had a big house-party. Among the girls were Cleo Hall, Mary Agness Wahrenberger, Anna Griffith, Josephine Rose, Robbie Rike and a lot others. In 1907, Madge attended a houseparty in Conroe and met Morrison E. Griffith, who had graduated from Princeton in 1905, and was then associated with his father in the banking and saw mill business in Conroe. Madge and Morrison were married in our home, April 28, 1909, and here is just a brief of what the Paris Daily Advo-

cate had to say about it. There were five columns, so it would be not practical to try to quote the whole writeup in this book.

A marriage of much interest was that of Miss Madge Mallory, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Mallory, to Mr. Morrison Elmo Griffith, which took place Wednesday Evening at 7:30 at the family residence, 600 Graham Street, in the presence of relatives and friends. The spacious home was lavishly and beautifully decorated, etc . . . In the parlor, where the ring ceremony was read by the Rev. G. E. Cameron of Centenary Church, the bridal motif of white and green was artistically employed . . . Miss Emma Lloyd Campbell, playing the opening measure of Mendelssohns Wedding March, announced the approach of the wedding party and 12 young and pretty maidens, Misses Anna Griffith, Nolia Miller, Mary Agnes Wahrenberger, Josephine Rose, Meta Hawkins, Lucy Eskridge, Mary Bell Campbell, Robbye Rike, Helen Crosson, Bonnie Saunders, Lillie Fall and Mary House, daintily gowned, etc—carrying huge bouquets of American Beauty Roses connected by ropes of hothouse smilax . . . (this goes on for a column). Bridesmaid Miss Mildred Campbell, the little ring-bearer, Miss Sarah Mallory, then the bride accompanied by the Maid-of-Honor, Miss Hattie Bell Mallory . . . Bridegroom and his best man, Mr. Sturgis Womack of Taylor preceded by Mister James Robert Mallory (Law me!) entered the dining room under center chandelier which was wreathed in . . . During the ceremony the bridesmaids stood in a semi-circle around the bridal party as "Hearts and Flowers" was softly played by Miss Campbell. The little ring-bearer, Miss Sarah Mallory was garbed in a frock of white Paris muslin with trimmings of Valenciennes insertion and edge, and she carried the ring in the heart of a calla lily. Little Misses Marjorie Bell and Genevieve Campbell opened the doors, etc.,"

The paper goes on to list three columns of guests most of them from out of town. I guess this was about the biggest wedding of the Mallory history which wasn't saying too much, because Son, Epp, Sarah and I all went the short route.

The most elaborate gifts came in for days before the wedding, and among other things was a pair of big brass jardinieres. Old Aunt Lindy was in the back room looking at the gifts and said something smutty about one of the guests from Conroe, and I told her to watch her step—that they were pretty tough down in that country. She said, "My God, they must be tough—using brass chambers."

Mamma was heading up the Missionary Society; and of course the Society was bending over backwards for the Chinamen. Mamma was pretty strong for feeding those folks and making Christians out of them, but she also thought that a Chinaman should work. I never think of a Chinaman that I don't picture him bent down to the ground under a heavy weight of some sort on his back, but Mamma gave him an easier job this time. She ordered Madge's trousseau from China. All Madge's wedding clothes came from

there, and I'll have to say they were mighty fine and pretty. Mine came from Stein's in Dallas . . . \$15, with two pairs of pants.

The night of the wedding, Miss Fannie Rountree, who has always been considered one of the family, and who is one grand woman, by much persuasion and some refreshments got me into a full dress suit—frock tail and all. I didn't like the idea one bit, but after I got into it I liked it so well, that I wore it back to Dallas on the train next morning and right on to work. Mr. Nathan Adams wouldn't let me wear it into the bank—I guess, because I had on a checked cap and tan shoes with it. I had borrowed the suit from Sarge Braden—his wedding suit, which he said he would never wear again—and I sent it back to him with thanks and have never had on one since that night and part of the day.

After the wedding, Madge and Morrison went east for a trip then to Conroe, where they lived for some time.

My wedding was not quite as elaborate as Madge's, although it has had a lasting effect upon me. Carrie came down from St. Louis in January, 1910, to visit the Abernathys in Chickasha, Oklahoma. I was working in a bank in Dallas at the time and went up to spend the week-end with her. I told her goodnight and goodbye Sunday night and was catching the 5 a.m. Rock Island back to Dallas. I had intended to go to England on a cattle boat for Colonel Slaughter with Epps Fields of Dallas, a wonderful character, but when the porter at the hotel woke me Monday morning, I dressed and ate breakfast. It occurred to me then that I might as well get married if it was O.K. with Carrie, but I had to know pretty quick as that Rock Island wasn't too far away from Chickasha. I called on the phone and good old Prof. Hosea Abernathy answered the phone. When I told him I wanted to talk to Carrie he said, "Same old Bob. Do you know what time it is?" I replied that I did and that it was right around five o'clock. I had to do a lot of explaining before he would consent to call Carrie to the phone. I asked her howse about and she answered in the affirmative. In an hour the search was on for the County Judge or clerk or whatever it took. When the courthouse opened we went to the clerk and he asked us a lot of embarrassing questions, then told us he could not issue the license as he didn't believe I was 21 years old. Finally he admitted that he didn't issue the licenses, but that the County Judge did. We found him holding court and the court room jammed with people. He stood us up before all those people and offered to marry us free if we would be married by him before the whole court. We got the license from him and went on the run looking for a preacher. Finally we found the Baptist preacher named Mr. A. J. Holt. The ceremony was a short affair, and the witnesses were Willie Tucker, the preacher's wife and the negro sexton at the church. I was smoking a cigar when we went into the church, and I laid it down on the steps. When we came out my cigar was burning still. That's how elaborate and

long-drawn-out the ceremony was, but I paid him \$4.00 just the same as if it had taken him an hour.

In this wedding, the bride wore a checked suit and a hat with a big white plume in it, while the groom was nattily attired in a derby hat and accessories. The date was 10 a.m., January 24, 1910. Here is what the Chickasha paper had to say about the wedding.

TEXAN WINS FAIR BRIDE IMPATIENT CUPID MAKES HASTE TO EXECUTE HIS DECREE

Mr. Jim Bob Mallory of Dallas, who came to Chickasha yesterday to visit his best girl, suddenly decided he couldn't go home without her, and yielding to his pleading, Miss Carrie Hill of St. Louis became his bride this A.M.

Miss Hill had been spending several days in this city as the guest of Miss Willie Tucker in the home of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Abernathy, having been a student under the Professor at Paris, Texas.

It was in Paris, that she met Mr. Mallory, the son of a wealthy banker, and there the courtship which was happily concluded here this a.m. commenced.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. A. J. Holt at the Baptist Church parsonage, and the happy couple were given a heavy rice shower by the I. I. & C. students on their return to Prof. Abernathy's home.

Mr. and Mrs. Mallory left this afternoon for Dallas where they will make their home. Mr. Mallory is employed in a bank there. (Unquote).

So, my friends you see it pays to live right. The paper didn't say anything about me borrowing train fare from the bride herself. When we returned to Dallas, the boys in the bank received us with open arms and gave us a long roll of paper all wrapped up, and when we got it unrolled, it proved to be gold coins, for which we were deeply grateful. At that time, the Southland was the big hotel in Dallas, and it was here that we went for our honeymoon, after having spent two or three days in Ft. Worth with Cousin Joe Burgher and Cousin Dove. Mr. Holman was manager of the Southland and was a good friend of mine.

When I went up to register Carrie would not go along to the desk, but sat in the lobby under some palms with some of the boys from the bank. When I proudly registered "Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mallory", Holman jerked the register away from me and said, "Bobby, I'm sorry, but the police are getting pretty strict, but maybe you can get a room over at the Shanghai Cafe." It took the whole bank force to convince him that I was on the level. What was the matter with the guy, anyhow? I don't know whether it pays to live right or not.

We got our room all right—the bridal suite, and it was on the hotel.

Bill Campbell was working at Rogers Drug Store No. 1 at Elm and Lamar, and was rooming at Mrs. Boyd's on South Ervay. Carrie and I got a room at Cleve Holbrook's away out on McKinney, and Bill went there with us. Holbrook owned what later became "Hunt's Grocery" in Dallas, and so we didn't want for good food at the Holbrook place. Mrs. Holbrook was a Matheny and formerly lived in Paris where her father was a switchman in the Frisco yards. Mrs. Matheny could speak her piece without a sign of a script, and often did.

I guess we were doing all right in those days. I had a good job as head bookkeeper in the Commonwealth Bank for which I was paid \$85.00 a month—the average bank pay, but it seems to me that we got along all right.

Uncle Jim Mallory died of pneumonia at the home place, January 4, 1910, and was buried in the family plot. May 2 of the same year, the Campbells moved to Paris from Brookston and established the Palace Drug Store; Will Lightfoot was graduated from Austin High School; Cousin Jane Hill Burgher died in Petty; Elyse Ford died in Pueblo; Uncle Bob and Aunt Olive moved to Oklahoma City; Jessie Fisher was born to Will and Bird; Joe Reed and Jessie Leverett were married; Uncle Pleas New died at Forest Hill; and Robert Buchanan started to public schools in Stamps, Arkansas—quite a year!

Hattie Bell finished High School in 1910 and was second best in her class. She was trying to court Wortham Collins, Martin MacAllister, and several others at the same time, and at a house party given by Martha Harris at Clarksville, she got all her social stuff in a jam. Then she fell hard for Pat Henry of Hugo, but that didn't last long. Hattie didn't go away to school that year, because Papa had a hip trouble which kept him in bed for several months. Dr. McCuistion hung a heavy weight by a pulley from his leg to the foot of the bed and down. As I remember this, Papa endured this spell wonderfully well. Hattie had a sudden and violent spell with her stomach, and Dr. McCuistion came running. He ran upstairs to Hattie's room and called for Carrie to bring some hot water to use in the stomach pump. Carrie was gone for some time and Dr. became impatient, but Carrie finally made it. She, all by herself, came running in with a WASH TUB FULL of hot water. Dr. McCuistion never got over that one. The pump held almost a pint of water.

In 1912, Hattie went to Hollins. She got so homesick Christmas, she had to go to the hospital but made it through the year. She received an honorable mention report of some kind and was asked to stay the next year and work on the school annual, but had to come home so Son could go to college.

In 1913, she went with Mary Thornhill to visit Wortham Collins and Rufus Scott at Exeter. Then she and Mary went on to Boston, Washington, Niagara, etc., and visited Ollie Wood Leake in N. Y.

In 1914, she spent the summer in Colorado with Uncle Bob and Aunt Olive, and that is where they tried to arrest Uncle Bob for fishing in a city park but with no luck. Uncle Bob took them all to dinner at the Broadmoor, and when he entered he announced to the heads of the club that he was Colonel Bell, about whom somebody had written them. They were overjoyed at seeing him and his brood and treated the whole gang royally.

Carrie and I lived in Dallas, and we had a letter from Sarah around Christmas time, which read in part, "I am shopping for Christmas. Have just about percited to give Mamma a calentar. Oh, Oh, the lights like to uv went out."

In 1911, Epp was 12 years old and was the handy man around the place. All the Mallorys had to take a turn at something in the way of work from the day they could walk, then when they reached the ripe age of 10 or 12, they were seasoned hands. I barely remember the day when Papa turned the milking job over to me. He wore an apron sort of Mother Hubbard when he did the milking, and one morning he donned his apron and motioned me to follow him. As we passed through the dining room he grabbed my high chair and away we went, high chair, bucket and all. I could not reach the cow's teats, so he sat me in my high chair, threw his apron over the fence and told me I was to be the milker from here on. That was the beginning of one of the most brilliant, long loved and dishonest milking careers on record. For the benefit of those who have yet to don the milking toga, I want to drop some advice here. Never water the milk from the first, because when you pour warm milk into a bucket half full of water it kills the foam and is a dead give-away. Always milk until time for whatever else you are going to do, then pour the water into the milk in a small stream. The foam is not disturbed, and your secret never leaks. For a four gallon cow I recommend at each milking 7 quarts of milk at a milking and one quart of water. Of course, in the hottest summer and the coldest winter this formula can be adjusted to meet weather conditions, tail switching and pressing matters which need attention. I have gone as high as $5\frac{1}{2}$ quarts of milk to $2\frac{1}{2}$ of water, but I wouldn't do this day after day if you are attached to the cow, because I have had cows sold just about the time I became attached to them, all because they didn't give rich milk. I have been told to double the proportion of meal to hulls and have carried out all sorts of instructions for enrichment of the milk. Whatever you do, when the weak milk is called to your attention don't weaken and start bringing in straight milk. That is an admission of a weak character. Looks like everything is getting weak don't it.

January 8, 1911, Grandma and Grandpa Bell had their 50th wedding anniversary and what an affair. Uncle Bob and all the Bells and Campbells and Mallorys and many others took part. Grandma was at her switching best all during the day. When Grandma started across the room she always paced rather than

walk, and as she paced she patted her skirt from side to side. When she had paced and patted for the greater part of the day, she switched just once too often and down she went on the hardwood floor. She never really recovered from that fall. We had singing by the choir consisting of Uncle Bob, Cousin Joe Burgher Papa and Mamma, Aunt Hattie, and all the kids. The only song I remember was "Just a Song at 'Twilight" which was the favorite. Uncle Bob liked this song best of all, although as he sang he blubbered right out. He never took a drink in his life I guess, but be it said for him he was the most sentimental man I ever saw. He could cry easier, better and longer without a drink than anybody.

For the occasion, Grandma wrote a poem, which was handed out with a picture of her and Grandpa.

"Just fifty years ago did you say?

And this is our Golden Wedding Day.

Hand-in-Hand we've grown old together,

We have breasted the storms and all kinds of weather.

But our love for each other has never grown cold,

Though Silver Threads take the place of the Gold."

(Composed by Grandma Bell in her 81st year)

Inez Davis was born in Sweetwater, Texas, April 7, 1911, to J. W. and Hattie Alzada Southern Davis. In that same year, Nadine was born to Tom and Mallie Ford, and Papa was elected a director of Greiner-Kelly Drug Company, serving until 1925, when the firm merged with Southwestern Drug Company. In this year, Papa bought the famous old Hudson 33, a car which was as much of the Mallory family as old Buck, the horse.

Carrie and I lived in Deport in 1911, and Sarah came down for a visit with us and got herself full of chiggers. At bedtime, Carrie got into a silk nightgown and stood Sarah up before the stove to bathe her in salty butter to kill the chiggers. Just as Carrie sat down on the floor she jumped higher than I thought she could ever get into the air, and screamed bloody murder. She told me she had sat on a needle and for me to pull it out. I gave her a thorough examination, embarrassing to me as it was and could not find a needle, but within seconds, one cheek swelled to enormous proportions, and we found that she had sat on a scorpion.

She had designated that as "kill chiggers" week and next morning she got out a box of baby chicks we had bought, and following instructions from somebody she covered them thoroughly with lard to kill the chiggers and lice. This was fine until the warm sun came out about noon, and she turned them out to get the ultra violet rays. Instead, they got the squats. When the lard melted, they squatted, gasped and turned their little toes skyward, all of them as dead as door knobs.

That Deport project was typical of me. I bought a grocery store from Capt. Gunn and operated it until I had given away

what stock he had sold me and all I could buy from the wholesalers on credit. I must have lasted all of 6 months. Then I went to Dallas as paying teller in the Guaranty State Bank, where I did almost as well as at Deport.

Madge and Morrison were living in Conroe in 1911, and in March of that year, Madge sent out the SOS to Mamma, who took Sarah with her and tore out for Conroe. Their first child was born March 11, and was named Mallory. Sarah spent the night with Lady Hooper the night Mallory was born. I always thought Mallory was the prettiest and cutest little child I ever saw. When she was very small, she spent a day with Carrie and me, and at dinner she used her napkin. I told her she should not use the napkin but rather she should use the corner of the table cloth and gave her a demonstration. It took Madge a year to unconvince her.

Mary Bell Campbell and James Blackston Strong were married December 21, 1911, by Rev. J. L. Morris, who was James Strong's uncle. James Strong was born in Antioch, Troupe County, Georgia, and came to Paris some time before his marriage as representative of Eagle Lye Company.

In the wedding were: John Robert and Bill Campbell, Mildred (maid of Honor) Campbell, Emma Lloyd and Genevieve, and Carrie Mallory, Matron of Honor. "Little girls", forming a chain, were Elizabeth Atkinson, Sarah Mallory, Harriett Poole, Christine Campbell, Alleen House, Dorothy Fleniken, Emelyn Day.

The Boy Scouts were not in existence when Son and I grew up, but Epp got in on them. He was in Ralph DeShong's troop, and in 1913 the troop started for Kosoma, Oklahoma for an encampment. We had an old surrey at home, and the boys attached some poles to the tongue of the surrey, loaded it down with camping equipment, and all the groceries in all the kitchens on Graham Street and started out. The troop slept in the seedhouse at Arthur City their first night out, then the next night at Roebuck Lake and Antlers the next, and on to Kosoma. Just before reaching Kosoma the surrey broke down, and they caught a freight. There were no good roads, then, and the surrey had to be pulled up the railroad right-of-way. How they ever got it as far as Antlers is another question.

He kept a record of his daily good deeds as a Boy Scout, and this record was worth the money. I don't know whatever became of it, but remember one item: "Picked up bananas for old lady, sack busted, gave me one, I wouldn't take it." And speaking of bananas, I used to swipe money from Mamma and buy bananas from Tony Bassi. In those days you got a dozen over-ripe ones for a dime. I knew better than to try to slip in home with them so always sat on the curb at Mrs. Gooding's corner and ate them all before going home. By the time I got home I was pooching out like Puss Erwin.

James and Earl Ford were two of Epp's pals. They lived a block up the street and never missed a day or night. They played around the yard all day with Epp and Asa Burroughs and Bill Osborne, and then at night they came down for the pitcher of milk, which Mrs. Ford bought from us each day. We didn't have milk bottles in those days. After they had gotten their pitcher, they sat on the floor and leaned against the front door, dreading the block long trip home. At intervals, James swigged a little of the milk, and finally he always dropped off to sleep. After Papa had enough he would wake the boys and send them on their way with a half-pitcher of milk.

Grandma Bell spent a day with Carrie and me about this time. I had been out hunting with Gordon Hickey and Watt Jennings, and anyone who knew those two boys and me can guess how much game we killed—we killed everything but game. But I did manage to shoot a mud hen. I brought it home and told Carrie it was a duck, so she asked Grandma to eat duck dinner with us. She put that mud hen on early one morning, and by noon it was several degrees harder and tougher than when I shot it. I never heard of anybody eating a mud hen unless it was Epp, and if you have ever tried to cook one, you can imagine what Carrie was up against. Being young and full of hope, she thought the whole thing was due to her cooking, and the mud hen went to where all mud hens should go—to the ash can. Grandma was against snuff dipping and all that sort of business, but when she thought she was safe from view, she liked to grab a pinch of smoking tobacco.

I had a big jar of blended tobacco with perique in it. While Carrie was working on the mud hen, Grandma took a big pinch of my tobacco and when the perique started burning her, she thought she was poisoned for sure and had to tell off on herself.

Papa was elected Vice-President of the First National Bank of Paris, in January 1912, and was made Chairman of the Board of Trustees of First Methodist Church in Paris. He held both these offices until his death in 1943. Ruthie Bell was born May 12, and Cousin Bob Howeth died in the same year.

August 31, 1912, Uncle Allen Mallory was found dead at the farm, he having taken his own life. Grandma and Uncle Jim were dead, and he realized that in his physical condition he was destined to be a care and dependent for the rest of his days.

Uncle Young Burgher died in Honey Grove, January 6, 1913, and Aunt Hattie Bell Poole died in Guthrie, Oklahoma, May 15th. Cousin Wess Howeth died in Gainesville, August 12, and Mary Stewart Burgher and Joe Dudley Fisher were born in Dallas.

Son finished P.H.S. in 1913, and in September that year went to Polytechnic. His classmates in Paris High School were: Frank Fuller, Harry McCuistion, Bryan Revelle, Ed Brady, John Le Clercq, John House, Roland Billingsley, Herbert Eubank, and others. At Polytechnic they were Burrell Gregg of Decatur, Earl Hamilton of

Paris, Raymond Jacques of Dalhart, and Roy Townsend of Gorman. He took an Academic Course. In September 1914, he went to Georgetown where he was a member of Texas Gamma Chapter, Phi Delta Theta, National Fraternity, and his buddies there were Nick Carter, Raymond Jacques, Clovis Bounds, Red Maxwell, Sam Hay and Henry Bass.

He entered SMU in 1915, and when Epp finished High School he was sent down to be with Son. More than likely Son requested that he be sent down, because Epp always had a soothing influence upon Son. They got along like brothers of about the same age get along. In 1915, the boys at SMU learned that when Son slept, his toes twitched, so they nicknamed him "Twitch". When Epp went down they all agreed that for every Twitch, there should be a Twat, so Epp became "Twat Mallory." George Sexton and Epp collaborated on a song, which became the SMU song, "Perune". There is no record of Epp's other achievements at SMU, because after helping with the song, he met a girl who owned a Packard, and he and the girl and her mother drove down to Galveston for an extended stay, on the mother's money. All us Mallorys were students like that. Son called Papa about Epp's scholastic record, and Papa put the referendum and recall to Epp and sent him to V.M.I. where there were no girls nor Packards. But that's another story.

Son was manager of the SMU football team in 1916, the strongest team of SMU's many good and bad teams. The 1916 team managed by Son lost all games and won none.

I organized a Sunday School class composed of boys, who spent most of their time on the streets. None of them had any home training, and they were a motley crew. I took them on picnics, and swimming on Sunday afternoons and threw off a lot of time with them. They were smart as could be but tough as they come. They were always getting mixed up with the law, and I spent half my time arguing the Judge, Tom Beauchamp out of sending them up. One Sunday, I had Mrs. J. W. Wood talk to them and among other things, she told them that little boys who went swimming on Sunday would never get to Heaven. Vernon Perry, one of the prize pupils immediately arose with a threatening gesture and yelled at the class, "What the Hell is she talking about?" They were rugged. Finally the pen got most of them and the class broke up. However, with all the kidding I took about them, I feel like some good came of it all when I consider that about 8 or 10 of them learned trades and are good citizens today. And they greet me as a friend, so that's something. Mrs. Helen Holley talked to them once, and "David" was up for consideration and study. Jess Willard had just become boxing champion. Mrs. Holley asked the boys who it was that never took a drink, dipped, chewed, smoked, gambled, and all that stuff and became the greatest man of his age. With one voice my class yelled, "Jess Willard."

Aunt Mollie Campbell died June 12, 1914, and September 3 of that year, Bill Campbell married Dorothy Rountree, daughter of Mr. Jim and Miss Paralee (Paree) Gibbons Rountree. And on November 3, Emma Lloyd Campbell was married to Charles Elliott. Mr. Hugh Ewing died October 2, and during the year, Bill Lightfoot got his B.S. Degree at Texas University and enrolled in Harvard Grad. School in Architecture. I was paying teller in the Guaranty State Bank of Dallas, and Buck enrolled at Castle Heights. Elizabeth Scott (Hawkins) was born August 27th.

Madge and Morrison moved from Conroe to Paris in 1915 and Morrison bought an interest in a clothing store, which he operated for some years with Walter Thompson. They lived at the Belford for awhile, then bought a place on Lamar Avenue, where they lived until they moved to Tulsa in 1924.

Genevieve Campbell and Helen Hutchison finished P.H.S. in 1915, and that fall, Helen went to SMU (Zeta Tau Alpha). Ann Griffith was born September 26, and James Campbell Strong was born October 14th. Bill Lightfoot finished his Post Grad. work at Harvard. Genevieve went to Sullins College, and Mary Rachel Elenrode (Strong) was born September 29th.

March 21, 1916, I was in Mayer's Music House on North Main Street buying a phonograph record, when the fire bell rang. I went to the front door to see what goes on, and Peery Hancock passed in a Model T and told me to get in and go to the fire with him. It was shortly after 5 in the afternoon, and I told him I had to get into Burton Peel's before they closed and buy Carrie a pair of white silk stockings—which women wore then. But I couldn't miss a fire. So we went to what we figured was a run-of-the-mill fire. It was a house on South Mill Street right at the T&P tracks. By the time we got there, the fire had spread all over the block, and became what is known as The Big Fire of 1916. Helpful and useful soul that I am, I went to work on that fire. I got on Henry Breneman's house with a hose but couldn't stay on the roof and hold the hose at the same time, so just came down and started carrying out furniture. I ran into Mr. Theo. Revelle's house and up the stairs. Of course, a man with my ambition wouldn't want to save anything from downstairs — not spectacular enough. Mr. Revelle was manager and a big stockholder of Rogers Wade Furniture Company. I ran down those steps with what I considered the most valuable thing he had—a section of book case full of old history books. Of all things to save. I got to the yard with them and started back for another load, but had sprained my back and couldn't lift my foot to the steps. Crippling myself to save a section of a book case for a man who sold the darned things. I might add that the book case burned in the yard as well as if it had been in the house. My back didn't keep me from witnessing the fire though, and I stayed with it until it had quit spreading, which was about 3 the next morning. I saw lots of funny things that night—folks are crazy—but am sure I did the

craziest. When I got home, I found Carrie all wrought up, and she had worked herself down burying silver and all that sort of stuff. It had never occurred to me that our house might burn.

A short time after the fire started, I came to the square and went in Murphy's Drug Store and told Dee Williams it looked like the town was doomed. He was unaware of it, and when he opened the back door to take a look, a 2x4 blazing, blew in the door. Mr. Dee told me he was leaving and told me to grab anything in the store I wanted—that it would burn anyhow. I guess they had a fortune in perfumes, etc., but I grabbed a carton of Camels—smart lad. He asked me to help him carry out the cash register. It was one of the kind that weighs about a thousand pounds. With all the sense I had left in me I suggested that he just take the money out of the register and let the machine burn. As I left his store and looked across the square where blazing timbers and sparks were falling, I spied Madge hot-footing it across with a baby buggy. I ran to her and she had the baby buggy full of silver. She and Morrison lived at the Belford Apartments, and by this time the Belford was in the big middle of the fire. I asked Madge where the baby was—Ann was the baby then, having been born September 26, 1915. Madge removed a coffee pot, some dishes, knives, forks, etc., and there under all that pile of silver was Ann. That was quite a fire all right, and the day after the fire, there was not a drug store, postoffice, hardware, court house nor anything else in the way of business houses except Pete Humphries Grocery, Rodgers Wade and a few others. As I overheard a negro say, "Hit started at the show grounds and burned to the fair grounds." As it turned out, the fire was a life saver for Paris, because the insurance companies paid off pronto, and everybody got new homes and new furnishings. All merchants got new stocks and sold them readily.

Grandma Bell died January 5, 1916. Carrie and Uncle Bob were in the room with her when she passed away. Will Lighfoot came to Paris March 24th, after the fire, and opened an office with Thomas Broad and some other architects, whose names are too long to include in this book at about 5 dollars and a half a page. Guy Cornett finished A&M, and Charles Lloyd Elliott was born June 26th. Thomas Ford, Jr., was born in Lewiston, Idaho, July 21, and Jack Hawkins was born October 25th. F. D. Mallory, Jr., finisher PHS and enrolled in SMU. His wonderful record at SMU is recorded in a preceeding page.

One summer, while Epp was home from VMI on vacation, Mamma bought him a suit without even asking him his size. It was a pinch back, and the sleeves came just below his elbows, and the pants just below the knees. He couldn't have buttoned the coat if he had lost 50 pounds. Do you think Epp cared? Not old Epp. He was the favorite of all the girls that summer—well, I'll not say all of them, but one or two.

When Epp returned to VMI he wrote me a letter which should

go down in history as the greatest achievement of all Mallorys of all time. He wrote that he was bound to get into the army some time, and that when he did, he would be an officer—that when he landed in a plane to inspect troops etc., those in charge might question his standing with the U. S. Army. To forestall any doubt in their minds, he had bought a VMI ring for 30 bucks and was drawing on me for the money. He said that ring would amount to currency in any country in the world—that VMI was current money. He said with the ring on him, he could borrow money, cash checks, get credit, buy property, send collect messages and curl his hair. There was a man who believed in his Alma Mater. He got the ring and still has it, but I don't think it ever cashed any checks or bought him any property.

Epp. graduated from VMI, June 18, 1920 and was an honor student. He was chosen by Westinghouse as an outstanding electrical engineering graduate, and they took him over for a year of training in their plants, with the understanding that at the end of the year he might stay with them if he so wished. He wished not and came home to Texas. When he found that the companies here didn't think as much of his diploma as Westinghouse did, he went to work as a "grunt" for the Dallas Power and Light Company, working up to a big and responsible position with them.

During the first war, a flu epidemic hit the country and in those days flu was flu, believe me. Carrie and I lived down the street from Mamma but were called in as doctors, nurses, cooks, etc., when everybody in the house got down with flu. Morrison and Madge lived across town, and they were stricken at the same time—he with flu, and she with rash. The only sensible thing they could do was come to Mamma's where the invalids could all be mobilized.

Carrie went out after them one morning, and then came home, and for some reason had to call a conveyance. I guess she could not leave the amateur hospital there at home. All cars were busy, and the few taxicabs which we called jitneys were all tied up, most of the owners being down with flu. Our only chance was to call Mr. Aaron Greiner, who still had an old team of horses and his carriage in the barn. Mr. Aaron went out after them and made plenty of haste for him, he being more of a funeral hack driver than the joy riding variety. This was an emergency with Morrison's temperature running around 105, and Madge's rash running around all over her. Madge couldn't stand still, and Morrison couldn't move—what a combination. The Greiner cab was of the old style with two seats facing each other and no top. This left the passengers open to the public gaze, which in this case was lots of gaze. Morrison had wrapped quilts around his pajamas and a coat around his head. Madge wore an old bathrobe and what appeared to be a pillow around her head. Then after they were seated in the cab, quilts were thrown over both of them. Madge red as a beet, and Morrison pale as death and both of them limp-

ing—why do folks all limp when they are sick? One leg is no sicker than the other, yet they always limp like one leg is going out first. A bed was found for them, and they were accepted as true patients along with every other Mallory and Bell except Carrie and me and Mamma. I don't know why we didn't have it.

The first World War started April 7, 1917. Son enlisted May 8, and Will Lightfoot, May 10th. John Robert Campbell and Francesca Stevens were married January 12, 1917, and Mallory Griffith started to school at 4th Ward in Paris to Georgia White. Mary Irene Strong was born September 27th, and Patsy Lenoir Burgher and June Fisher were born in that same year. I went with Mr. Arthur Caddel in August and stayed there until 1926. Hattie Bell and Frances Kirk went to Camp Michigamme as councillors.

In 1917, Bernard O'Brien, who was known as "Fatty" around Roxton, where he was raised, came to live with us, his mother having died some time prior to this. Fatty had been going to the Roxton School, and when he came here at the age of twelve, he entered and finished Paris High School, then went to Virginia Military Institute for a year. Since we had no children of our own, Fatty with his ever-ready laugh meant a lot to us, and although we did not adopt him, he has been as near to us as it would be possible for a foster-son to be. Fatty's mother was Minnie Linch, daughter of Mr. Linch who lived on the Mallory farm for years, and a fine girl indeed. His father was Josh O'Brien, who was raised near the Mallory farm, and was very close to the Mallory family.

During the war, everybody who stayed at home was busy with war work. That war was different from the last one, because soldier trains came through every day. All the girls and women belonged to the canteen service and met all trains with doughnuts, coffee, etc., and showed the boys around. I believe Carrie and Hattie led in activities. Carrie was chairman of the War Stamp Sales for the County during the war and belonged to the Red Cross and canteen service, too. Hattie was very active in the Red Cross and canteen work along with Hutch, Mildred Campbell, Louise Fenet, Frances Kirk, Addie Baldwin and others. She even went so far as to go through all the procedure to go to France in Canteen Service, then took flu just as her passport came, and by the time she got over flu, the Armistice was signed. Sarah had flu at the same time, and Mamma and Hattie both socked her every few minutes, because she demanded so much attention.

Sarah Jane Campbell was born to John Robert and Francesca January 22, 1918, and September 22 of that year, John Thomas Felder Walker was born to Mathew Andrew and Eula Barron Walker at Holloway's Prairie, Louisiana. Campbell Sansing enlisted in the army, and November 18, 1918, he sailed from New York and served in Hospital Center, at Paris, France, and Base Hospital No. 3, attached to the 32nd Division, preparing troops for return to states.

In 1918, Epp got an appointment to a camp at Plattsburg, New York and attended the summer term there. He finished what he had to do and started on his way home. When he got to New York, he spent all his money the first day, and in order to stay longer he registered with the Salvation Army. He was their guest for a week or so, then had the railroad reroute his ticket so he might visit Son at the Officers' Training School at Louisville. How he did this I do not know. When he reached Louisville, he hitchhiked from the train to the camp, where he was told that none but Student Officers were allowed to enter. He stood around and observed how others got in, and noted the insignia, hat cords, etc., and hitched-hiked back to town, where he wrangled all the hat cords, crossed rifles, cross bones and everything it took. He made it back to Camp Taylor decorated with everything but the Distinguished Service Medal. He could not be classed as a student in the strict sense because he knew all there was to know. But he followed a student, saluted the guard and entered.

Son was out on the range when Epp got there. When Son returned that evening to his barracks, he found a crowd around his bunk listening to a lecture on ethics, tactics, rules, etc., and after pressing his way closer to the lecturer, he discovered that this Moses, who was putting out the fine points of winning wars, was no more nor less than Epp. He was telling the students that the National Guard way was all wrong—that he had been up where a general was turned out every minute of the day. If the boys would listen to him, he would have them all wearing bars in a week. Son, always sedate and proper, was paralyzed in his embarrassment at Epp even getting in there, and was knocked cold when he was greeted by Epp as "Rockie." Son brought the lecture to a close and got Epp off to himself. He told Epp that they would both be court martialed if Epp was caught and for him to go at once to Louisville, where Son would meet him later at a certain shine stand. Epp was pretty well hurt at his reception, but the bugle sounded for mess and Son had to go on the run without any time for argument.

When the lines had drawn up in the mess hall, and Son sat down, there across from him was old General Epp, introducing himself as a graduate of Plattsburg to all who were in hollering distance, and telling them of the superior brand of food served at "Dear Old Plattsburg". Son managed to live through the meal, then after the eating, he took Epp's collar in one hand and the seat of his pants in the other, and away they went out of that camp and to town. After thanking Epp for dropping by, Son put him on the train, and he made it home.

I went out on the front porch early one morning in my night shirt—I was still honeymooning then, and wore the conventional utility garment, the night shirt. I took a delight in running out to the curb each morning after the paper and scampering back in that night shirt. I didn't see Epp as I went out, but on the return run

I spied him in the porch swing asleep. I was not too sure of his identity for several reasons. But it was Epp, all right, and here he was a graduate of Plattsburg in just 30 days. When he stood and I saw his neck and ears and his clothes, I knew he was Epp. His shoes had never seen a brush and his leggings sagged and wrinkled until they did not cover his legs. The laces were pieced, and the eyelets torn. His pants were large enough in the waist for Grandpa, and the seat looked like an elephant's seat—baggy and wrinkled like, and hanging low. The sleeves to his shirt were a trifle long, while those of his jacket came barely to his elbows. With his belt tightly drawn but no belt straps, he made an imposing sight. He had a scattering of down on his lip and chin and his hair was about as long as Buffalo Bill's. A comb would have gotten lost in it. My admiration was exceeded only by my surprise, but his soldierly bearing was yet to show at its best when he put on his hat. That hat! No one has ever been able to get a hat in such a shape but a horse-trader friend of mine named Charley Lane. Charley worked 17 years getting his hat like that, and here Old Epp had accomplished in 30 days what it took Charley 17 years to do. We persuaded him to take a bath and let Carrie press his clothes before he went to show up for Mamma. When Mamma saw him, she said he looked fine. Nobody on earth but Mamma could have told him that and kept a straight face. Epp had one thing in his favor—he didn't know but what he was the ideal soldier. General Pershing would have been proud of this particular branch of his army—so thought Epp.

Just in case any question should ever come up regarding Son's War Record, it is given here:

Young Burgher Mallory, Serial No. 1503264
 OTC, Leon Springs, Texas, 5-11-1917—7-7-1917
 Battery F, 133 FA, Sgt., 7-12-17—6-5-18
 OTC, Camp Taylor, Ky., 6-5-18—8-30-18
 Camp Jackson, S. C., 2nd Lieut., 8-30-18—12-23-18
 Discharged 12-23-18
 Battery A, 132 FA (TNG), 1st Lieut. 5-2-22—2-28-28
 Same, Captain, 2-28-28—July 1937

Bill Lightfoot's record for World War I:

William Henry Lightfoot, Serial No.
 OTC, Leon Springs, May 10, 1917—June 1917
 OTC, Leon Springs, Sept. 1917
 2nd Lieut., Artillery, Nov. 1917
 Transferred, Kelly Field, Jan. 1918.
 1st Lieut., Artillery, Mar. 25, 1918
 Discharged Mar. 3, 1919

When Son hooked up with the Battery July 12, 1917, A. L. Ward was Captain, and among others in the Battery were Bill Connor, George Blackburn, Jim Caviness, Herbert Turner, John Gibbons, Jack Ellis, the Choate boys, John Rushing and many others whom Son had known in school.

After the war was over Son, Jim Caviness, George Blackburn, John Gibbons and Sam Heuberger organized Battery A, 132, Field Artillery of the Texas National Guard, and in 1937, Son was forced to give up the Captaincy, because he had moved to Greenville.

Some time in 1919, Carrie put on an announcement party to end all such parties, Lex Buchanan decorated our house with all the decorations Arthur Caddel had and the party was on. After the usual party proceedings, guests were handed little envelopes in which was a hand painted bluebird and a card on one side of which was this poem: "Jolly blue birds singing, Merry Melody-Wedding Bells soon Ringing. For Mildred C. so fair and Robert Alexander will make a Happy Pair.

On the reverse side of the card was this:
Four and twenty bluebirds, baked in a pie,

When the pie was opened the birds began to sing—
They sang that Will Lightfoot

Gave Hattie Bell a Ring

Walter Cannon composed the verse and printed the cards.

Bill Lightfoot had been discharged from the army, March 3, 1919, and he returned to Paris. He and my sister, Hattie Bell arranged to be married shortly after his return, and they were married June 11, 1919, in the side yard at home by Rev. Bob Shuler. Clara Rice Thompson played the piano and Genevieve Campbell sang. In the wedding were Sarah, then 15 years old, Mary Thornhill, Dorothy Provine, Henrietta Lightfoot, Blossom Wooten, Mallory and Ann Griffith, Charles Elliott, Catherine Cater, Gillis Johnson and Wortham Collins. After the wedding, Bill and Hattie went to Hugo, Durant and Denison, then when they returned to Paris, they spent their time with Cousin Lena Ewing and Carrie and me, while their new home was completed. Mallorys have been married in all sorts of places, but Hattie is the only one who was married out in the back yard among the bees and the birds. It was a pretty wedding alright.

Mildred Campbell and Robert G. Alexander, Jr., were married June 18, 1919 at the 1st Baptist Church Paris, by Rev. W. B. Kendall. Uncle Bob and Aunt Olive Bell came down from Oklahoma City as did Mr. and Mrs. Rountree from Little Rock, and Campbell and Estelle Sansing from North Dakota. There was lots to this wedding but I've lost the clipping.

Cousin Dodie (Isadora) Burgher Reed died March 12, 1919, and on May 14, Ballard Young Burgher and Grace Dexter were married in Dallas. Buck graduated from Castle Heights, and Papa was made Chairman of the Building Committee of the Methodist Church. Son was working for the Paris News with Sayers Boyd.

Young B. Mallory and Helen Hutchison were married January 27, 1920, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hutchison. The families of both were present and Bob Shuler performed the ceremony. This wedding, like mine, was a simple affair, and when I wrote Son from Tulsa asking him for details of the wedding, he answer-

ed only one question. After the question "Who was in your wedding?", he answered, "Me, and Hutch and Bob Shuler." A neat bit of society reporting anyhow.

Genevieve Campbell and Guy Cornett were married April 28, 1920, at 8:30 p.m. at the Baptist Church in Paris, by Rev. Bob Shuler. Dorothy Fox and Ruth Dewitt sang and Prof. Shaw played the organ. Ushers were Bill and John Robert Campbell, Young Mallory, Max Chapman, Ike Stephenson and Jack Coleman. Bridesmaids were Thetis Williams, Mrs. Wyatt Baldwin, Helen Mallory, Dorothy Fleniken, Emma Lloyd and Mildren Campbell, while the flower girls or something were Misses Sarah Mallory and Marjorie Bell. Christine Campbell was maid of Honor, and Mary Bell Campbell Strong was Matron of Honor. W. D. Cornett was best man and Dr. Campbell gave the bride away. Little Ann Griffith was ring bearer, Little Jane Spinker flower girl and train bearers were Tiny Mary Strong and Little Francis Campbell. The couple went to South Texas, then back to the Bailey Apartments.

Christine Campbell graduated from Paris High School in 1920, and Ann Griffith started to 4th Ward School to Georgia White. Mildred Strong was born September 25, and Jack Ford and Elizabeth Bowen were married January 13th. Linvin Doty and Harriett Poole were married July 31, and Buck tried out Culver, then Sewanee and finally landed at VMI. Emma Lloyd Campbell received a certificate at Horner Institute of Teaching in Kansas City. Rhea Ritter (Mrs. Jack Hawkins) was born June 7th, Charles Daniel Berry was born to Charles D. and Frances at Cooper, Texas, on December 22nd, and on the 27th of December Sarah Etta Lightfoot was born.

Just for the records, I give below, the Masonic Records of myself, Papa, Son and Epp:

F. D. Mallory, Sr., Roxton Lodge No. 543, Entered June 23, 1888, passed Sept. 15, 1888, Raised Dec. 20, 1889, Demitted 4-3-1895, affiliated with Paris Lodge No. 27, 5-16-1895. A special meeting of Paris Lodge No. 27 was called to honor Papa on his 50th anniversary as a Master Mason, and at the meeting a group photograph was made when he was presented with a medal by the Brethren.

J. R. Mallory, Sr., Paris, No. 27, Entered 2-20-1920, passed 3-19-1920. Raised 4-17-1920. Lafayette Chapter No. 48, Mark Master 5-20-1920, Past Master 5-20-1920, Most Excellent Master 5-21-1920, Royal Arch Exalted (By Uncle John T. Henry, his last degree conferred) 5-25-1920. Lafayette Council No. 34. Greeted as Royal Master and Hailed as Select Master 6-30-1920. Paris Commandery No. 9, Knights Templar, Red Cross 6-25-1920, Knight Templar 6-28-20. Hella Temple (Shrine), August 31, 1920. Scottish Rite, Dallas, November 1920. Worshipful Master Lamar Lodge No. 1191, in 1925.

Young Burgher Mallory II, Paris No. 27, Entered 3-31-1920, passed 4-30-1920, Raised 6-4-20.

F. D. Mallory II, Paris No. 27, Entered 5-10-21, Passed 8-17-21.

Raised 9-16-21.

Papa and Pete Rollison, a negro, were born on the same day and on adjoining farms. One day Pete came to the office and we had just about this conversation: "Mr. Mallory, does you know me?" I did know Pete and admitted it. "Well, does you know how old I is, Mr. Frank?" I saw he had made a mistake and recalled that he and Papa were born on the same day and so told him that I knew he and I were the same age. "Mr. Frank, the happiest days of my life was them spent with you when we was boys. I ricollect mighty well when you and me played together there in the yard." I agreed they were happy days. "Mr. Frank, hit seems to me you was taller than what you is. Ain't you swunk up some." I told him rheumatism did it. We were hitting it off in a big way.

For several years Pete kept me supplied with sausage, honey, pecans and all sorts of eats. One day he came in and asked me if I had ever seen his watch charm. He proudly showed it to me. He had cut my picture from a paper and had pasted it over one of these mirror affairs and had tied it to his watch pocket and was wearing it with my face sticking out exposed to the gaze of all whom he met. I bought the charm for five dollars and Pete is still my good friend.

Jim Bob Mallory (born Walter Gordon Cannon) was born February 24, 1921, to James Walter and Nena McCaslin Cannon at St. Joseph's Infirmary, and his mother died at his birth. Caroline was born to Y. B. and Helen Mallory on June 10th. Carrie was in New York at the time, and I was pleased to write her that the baby had gotten here and was named for Carrie and Helen. B. P. Denney was born November 19, 1921. Grandpa Bell died July 14th, and on September 15th, Emma Lloyd Campbell and Harry Coleman Snider were married. I served as President of the Paris Shrine Club for two years beginning with 1921, and in 1921 Charles Elliott died in Mexico.

One day in the Spring of 1922, Carrie and I had been out to the Golf Club and when we came back to town about dark the streets were all deserted except for Will Bills. I asked him what had happened to everybody and he replied that they had all gone out to the Fair Grounds where they were lynching a couple of negroes.

After the lynching, feeling ran pretty high around town and all sorts of rumors started flying. One was that the negroes were staging an uprising and would march right in on the town. Quite a few folks took the matter seriously, although a majority of the negro population were not too much in sympathy with the two who had been lynched. Somebody phoned me at home and told me to go to the Bettes Hardware Store and get a gun and report for duty on the square or plaza. At the time we had two good negro friends of ours in the kitchen of our home, both of them scared to death and for no reason. They were my life-long friends,

Duke Hill and Aunt Lindy Miller Holman—she had married Preacher Holman.

A vigilance committee was organized and made headquarters in the Chamber of Commerce. This committee's purpose was to get all the hair-brained agitators quieted down. Capt. C. M. Ragland was the head of the committee. There were squad cars and when a report came of a crowd of people of either color meeting some place, squad car was sent out to break up the meeting. Folks started coming into Paris from all directions in cars and on trains, some of them with guns. It all definitely settled the fact that "People are Funny." There was no excuse for any of the mess. I was assigned to a squad car with Troy Thompson and others and if all the cars did as noble work as my crowd, then the country was safe. When we got a rush call we all tore out like going to a fire, made for the first coffee shop, had a cup of java and reported back that we had quelled the riot. I say "we" did this, but as a matter of fact until I found that my crew was just tearing out to get a cup of coffee, I always had to go to the men's powder room when I heard the number of my squad car called out. By the time I got through the powder room line, which was always crowded with heroes like me, my car had gone without me.

Mamma called me and told me to go out and look for Epp—that he had left and she was afraid he might hurt somebody. After a search I found him on the East side of the Plaza walking a beat just like he had done at VMI. He had on his shoulder the stock of a 12-gauge shotgun wired to the barrel of a .22 rifle. I gave him a yank and told him to forget all his orders and report at once to Captain Mamma who would be impatient if he didn't show at home pronto. He tried to reason with me that he could not forsake the cause, since he was the only VMI man available. When I told him that Colonel Papa had concurred in Mamma's orders, he handed his rifle to another guard and forsook his post.

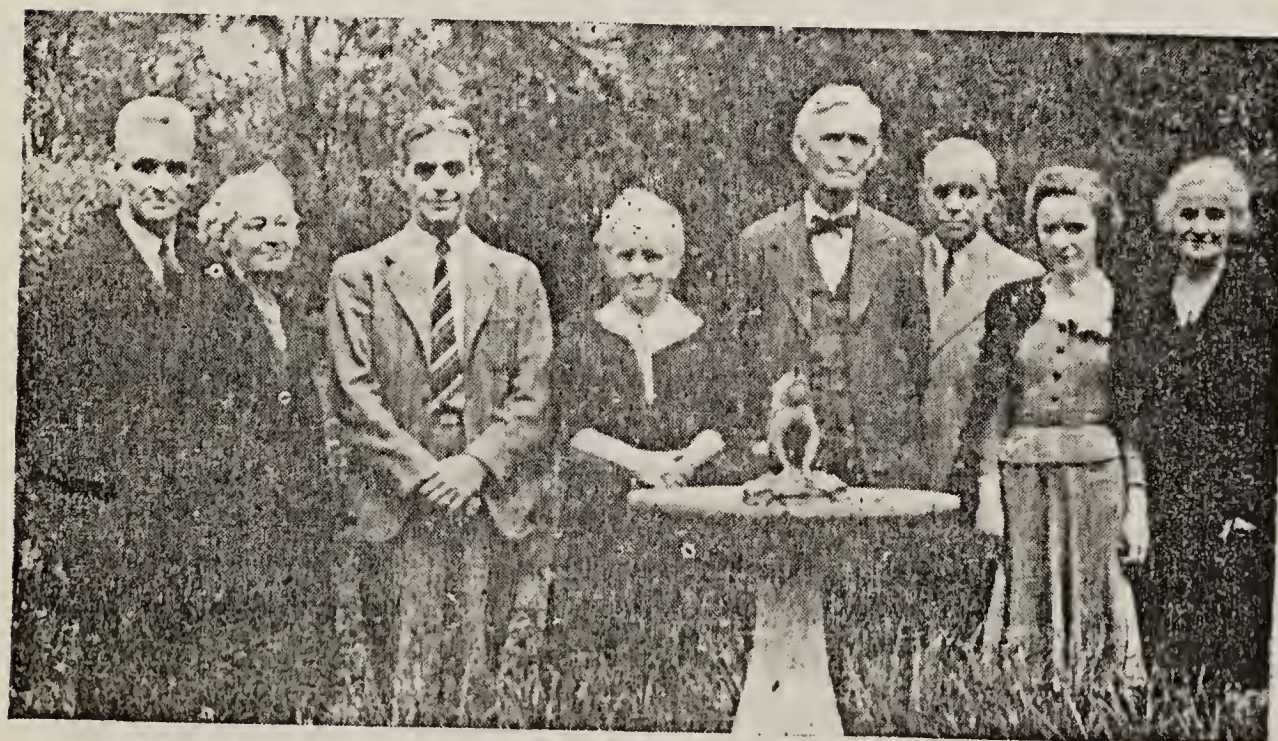
It was all the silliest, most insane thing I ever heard of. The negroes were all locked in their homes, and the whites were all glad of it and staying in their own homes—all except folks like Epp and Troy Thompson and me.

We had a policeman named Whitten and as Epp and I crossed the square to report to Mamma, Whitten came running out of Lamar Avenue yelling "here they come" and I never saw such pell mell running and ankle spraining in my life. And nobody really knew why.

Sarah finished Paris High School in June, 1922. In 1922, women started getting their hair cut off. Mamma and Papa were not too hot for it at first and Sarah would not even mention the matter to them. But she went to Hollins in September, and on her way to Virginia when the train got to Texarkana she laid over there and got her hair bobbed. After the fad grew a little, along about 1924, all the girls had cut their hair, but Carrie, Hutch, and



(January 1909)
 FRONT ROW: Young B., Papa, Sarah, Mamma, F. D .Jr.,
 BACK ROW: Madge, J. Robert, Hattie Bell



(December 1930)
 Young, Madge, F. D., Jr., Mamma, Papa, Bob, Sarah, Hattie Bell

the others had not come around to it. One Sunday, Phil and Nell Hawkins were up home and Phil, Son, Bill and I took them into the front room one at a time and bobbed their hair. They all wanted it done alright but were afraid to take the jump. Papa entered into the fun of it and ribbed us to cut the hair of all of them. After we had finished with all but Mamma, we started in after her. She hollered and Papa came running in and said, "Here, now, fellows, that's carrying it too fur—don't start that on your mammie". He was really hot, too.

F. D. Mallory, Jr., went with the Texas Power and Light Co. in 1922 and that same year I organized the Chas. Manton Chapter DeMolay, the second chapter in Texas. Christine Campbell and Lee Aikin were married February 18, by Rev. George Truett in Dallas. Virginia Lighfoot was born September 21. In that same year, Joan was born to Ballard and Grace Burgher. November 27th., James Rhodes, brother of Norris was born in Farmersville, Texas.

The year 1922 was a great year in my life. I got an idea that a fortune could be made in the chicken business. I bought and read many books on the subject of poultry, and could see nothing short of a quick fortune for the fellow who had the nerve. The book said that a chicken ate just so many ounces of food a day and drank only ounces of water—but that was for one chicken. And the book said that a chicken laid an egg every other day. Well, I got a few Anconas in the yard down on Graham Street, and sure enough, they shelled out the eggs and didn't eat much, other than scraps from the table. The book was right, so I went into it on a big scale. First thing I knew we had about 7,000 hens running around the place and the ounces of food ran into car loads and the water ran into thousands of gallons. After breaking myself and all my friends, I gave up the chicken business as a bad deal. Boy, how those things could eat—and don't ever let anybody tell you they lay an egg every other day. That's just on their best days. I'm glad our's didn't lay an egg a day or so, because we couldn't sell what few we got, and I never got so tired of eating eggs.

Gloria (Dódie) Burgher was born in 1923 and April 13 the same year, Betty Ann Doty was born to Linven and Harriett. On September 25 Mary Mallory was born to Y. B. and Helen. Madge and Morrison moved to Tulsa in 1924, where Morrison was connected with Howard Bennette in the oil business. Emma Lloyd and Coleman moved to San Antonio that year and Norris Rhodes (Mallory) was born to James and Katie in McKinney on July 14. Buck graduated from VMI and organized the Buchanan Investment Company in Dallas.

Sarah Mallory was married January 21, 1925, to Robert Francis Buchanan. They were married in the parlor at home by Rev. Percy Knickenbocker. They had planned to be married on the 22nd, but moved it up to the 21st which was my birthday. That is the ex-

cuse Sarah gave, but I think she was in a hurry to get married for fear somebody might want to attend the wedding. Sarah was so sick she could barely stand, but she made it. Hattie Bell wasn't the wellest woman I ever saw and her son, William Mallory Lightfoot, the ugliest baby up to that time was born just a week after the wedding—January 27, 1925. This Buchanan person was born in Stamps, Arkansas to Robert and Ella Council Buchanan, December 11, 1901. In 1907, he entered a Catholic Kindergarten School at Stamps. It is not known how long it took him to finish kindergarten but I do know that the next record of him is 1914, when he enrolled at Castle Heights. He's that kind of a fellow alright—jump right out of kindergarten into college. It took him only five years to finish Castle Heights, then in 1920 he went to Culver for a few days, Sewanee for a look around, and wound up in VMI around Christmas 1920. December 1, 1923, Sarah attended a dance at VMI and met Buck and in June, 1924, he graduated from VMI.

Some time in 1924, he opened the Buchanan Investment Company in Dallas, and Sarah enrolled at SMU. Anybody with a brain as big as a pea could figure that Sarah didn't go to SMU to improve her education, but it is a fact that she went there intermittently. It was about this time that Mr. Buchanan started showering Mamma with peaches, candy, and all sorts of gifts. He courted Mamma for a year and then wound up marrying Sarah. These two form a perfect combination—Sarah like Mamma, impulsive and all that, while Buck is more or less like Papa, in that it takes him from a day and a half to six months to start making up his mind.

Cousin Mac Burgher died in Galveston, January 22, 1925. Patricia Campbell was born January 12, and William Mallory Lightfoot was born January 27. Uncle Doctor Campbell died February 22, and I was elected Worshipful Master of Lamar Lodge No. 1191, AF&AM. Lee Aikin, Jr., was born September 27, and Elizabeth Burgher was born to Cedric and Elizabeth. Aunt Bell New died February 10, and on March 1, Linven Doty, Jr., was born.

After breaking everybody in the county with my chicken business, Carrie and I set sail on our 17th wedding anniversary (January 24, 1927) for Amarillo, where fortunes were being made by the hour. I tried everything in Amarillo but bank-breaking, and wound up worse off than when I started out there. Bill Lightfoot had gone out earlier and sent back glowing reports. Then after Carrie and I got there we talked Hattie Bell into coming. Strange as it may seem our chief talking point in getting Hattie out there was the wonderful weather. How anybody could be sold on Amarillo weather is something else. I told Hattie on the phone that Amarillo was dry—no rain, and all that. She landed at 9 o'clock one night in the hardest rain that ever fell in Texas, and within 12 hours the rainfall had reached 7 inches and none of it ran off. One woman drowned on Polk Street. F. D. was there when we got there, but he transferred to Fort Worth and went

with the Louisiana Light Company. While there, I tried selling suit cases and billing machines—everything except something that would sell. I never sold a grip all the time I was there. I can honestly say, though, that Carrie and I traveled West Texas to a fare-you-well and as far as I'm concerned, it was a very pleasant year.

My territory included Wichita Falls, and on a trip to Wichita Falls, I ran into Bubby Atkins, an old school friend of mine whom I hadn't seen in years. Bubby was in the music business in Wichita Falls and he told me that a negro who had been with him for years had died the day before, and that he was to be buried that day. A pipe organ had gone wrong at a picture show in Frederick, Oklahoma, and Vertron had been called there to look after it. He had arranged for a funeral for his negro, who by the way, was named I. V. Atkins. Vertron was all worked up over his negro being buried with nobody to look after arrangements, and asked me as an old schoolmate and chum to go in my car after the negro preacher and see that everything went off alright. At the appointed time, I called for the negro preacher and we went to the cemetery.

The body had not arrived when we did but there were quite a few negroes and a lot of I.V.'s white friends to pay their last respects. After a prolonged delay the body arrived and the funeral went along in the usual way, the white folks joining in the service with the negroes, all hands singing the musical numbers.

Vertron had told the negro preacher that I would help him with the service and the negro took him literally. At the close of the service I was standing with my hat removed, at the head of the grave. Without any warning, and hitting me like a bolt of lightning, the preacher after his talk announced: "Brother Mal-lory will dismiss us with a prayer."



Out of the hundred or more in attendance, none of them knew but that I was a preacher and rather than mess up a perfectly

good service which had gone so well to this stage, I determined on the spur of the moment to comply with the preachers announcement. I could not think of a prayer to say, and the only thing I could get through my head was the blessing which Papa has always asked before eating.

Striking a ministerial sort of pose I said, "Oh, Lord, make us thankful for these and all other blessings, pardon our sins and save us, we ask these things for Christ's sake. Amen."

The crowd must have been satisfied, because most of them came up and shook my hand before they left.

Carrie and I moved to Tulsa November 1, 1928, and I took Morrison's place with Howard Bennette, Morrison having gone to Chicago to open an office there.

In Tulsa we lived in a home which Madge and Morrison had built. At the time they bought the lot the place was more or less in the pasture, but by the time we got there, the blocks around it were settled with millionaires. It was fitting that Carrie and I should be surrounded by millionaires. It was along about the time of all the kidnappings, and most of these folks had cyclone fences around their homes, and guards in numbers. The children with whom Jim associated marvelled that Jim didn't have a guard and all that stuff. Jim just couldn't think of anything else to brag back at them about, so he always told them of his numerous brothers and sisters. When he gave out the list he included Caroline, Mary, Virginia, and Sarah Etta, and was almost grown before he knew they were not his sisters. He had no more idea than a cow about relationships. We had a little plot back of the garage and I told Jim if he would dig it up he might have it for a garden and grow anything he liked. Jim likes pork and beans better than anybody, and after he had spaded up his garden I went with him to the seed store, gave him a quarter, and told him to buy the seed he wanted. When the clerk approached him, he said, "Give me a quarter's worth of pork and bean seed, Mister."

Jim had a little buddie named George who was a devout Catholic. George knew all the answers. He ate with us several times, and at the table he always rattled off some Bible talk. Jim was about like all Protestant children. He knew all about Tom Mix, Buck Rogers, and Charlie Chaplin, but his knowledge of Biblical affairs was void. But he was not to be out done by little Georgie. Jim turned to me and really looked smarter than I ever saw him, but came up with a question that didn't reflect much mental stature. He said, "Dad, how did Christ walk on the water? Ottomatic?"

While we lived there, Caroline and Sarah Etta, Mary, Virginia, and Sonny all came to visit us. I think they must have had a time. After they had been there a few days, they all went out to Woodward Park and came in with their arms loaded down with pretty leaves and vines—they were going to take them home and press these beautiful leaves. They learned too late that they had

hauled in about a bale of poison ivy. Carrie put two beds together and let them all pile into those two beds and scratch to their hearts' content.



While there, they learned to name all the states and state capitols in the U. S., but they have all forgotten them now, I'll bet. Sonny pulled one that shows what a smart man he was and is. He took a deck of cards up stairs and stacked the cards. He brought the deck down and proposed that they have a bridge game. He made just one mistake. He sat at the wrong place at the table and Caroline drew a perfect hand. Sonny got so mad he went into fits.

While we lived in Tulsa, Monk and Linda Quinn Bailey were our very good friends, and they are now, although they live in Panama and we see them seldom.

Jim attended a boys' camp on the Cowskin River which was sponsored by Max Morrison, a brother of Ray. Jim was hot for the camp until time to go, then he was scared to death. We had a letter from him the day after he got to the camp saying his finger was sore and that he was going to have to come home. I suspected some trickery and phoned Max about it. He called me back and said Jim was just homesick for his Mamma. So I wrote Jim and phoned him and told him we would just come down and get him and bring along some dolls and sewing and some little girls for him to play with—that he wasn't cut out for a big strong boy. For this I was despised by Carrie, but when we went down to see him the following Sunday we visited around and had a fine time until time for us to return home. Then I told him to get ready and we would go home and play dolls. He cried to stay, which of course he did, and when his time was up we had to leave him there, and he stayed all summer. That camp was the greatest thing in his life. It made a man out of him.

And speaking of the Cowskin River, we spent many happy week-ends down there at Grove in Jim Corbin's camp. Jim and Maudie Corbin had lived in Tulsa where Jim had a small foundry. They bought 50 acres in the prettiest spot in Oklahoma and made

a campsite of it. Howard and Carrie Bennette, Monk and Linda Bailey, Carrie and I, spent most of our week-ends for several years with Jim and Maud. These Corbins were wonders. They ran a nice camp and none but the pure in heart could get in there—that is, except Howard Bennette and me. Jim took off one summer and went out to Colorado for the summer but was back in about two weeks. He said he got sick and had to come home. I asked him what was the matter and he replied that he thought "hit was the attitude". Jim never trolled for fish. He "patrolled." Instead of taking calomel, he took "calomer." He fished with "minerals" instead of minnows. Old Jim Corbin was alright, and we really enjoyed life out at his place.

The worst experience of my life came at Corbin's camp. I went down to the Cowskin, about 300 yards from the house to do a little fly fishing. I donned a rubber suit and waded down the river, casting as I went. The water was as cold as ice and about belly deep. The current was so swift I had to walk sideways or be knocked down into the water.



As I dragged the heavy boots which were a part of the rubber suit, something held me, and looking down through the clear water I saw that a big hook on a stout trot line had become stuck in my boot eyelet. To make this a brief story, I was hung for good. There was no way on earth that I could disengage my boot from that line and I could not break the line. It was impossible for me to raise one foot because of the swift current, and if I had ever stooped I would not only have been knocked down by the current, but water would have gotten into that rubber suit and I wouldn't have a chance. I felt my legs getting colder and colder. I hollered until I was hoarse thinking that by some chance somebody might hear me. I knew beyond a doubt that I couldn't stand it long because my legs were getting numb. Not all my sins came to mind because I had so many of them, but a lot of them did. I pictured what I would look like when they found my corpse,

how they would get me back to Tulsa, and all sorts of crazy things. I knew beyond a doubt that I was going to die. I wasn't scared to die, but I sure hated to.

Some time after I had given up hope and as I waited for the death that I was sure was on its way, I took one last look at my boot, and believe it or not, the current had washed that hook out of the eyelet. When I got to the river bank it was an hour before I could walk the short distance to the camp. I was that scared and am not ashamed of the fact.

John Robert Campbell, Jr., was born April 17, 1928, and Adriene Atwell was born to Webster and Laura that year. Mallory Griffith graduated at Tulsa High, and went to Stephens College in Columbia, Mo. Charles Ragland and Helen Hawkins were married Christmas day in Mount Horeb, Virginia. Campbell and Estelle moved to Fargo, S. D., and the Sniders to Fort Sill. Then in 1929, they went to Camp Devers, Mass. Diane Burgher was born in 1929 to Ballard and Grace and on September 4, Emelyn Ford was married to Carl Bock.

Buck and Sarah came through Tulsa in 1931 on their way to their new home at Canim Lake. They had a trailer with a boat on it and a crane for lifting the boat. Son says that Buck had spent all summer with Ray Morse building the crane. When they got to Tulsa, he took me to the garage to show me how well it worked—just a flip of the finger and the boat was off the trailer, another flip and it was loaded. But in his first demonstration of the thing, he ruptured himself. The crane was left in our garage and as far as I know, it's still there.

I shopped around Tulsa with Buck trying to find chili pepper that suited him. We found some down in Smoky Row and after buying some long heavy union suits, he was ready for the trip. Sarah says that in every town where they stopped, Buck bought more ingredients for the chili, then bought him a gallon can, and started brewing the chili at tourist camps. He would taste the chili and decide it had too much meat. So he would make more chili to offset the meat. Then he added this and that, and at each town the chili stock grew. Finally, at Salt Lake he had built up his chili stock to about 10 gallons, and it spoiled on him. The only way Sarah could prevail upon him to throw it away was to tell him that she positively wouldn't go any farther with the spoiled chili. It was at Salt Lake that Sarah finally persuaded him to take off those long union suits and take a bath—or so she thought. He was afraid to take them off for fear she would burn them. So he got under a hot shower at the tourist camp with the unions on, then stood in the sun to dry them. They drew up and finally when they were dry they were so tight he couldn't work his legs to drive the car. Sarah and Fat had to cut them off of him with a safety razor.

Mallory Griffith graduated from Stephens College in 1930 and enrolled in Northwestern, where she graduated in 1932. Campbell and Estelle Sansing went to Muskogee in 1930, and July 15 of

that year, Son went to work for the Gulf Oil Corporation. The year after Campbell and Estelle arrived in Muskogee, Cecille was married to Gilbert Duncan—September 12, 1931.

The marriage of Epp and Inez Davis of El Paso, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Davis, was truly an event. His wedding compared favorably with the magnificence of my own. He and Inez went to Madill, Oklahoma, and were married by Justice of the Peace M. E. Ewing. The time was so near midnight that the date is problematical. We call it November 2, 1931, for the sake of the records. Present at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Allison, Miss Iris Dawson, Charlie Hanagan, the County Clerk, a night-watchman, the men who ran the cafe, and two customers. That was 7 more guests than I had at mine. Epp was with the Louisiana Power and Light Company at Ft. Worth at the time, and he and Inez went to Ft. Worth to live after a short visit with Mamma and Papa. Both of them phoned me at Tulsa and told me that Epp had done a swell job of picking a wife. Since I have known her, I heartily concur. He couldn't have done better, and how worse he could have done.

Some time after F. D. and Inez were married, Mamma had a stroke and was mighty sick for a while. However, she snapped out of it and except for her gait, she was as sound as ever.

Sarah Inez Mallory was born February 12, 1935, to F. D. and Inez, and April 28 of the same year, Mallory Griffith was married to Dwight Koenig at our home by Rev. Homer T. Fort.

October 8, 1935, was a big day in the Mallory family. On that date Mamma and Papa celebrated their 50th Wedding Anniversary—and what a celebration. A heavy rain fell all day, but the rain failed to put a damper on the party and many, many old friends whom they had not seen for years came to pay their respects. They had letters and telegrams, cards and telephone calls from all over the United States. The day was spent at home and the house was jammed with people all day. Nothing exciting went on—just a renewal of friendships that had lasted for years and years. Announcements engraved in gold had been sent out and were:

FRANK D. MALLORY

SALLIE BELL

Married

October the eighth, eighteen hundred eighty-five

Honey Grove, Texas

At Home

Tuesday, October the eighth

Nineteen hundred and thirty-five

One hundred and thirty-two Graham Street

Paris, Texas

These announcements were gotten up to look exactly like a wedding invitation, except that the letters were in gold.

Epp and Inez could not make the trip so wired from Sarasota:

"Having private celebration your honor, just we three, we love you." Sarah and Buck were in British Columbia, and wired from Hatton's Lodge, B. C., "We envy those near you who can use a big hug and kiss instead of telegram to tell you how proud we are of this day because it means we still have both to love and go home to."

There were telegrams from Gainesville, Dallas, Stroud, Oklahoma; McAlester, Conroe, Roxton, Honey Grove, Denton, Longview, Wichita Falls, Canyon, Savannah, Georgia; Tyler, Ottawa, Can.; Joplin, Rochester, Los Angeles, Panhandle, Sarasota, Washington, D. C.; Waco, San Antonio, Taylor, Denison, Austin, Tioga, Lawton, Winslow, Ft. Smith, San Angelo, Mineral Wells, Ardmore, Moscow, Idaho; Forest Hills, N. Y.; New York City, Buffalo,—well, what's the use to go on.

The Paris News and Dallas News carried pictures and big write-ups of the occasion, and in the Paris News was a copy of the write-up of the Honey Grove Signal of the original wedding.

Mamma and Papa had preserved most of their original wedding gifts, and these were shined up and on display in one end of the big room while gifts from their friends on this anniversary were displayed in the same room.

In the evening, the church staged a big reception and dinner for them and there were 300 guests registered while there were many who did not register but were there. At the dinner, WHP Anderson introduced the toastmaster Jim Caviness after the invocation by Rev. Homer Fort. Miss Fannie Gilbert who was organist at the old Centenary Church for many years played "Old Folks at Home" and she accompanied Miss Lillie Kimball who sang "Silver Threads Among the Gold". Then our good friend, Dr. L. P. McCuiston whose subject was "The Mallorys as Friends and Citizens." I have a copy of this speech which is truly a masterpiece.

I asked Doctor for the copy and he sent it by messenger to Mamma with this little note:

"My dear Miss Sallie: Here is the gist of my little talk—a feeble effort on a great occasion—a puny actor in a great drama.

Bear with me and I will endeavor to do better at your Diamond Anniversary. Most sincerely yours, LPMcC."

Here is the "little talk":

"My friends: It is good to be here. It is pleasant to join with this splendid group of friends and neighbors in paying homage to our revered guests. I wish to express my personal felicitations and the appreciation of the institution of which I am a minor part—as well as the gratitude of the entire community—for the life association and achievements of our good friends, the Mallorys, who have meant so much to us during the ended years. And to indulge the hope that they may be spared to us in the full vigor of strength and health for many years to come. With the added wish that their future may be as happy as their past has been fruitful and glorious.

For 50 years they have walked among us in twain, the very embodiment of all that is excellent and conducive in manhood and womanhood. Among the shifting scenes of time they have crystalized a personality that stands for something very permanent. They have wrought for themselves—out of plastic material—a nobility of their own design. A loftiness of purpose, a fidelity to ideals that transcends all material things. They have created an immortality in the souls of their children which will be as lasting as it is beneficent. A legacy of character which no time can alter, no statute can limit, no condition disavow.

When we think of Frank Mallory, we recall not merely the staunch citizen, the successful banker, the kindly neighbor; he means so much more to us than this. When we think of Frank Mallory we think of integrity and solidity. We think of one who has held fast to a great conception of life and who, in its every relation, has reached its standards, fulfilled its requirements and played the part of a real man. In his devotion to duty, his loyalty to country, family, and friends, there is absolutely no flaw.

I knew him in the strength and vigor of his young manhood when he was laboring earnestly and assiduously, though modestly, to carve out for himself a place among men; when he was giving the best that was in him to the accomplishment of life's purposes—a labor that was ever indulged as a pleasure, never imposed as a task. I knew him in the sweltering heat of life's noon, that vantage point from which he could look backward with satisfaction and forward with hope. Still the same resolute, genial, manly man, ever ready but never obtrusive in all the helpful and constructive affairs of the community. A citizen, a good neighbor, a trusted friend. And now we descend to the vale of years, and the mellow shades of evening gather, please God is still with us to hearten and comfort. While in his hair we see the white flowers of age, he still stands like some sturdy forest oak, resisting the accidents of years and the ravages of time.

Much that he has been, is now, and is yet to be, is due to stimulation, sympathy and tenderness of his faithful and devoted wife, who has ever been to him an inspiration and shield. Through the entire voyage of fifty years she has been a beacon of light, a rock or refuge. When we think of Sallie Mallory we think in terms of refinement and gentility; we think of kindness and goodness. We think of all those qualities of heart and mind which adorn, beautify, and sweeten human character. Intellectual but not pragmatic, modest but not timid, sincere but not demure, verbose but not grotesque. She is the happy blend of all the graces and virtues that constitute genuine womanhood. A true wife, a devoted mother, a consonant neighbor.

That she is a good wife is fully attested by the perfect subjugation of her complacent husband.

That she is a good mother finds warrant in the three noble sons and three gracious daughters whose lives have been moulded and whose characters have been developed under her tutelage. Their excellence cannot be surpassed.

That she is a good neighbor, every family in the circle of her acquaintance, among all conditions and classes of life will bear willing and adequate testimony. If any further proof be needed to substantiate this statement it is noteworthy that she has fed, clothed, doctored, nursed, counseled, admonished, and adjured every Methodist Preacher—save one—who has lived in the shadow of her home during the past 40 years. By what greater act of benevolence could one be adjudged?

"The Mallorys" is a name, word, or term so significant and meaningful to the people of this community that it needs no amplification. Its very pronouncement carries with it the conviction of all that is best, noblest, and truest in manhood and womanhood. Hence, no word of mine could add luster to the name nor glory to the character of this twain, whose record has been written and whose image is enshrined in the hearts of the people of this community.

I have often thought that in the eternal fitness of things this couple is an example par excellence. They are so mated, gaited, and adjusted, that they live, think, and deport in unison. Whatever of deficiency in the one is readily supplied by the other—whatever exuberance if any—in the one is easily counterbalanced in the other. They are not unlike the fabled Persian Bird, made perfect in every particular, but created in pairs, each with one wing, but on opposite sides. Separated, it falls to earth helpless, hopeless, and hapless; but joined together it rises serene and flies to the uttermost ends of the earth. So it is with our friends—they are dependent and interdependent, and each the counterpart of the other.

It is eminently fitting that these friends and neighbors should gather here on this Golden Anniversary night to do honor to this matchless couple who have so perfectly fulfilled the requirements of citizen, neighbor, and friend.

But while we offer them our tribute of laurel for honor, and rosary for remembrance, let us not forget that this occasion, in its deepest significance, celebrates the supremacy of character and the triumph of worth. And in honoring these, we honor God."

During this speech and all during the day, Uncle Bob and I did most of the crying for the occasion. We were all mighty proud to know that the whole town was so interested in making this celebration the biggest and best of its kind. And what made it perfect was the knowledge of all, that it was well deserved.

For the occasion, Mamma wore her original wedding dress

which was perfectly preserved, and which fit her as well on her 50th anniversary as it did when she was married. On the morning after the celebration, Mamma not only consented but requested that her photograph be made in the center of the gorgeous flowers they received. She donned the wedding dress and sat in the midst of what I am sure was the greatest collection of flowers we had ever seen. And she was as proud and as grateful as could be.

I have two or three people named for me. Of course, we named our son Jim Bob and he couldn't get away from it. Then Monk and Linda Quinn Bailey named their son Robert for me. In addition to these, I have one whose name was paid for in cash.

Negro Ned, who worked for Mamma, reported late for work one morning and told Mamma that the delay was caused by his wife's having a baby boy. I gave him a dollar to name the boy after me, which he did. That dollar was just the down payment though, because every time I saw Ned for several years afterward, he told me about something that little James Robert just had to have. When James Robert was a year old I thought Ned and I were going to lose him. Ned was out of work and hadn't supplied any groceries to the family for some time. Sam Freeman gave him a gallon of sorghum which he found under some old stock in the store and Ned took it home to James Robert and Robert's little brother. They had no bread, so Ned just set the jug down on the floor and told them to go after it. They did, and little James Robert showed up in a few days with worms so bad that Ned thought he was going to die for sure. He recovered from the worms, and the last I heard of him, he was in the army.



We have had lots of cooks in our day—too many. But Maggie Randall was about the best. She waited on Mamma and Papa like they were babies and there was nothing she overlooked that might afford them comfort and pleasure. Maggie was very religious and never missed a funeral or a church meeting. I asked her one day if Robert was as faithful as she about attending church

and she replied that he was—that he never missed, but she added, “He always goes, but then he don’t go in—he stay outside and play dominoes.” I don’t know whether playing “Moon” will get a fellow into Heaven or not.

Papa started years ago taking “elixir caryza” (?) and Maggie’s first move when she got in for the morning was to get Papa a spoonfull of this red medicine, go to his bed, and put her hand under his pillow, raise his head, dose him, and gently lay him back down. Now a fellow’s got to be mighty weak and sick when he can’t help just a little on a head raising, but when Maggie start-up with his head, his hands were by his sides and he wouldn’t even give her elbow help. He acted utterly helpless. Then after he was dressed and had shaved himself he called Maggie to shave his neck. He let down the commode cover, took his seat, and ducked his head as Maggie shaved his neck. Why I didn’t ever get a picture of that one!

One Sunday morning while Mamma was in the hospital I was in the back room with Papa and he started to get up and dress. He sat on the edge of the bed with his night shirt on and had pulled one leg of his pants about up to his knees when Maggie came in the door with a tray and said, “Well, Mr. Mallory, I thought it being Sunday morning you might stay in bed.” He said, “Believe I will,” dropped his breeches, and fell back. Maggie had to set the tray down and pull his legs back in bed. He liked that petting and got lots of it.

Maggie and Robert and Cal and some of their buddies went out for a ride in a Chivvy that Maggie and Robert had bought. They started home at night, and at Main and Booth where the White-way Grocery is located, they must have overlooked a red light, and got turned over. They all climbed out the top through the doors except Cal, who weighed around 350. Maggie told Mamma about it next morning and Mamma asked her if there wasn’t anybody there to help Cal out. Mag replied that everybody had gone to bed she guessed—that even Mr. Whiteway was closed for the night. Maggie always referred to Burnett Tinnin as “Mr. Famous,” and Charley Hannon as “Mr. Whiteway”, etc.

Carrie and I lived in Dallas during the Centennial in 1936. and had Mamma and Papa and Maggie down for the big show. Through the kindness of Asa Burroughs, Mamma and Papa had a double rickasha for the day and the best guide on the grounds. I saw lots of people taking in the Centennial, but none of them took it in like Mamma and Papa. Their guide got them and their wagon into every place on the grounds. When the show people said rickashas were not allowed, Mamma came through with her “we’re afflicted” plea and in we all went. The day was a little cool and the wind was blowing a gale. A heavy blanket was wrapped around the riders, Maggie on one side helping hold it down on them, and Carrie on the other. I walked alongside carrying Mamma’s purse, Papa’s tobacco pouch and the matches. In the high wind

a pipeful of tobacco didn't last Papa 5 minutes, then it was my turn to refill his pipe and a stop was made to light up. I struck the match and Carrie, Maggie, me, and the guide formed a circle, holding the blanket so we could light the pipe in the wind. Papa wouldn't even hold the pipe. He just pulled feebly on it. I never saw a man who accepted petting like he did, but this day Mamma ran him a close second.

The folks stayed over another day and night after they visited the show, and so Maggie went out with some of her buddies to take it in. When she got back from that night visit, her eyes were so weakened from riding merry-go-rounds and looking at all those lights, she had to have glasses, and wears them to this day.

Buck and Sarah were visiting at home and Buck decided he needed another bird dog. He had only two, and a fellow who goes hunting once in a decade just can't get along with two bird dogs. The ones he had were pointers and one of them was named Joe. Now old Joe wasn't just an ordinary dog. When Joe had a call from nature he didn't get out and skin along the grass—no, not Old Joe. He backed up to a bush or wall, stood up on his front legs, and propped his hind feet against the wall or bush. One morning Buck went down to Manchester bird hunting, and came in that night with no birds, but with another bird dog, and a good one. This one was a setter and a beauty. He brought the dog on the back porch and had Sarah down to look at his bargain dog. He told Sarah he felt right mean, taking that good dog from Old Man Marchbanks for \$10.00; Sarah just gave out with Maggie's favorite expression— "Uggh."

The new dog was tied up for one night, then Robin turned him loose, thinking that after all the steak he had been fed he would be glad to stick around for a while. But, no, this dog left it with us. Buck got in his car and rode all over North Texas—all one day and one entire night. The second night he gave out and laid up for sleep. He had advertised and a woman called and said she had the dog at her place. Robert was pulled out of his sleep and when told that old Rover was found he came up with, "Damn old Rover—if he don't appreciate a good home any more than to run off, I don't want him". The last time I saw that dog he was a tramp running around town from one slop bucket to another and dodging brickbats.

Son and Hutch moved to Greenville in 1936, where Son was sent by Louis Robinson to take charge of his office there. They and the girls made many friends in Greenville and their neighbors and pals were mighty good folks. Hutch is about the best mixer of the whole Mallory outfit, and this fact coupled with two charming daughters, made their home in Greenville quite a gathering place for the young and old, and won for them many friends of that old Hightown and Brockston kind, who will stay with them to death. I mention Hutch and the girls in connection with their popularity because about all Son did was to back them up. In

other words, the girls and Hutch did the scout work and Son got them out to the house and cinched them. A fine combination.

When I heard of their start in Greenville, I thought Son might never get hard down into society there. I would not say their introduction to Greenville society was one to cause a fellow to bust a belly-band socially. Mary had not been baptized nor had she joined the church when they went to Greenville. When Easter came, Son and Hutch thought it would be a nice gesture for them to transfer their membership from Paris at the same time Mary was baptized and joined the church. Under some circumstances, joining the church is the best way to get acquainted with the best folks in a town and I guess it gives one that feeling of security and satisfaction. Hutch reached far into the family savings and bought what she thought was the most becoming hat she had ever worn. Son bought a new suit and a new hat. Now Son and Hutch with their two good-looking daughters are not a bad quartet in any man's company, and as they left the car and started into the church, Old Son was just a mite proud of himself. Naturally, his mind had been on making the best appearance for himself and he had not so much as noticed Hutch's hat until they were in the foyer of the church. Son took one look, reared up like a balky horse, and said right out loud, "Hutch, you're not going to join the church with that on, I hope." He couldn't have made a more diplomatic statement.

When the time came for them to join the church, they went down to the altar and had written down beforehand that they were merely transferring their church letters and that Mary was going in on faith, or however you join a church. The preacher who had things in charge took one look at Son and made for him with a pan of water. He cupped his hand and came up with a handful of water, shut his eyes and said, "Mr. Malloy, I baptize" Now old Son moves around sort of slow like Papa, but he was champion athlete at the old YMCA in Paris, and in the face of danger he is like a cat. He jerked his head out of reach of the preacher and told him that his name was "Mallory" and not "Malloy", and that he merely hoped to transfer his membership—that he was baptized when he was a baby, and that it took.

The preacher thanked him and dipped up another scoop of water and started after him again. "Brother Malloy," said the Preacher, but Son jerked back as far as the benches this time and said in a loud and firm voice: "MALLORY'S THE NAME, and I've been baptized." The preacher was as insistent as Son was desistant, and they had it for awhile up and down the front of the altar. Son took a look at the bench they had occupied, and thought his only out was to grab his hat and get out of there. On about the third lap, as he came around by his old seat he didn't see his hat, and Hutch says for a fact that he glared at her from about ten feet and yelled: "Where the Hell is that new hat of mine"?



As Son looked for his hat the preacher baptized Mary, then told the congregation to come down and shake hands with Hutch and Mary. Son found his hat and took off to the back of the church. He had that much start on the preacher if any further chasing started. Caroline was seated on the back row, and as Son stood in the door with his eye on the preacher, he spied Caroline. He walked over to her and gave her a jab in the ribs and said, "Get up from there—why don't you go down and shake hands with your Mamma?"

It might be mentioned here that after the preacher finally found out it was Mary who needed baptizing, he started off with, "Dearly beloved, we gather here in the presence, etc.," and caught himself just before he gave Mary the marriage vows. Nobody ever knew what came over the Brother that day, but I have heard of horses that go loco and try to pull stumps out of the ground with their teeth. They get over it in time as a rule, but sometimes they have to be shot. Of course, Son doesn't carry a gun.

Next morning the brother came to Son's office to welcome him in the church and tell him how much to pay, and as he came in the office door, he greeted: "Good morning, Brother 'Malloy', how are you?" And believe it or not, the preacher is still living—so is Son.

We lived for years next to the Methodist Parsonage, which was sold in 1946 to my brother, Epp. During the years, we had preachers whom we loved dearly and there were some who did not mix too well, but taking them year in and year out, preachers are pretty swell neighbors. We were probably closer to Bob Shuler, Frank Richardson, and Homer Fort than to any others.

Bob Shuler was a sensational sort of preacher, but a darned good one and he and his wife, Nell, were all that anyone could want as friends and neighbors. Bob had a house full of children and Nell could handle them pretty well. The kids stayed at our house more than at home, and Papa and Mamma enjoyed every

minute of their stay in Paris. If the Shuler children were good during the day, Nell rewarded them at night with a spoonful of vaseline. If bad, they got no vaseline. They loved it.

Bob went from here to Los Angeles and became a nationally known preacher. He has done lots of good in this world, and I never met a man who just liked him fairly well. They hated his guts or loved him, one or the other—there was no half-way friendliness about it.

Frank Richardson and family were there while I was in Tulsa, but they were mighty good friends and fine folks, too. Frank came to Tulsa and out to the house to see us. I took him down to show him through Boston Avenue Church and let him report back to Papa that I was staying close to the church there in Tulsa. We met the preacher who didn't know me from Adam, then as I showed Frank through the church we got into a room which happened to be the ladies' lounge. It had several doors to it, and it took us 30 minutes to find our way out. Frank got quite a kick out of my being on such close terms with the church.

Of all the preachers we ever knew, though — or non-preachers—Homer Fort knocked us over. Homer and his wife, Gillie, were the grandest neighbors anybody could have. They had two sons, Homer T., Jr., known as Beedie or Bede, because when his grandmother first saw him, she said, "Well, he's right beedie eyed, isn't he," and Joe, the younger of the boys. The boys are both grown now and are fine men. Homer Fort spent more time in our home than any man outside our family ever has spent. Mamma and Papa loved him as if he were their very own son, and advised with him really more than they did me. Old Homer made a practice of eating his Sunday dinner fast, then coming over and shooting the bull with us while we ate. Upon entering the dining room, his greeting was: "Well, Mallory, how did I do today?" Papa told him exactly how his sermon went over with him. If it was good he said so, and if it was a makeshift, Papa would shame Homer for delivering such a slipshod sermon.

Gillie didn't approve of Homer staying at our house so much—not that she thought Papa would mislead him, but she felt that he ought to stay in his own home now and then. Nobody agreed with her, it seems, so he stayed on. To quote Homer, he "divested himself of his ministerial garb" when he entered the Mallory door, and was no more like a preacher than I was. That boy enjoyed life to it's fullest and had a big lie to fit any occasion. I say this reverently, of course, because the lies he told didn't hurt anybody, and he knew that we knew he was lying. He was just keeping in practice so that if he ever quit the ministry and went back to the newspaper business, he wouldn't have to start out cold and gradually warm up.

Homer could preach as good as anybody, and did. He did worlds of good in Paris and we need a lot more preachers like him. He was a good friend of Bob Bills, the negro shine boy at the

Royal Barber Shop just like he was a good friend of the fellow who donated the most or prayed the loudest at his church. He was just an overgrown old country boy who liked everybody, was a good talker, had religion, and couldn't put on any airs.



Although Homer was not opposed to fried chicken, his main dish was hamburgers. I don't guess Homer ever did a dishonest or mean thing in his life. Well, not much. Of course putting decoy eggs in the hen nests in his chicken house, then selling a bunch of old worn out hens to Bob Blanton for two bucks apiece was not dishonest—it was just business. And, anyhow, Bob was about his best friend and if a fellow can't do that to a friend, who can he gyp?

Marking the double five in the domino set was not dishonest. While it was done with a pocket knife, it was an accident I am sure, because Homer Fort was an honest man. That is, as far as we are concerned. He used to come over all out of breath with a newspaper in his hand and read the most outlandish tales to Mamma and Papa, and for a long time they didn't know that he was making up all that stuff.

One time I remember particularly. Homer read some war news to Papa about how the Russians were stuffing dead Germans in cannons and firing them back at the live German army. It was hideous. When he had finished he took a bite of tomato, and Papa said, "Law me, you can't beat them Russians for fighting." Homer got so tickled he blew tomato all over the house. We were at his home in Hot Springs then, and that night in the middle of the night Homer woke everybody up yelling and laughing, "Law me, them Russians."

You could count that anything Homer did or said, he had something in the future that he was working up to. In this way he was exactly like my good friend, the late Howard Bennette. He might do something today and I could look back two weeks to a little remark he had made, and connect it up with what he did

today. He had a trigger mind.

Homer was an early riser, and he came out into our side yard every morning about daylight smcking that pipe and singing as loud as his lungs would permit: "Arise Ye Faithful." Papa scolded him many times for this, but the early singing continued.

Gillie didn't approve of Homer eating at home then coming over to eat with us. One night he came over and we had hot biscuits, butter, and country honey. Homer got a plate and went to work. Suddenly we heard the back door open, and he thought it was Gillie. He pushed the plate aside and started talking serious business with Papa, and quickly lit his pipe. It was not Gillie, but Joe, and when Homer saw his mistake he said, "Come on in Joe, we've got hot biscuits and honey," and resumed his eating.

That old boy gave Papa and Mamma more pleasure and happiness than he will ever know, and for this I am deeply grateful, as are all the Mallorys. Homer Fort is a good man God bless his soul, I wish there were more Fort families to live next door to me. He tried his best to instill a lot of spiritual guidance into me, and if anybody could have done that it would have been Homer, because I knew as I still know, that he is my friend.

In March, 1937, Carrie and I had the pleasure of driving Mamma and Papa to Florida for a visit with F. D. and Inez. This trip was a source of much satisfaction to me for lots of reasons. I learned more about Mamma and Papa than I had ever known before and found that they were the best companions on a trip. On the return from Florida we came by Savannah and visited our cousins, John Milton and Eloise Mallory, whom we had never met before. I had corresponded with J. M. for several years in connection with a book "John Mallory Soldier," but we had never met him nor Eloise—neither had Mamma nor Papa met them. They were very aristocratic and all that, but just the perfect hosts, and made our visit quite an event in our lives.

November 11, 1937, "Ma" Gault, Carrie's mother died in Sparta, Illinois, and was buried in St. Louis—as good a woman as ever lived, was "Ma". She drew a very fine line between what was right and what was wrong, and she was always right. A better woman neyer lived and it is a rare day that I do not think of good old "Ma". She had some rough sailing in her life but came out of it all with the best disposition of any woman I have ever known. and it is no wonder that in her home town of Sparta she was "Mother Confessor" to old and young alike.

Papa took things easy, seldom getting in a hurty, and when he did try to hurry he was as likely to knock one fellow down as another in getting his hurry over with. What little he wanted done was promptly attended to by all members of the family because his demands were few. Of course he was as helpless as any able bodied man I knew because he was so terribly awkward with his hands, arms, legs and feet. It was really an effort for Papa to dress himself because of his awkwardness and because he

was the most left-handed man except that he wrote with his right hand. Buttons are put on men's garments for right-handed handling. One Sunday morning Papa got up early and demanded that his clothes be laid out on the bed by daylight. He took his bath and started dressing. Mamma stuck her head in the door at minute intervals and wanted to know how long it was going to take him. After a couple of hours he came out wearing the expression of that proverbial cat who had eaten the canary, seated himself in front of the fire and explained to the satisfaction of all present what took him so long. He had wondered for years and this day with a little spare time on his hands he had been doing some figuring and came up with this one: "Plague take it, no wonder I'm all wore out by the time I get dressed every morning—I've got 37 buttons on my clothes, not counting my shoe strings." Mrs. Alie McCuistion never got over that one.

Now in the case of those buttons, Mamma would have had a better plan. She would have thrown her clothes at the nearest child and told him to count the buttons and be in a hurry about it. Mamma got things done. Efforts of some of my sisters and others to imitate Mamma have resulted in dismal failure. She stood in a class alone and was one genuine article which can't be imitated. To try it is to court trouble because nobody has ever accomplished all that she has with the tactics she employed. Mr. Arthur Caddel was the best Dry Goods merchant I have ever known, and he told me more than once that if he had at the start of his mercantile experience been able to hire Mamma as his buyer he would have been a rich man in five years. He said that with all his handling of textiles he could not hold the light for Mamma when it came to appraising values of merchandise.

There were two or three merchants who, it seemed to me would have been justified in telling Mamma they didn't want her business. But when she had her first stroke, these very men were the first to send flowers and to be so solicitous about her condition. If a merchant gave Papa a raw deal, Papa didn't make any fuss about it—he just quit the merchant. Mamma pursued another course, and the merchant too, if he didn't come through. She didn't quit him but rather she gave him all her trade from then on and made him be good. If he gave her a bad deal she was his customer for life—and what a life for him.

Another difference between Mamma and Papa was in their sentimentality; that is, in the outward show of sentiment. Papa could cry at the drop of a hat, and did. I have seen him sit by the radio and listen to violin music and cry just like a baby. At church he invariably cried, and the mere mention of his mother brought a flood of tears. I stood with Papa in the yard at the farm as he gazed at the setting sun. It was Autumn and the leaves had turned to gold. The sun was setting just over the old family burial plot in the West pasture. Papa made the remark that we have all heard so often from him: "Ah law, you just can't beat old

mother Nature". He cried like a kid as he stood there looking into that sun.

If Mamma had been there she might have felt as Papa did about that sunset and the surroundings, but she wouldn't have dared let anybody know it. Chances are that she would have said something like: "That sun's puttin' my eyes out" and would have done something about it — like turning her eyes toward the east. She did something about everything. If one of us ever slowed down to a walk she grabbed us and started us off on a course of calomel. The only reason we were not all "salivated" is because when we went to the well for water to wash down the calomel we threw the tablet into the well or out the lattice door of the back porch.

In 1918, Bob Shuler was pastor of the Methodist Church here and worked up a new church program. To say that he did a good job is to point to the present First Methodist Church of Paris. As is so often the case, the brethren got a little excited and over-subscribed and overdid the thing—or so it looked for a while.

Records show that I subscribed \$5000.00 and paid \$11.35 after so long a time. I still owe \$4,988.65 plus interest.

Papa was made chairman of the building committee, and for 20 years he put in many a good hard lick trying to get that church paid for. I know that many times during the 20 years things looked mighty dark, but the last mortgages were paid off about 1938. Bishop Holt was up for the dedication. Mamma and Papa were the guests of honor and why not? Papa had served the 20 years as chairman and Mamma was head of the Womens Missionary Society for several years while the Society was raising \$20,000 to pay for the church organ, as well as furnish several rooms and make substantial payments on the building.

The preachers and stewards gathered on the south steps of the church and Papa was honored by being allowed to strike the match and burn the mortgages. I made a picture of the occasion, but the negative was burned and I do not have a copy of the picture.

Mrs. Chas. Noyes was there with her brother, Mr. Smith Ownby who contributed a lot of money to the building. Mrs. Noyes sat next to me and carried a horn through which to hear. She would ask me a question and I had to answer through the horn. Every time this happened Papa busted out laughing and Mamma got the giggles. We were seated right under the Bishop's nose, and since Mrs. Noyes could not hear herself and could hardly hear me, the Bishop got the whole hours conversation between Mrs. Noyes and me.

In January, 1938, after Governor James V. Allred had kicked the pants off me in the Pension Office of which I was District Supervisor, Carrie and I came back to Paris, where we should have stayed all our lives.

April 28, 1938, Ann Griffith was married to Thomas Gay by Rev. Homer Fort. They were married in the "parlor" at Mamma's

where Ann's mother had been married 29 years before, to a day, and where Ann's sister, Mallory, was married 3 years earlier, to a day.

F. D. Mallory III was born to F. D. and Inez at Sarasota, August 20, 1938, Dr. Stanley Martin officiating. Then Tommie Gay, Jr., was born in Dallas, December 4 of the same year.

Caroline graduated from Greenville High School in 1938, and enrolled at Commerce that fall. Jim Bob graduated from Paris High School in 1939. Mary Miner Ragland was born in Brownwood, March 19, 1939, and Milton Wiley Mallory was born in Sarasota November 5 of the same year. Carrie was in Sarasota with Epp and Inez at the time. Milton was born at 6 a.m. and the doctor was Dr. Stanley Martin. Jack Hawkins graduated from Annapolis and James Strong finished Baylor Medical School in Dallas. James was made a 1st Lieut. in the Med. Res. Corps June 5, and entered Maryland General Hospital at Baltimore as an interne on July 1st.

Walter Cannon, father of Jim Bob Mallory, passed away on December 4, 1939, and was buried beside Jim's mother in Evergreen cemetery.

Karl Koenig was born in Kansas City to Dwight and Mallory, September 14, 1940; his brother Donald Morrison having been born in Fort Worth October 21, 1937.

James Campbell Strong, after serving his internship at Maryland General Hospital, went to the Bethlehem Steel Company July 1, 1940, then on April 24, 1942, he enlisted as 1st. Lieut. in the Station Hospital, Fort Belvoir, Virginia, and married Mary Rachel Ecenrode at Manchester, Md., May 31, 1942. He was made Captain in the General Dispensary at Washington, February 1, 1943, and promoted to Major, October 1, 1945. He received his discharge January 30, 1946, and opened an office for general practice in Paris after doing post graduate work at Baylor from March 1 to April 28, 1946. He was appointed Lieut. Colonel and Bn. Commander of the H. Q., 210 Medical Bn., Texas National Guard, December 9, 1946, and in 1947 gave up his general practice when he was appointed head of the Paris-Lamar County Health Unit at Paris.

Every man can look back to a day in his life when he acclaimed himself a hero—he may have stolen home in the last half of the 9th inning with the score a tie, he may have told some big man just where to get off, he may have flown a plane across the ocean and made the mistake of coming home, maybe he stopped a lynching or balked a riot. Speaking of "balking" brings to mind an event in my life. When I was quite young, we all started down to Grandma Mallory's from Brookston in a buggy, and driving old Sal, the family buggy mare. When we reached the creek at Dickey's Chapel, old Sal balked and there we were in midstream with a balky horse. Papa got out, waded to the bank and picked up a rotten chunk with which he socked old Sal right between the eyes. This scared her out of her balk, she gave a lunge and ran away with the buggy, leaving Mamma and her brood

right there in the creek bed. Forever after, if Papa didn't like a man he always thought the man should be "hit between the eyes with a rotten chunk."

Now my father was a modest man, deeply religious, and an excellent banker also, a business analyst and an expert accountant. But when he felt that his audience looked upon him as merely all this and no hero he let down the gap, opened the gates and let go both barrels with the story of how he saved Brookston from complete destruction by fire when all the odds were against him including a "stiff wind from a little to the east of South." With all his modesty, he admits that on this occasion he was a hero.

The cotton yard at Brookston had caught fire and for some reason he was delayed and a little late getting there. When he arrived on the scene he found a crew of volunteers all disorganized, throwing buckets of water where there was no fire and doing all things contrary to common sense and firefighting. According to his story, he quickly realized that they were getting nowhere fast, and what they needed most was a level-headed leader--one with a cool head. Anyhow, he had on his good clothes and "leading" was not as hard on broadcloth as fire-fighting. So he appointed himself leader and started yelling orders to his men, hollered commands to this one and that one, and saved the town.

When fire was mentioned around our house, Papa was transformed instantly from a sound business man and religious leader to a hard boiled fire chief who brooks no interference from bystanders and takes no back talk from his men. He tells this fire story and when he comes to the part where he starts giving orders, he rises from his chair so that his arms will have better play and points to the fireplace when he orders his men to rip up the depot platform so the fire can't spread. I have had my hair singed many a time by this story. I had long wanted to see Papa in action, but for some reason, although we were both faithful followers of fires, we had never come together at a fire until a day in 1940.

Now, in addition to being a pious man and set in his ideas of religion and business, he was a sort of free lance in his private life. When he became about 65 years old, he decided he had been pushed around long enough by folks trying to make him do the right thing at the right time. He was always more or less an independent thinker, but he suddenly adopted a policy of suiting his habits and manners to the easiest way out. He thumbed his nose at tradition, gave precedence a kick in the pants, knocked the whey out of discretion and embarked upon a career of general insubordination toward Mamma, who not having reasoned things out as he had, thought he should still use a fork now and then and drink out of a cup. He started dunking his bread, saucering, blowing and gurgling his coffee, gargling his soup, and guzzling his buttermilk.

Papa knifed all his food and was an artist at it. Visitors were amazed that he could handle English peas so adroitly or something, but he always made it. Papa wasn't crude with all this—he just knew how. If I tried to drink my coffee from a saucer I would grab it with my thumb and all fingers—he used the first and third fingers on top of the saucer rim to steady it, and all the weight of the saucer and contents rested on the second finger, which was under the saucer. Only three fingers were used while the thumb and little finger were held rigidly and pointed to Mamma's own work of art, the picture of the pears, apples, and bananas on the wall. Get a saucer and try this method. It's a neat trick if you can do it.

When he adopted his new way of life, though, the way he handled his matches constituted the greatest change. He smoked a pipe incessantly and used on an average of 6 to 8 matches per pipeful. He struck his match on what came handy, then for the first few years of his new policy, he held the match until Mamma looked the other way, then threw the match over his shoulder. Later, of course, he didn't even look at Mamma, but just threw. Where the match landed was none of his trouble.

On this day in 1940, I was at home with him in the living room. He struck a match and as was his custom, threw it back over his shoulder. Shortly I smelled smoke and told him so. He said he guessed some of the neighbors were burning trash. About that time, though, the curtain blazed up and the whole east end of the room was on fire. He jumped from his chair, grabbed his "Life Magazine" and started fanning the fire. Looks like a man who had started as many log fires by hat fanning would have known better. I was at home with a sprained ankle, and as he fanned and the blaze spread, he and I both called Mamma who was taking a nap in the back room. She came hobbling in to see what goes on, and when she saw the fire she tore out for the bath-



room for water. Mamma kept her dental plates in an old discarded shaving mug in the bathroom. She threw out the plates, turned

on the hot water, filled the mug and started for the fire. I saw that in her crippled condition she could never put out that fire with mugs of hot water, so I called to Carrie who was upstairs with the radio going full blast and couldn't hear me. Mamma rounded the desk like an Indianapolis racer on the fateful lap, and as she reached Papa and the fire, she drew back with what little water she hadn't splashed out of the mug and let go with the leavings—not on the fire, but right down the back of Papa's neck, and was off after another mug of water. This action had a lot to do with putting out the fire because Papa started fanning his neck and forgot the fire which he had fanned into a conflagration.

Carrie finally heard my distress calls and when she got down, Mamma was coming through with her second mug of water. Carrie grabbed the phone and yelled "our house is on fire," then jerked what was left of the curtains and the fire was out. Just then Mamma came through with her second mug and threw it on the wall for good measure.

After the fire was out we sat and blamed it all on each other. After a time water came from under the door and we found that Mamma had forgotten to turn off the hydrant in the bathroom and the house was flooded with hot water. The firemen didn't come because when Carrie said "our house" they probably thought she meant a house she owned in Alabama or Georgia.

One would think that after all this, Papa would be more careful with his matches, but he wasn't. One night Carrie, Mamma, Papa, and I played dominoes, and the table was in front of the fire place. Papa must have had on his best manners that night because he didn't throw his matches over his shoulder. He lit his pipe, then just dropped his hand down between his legs and let the match fall to the floor. One match never reached the floor, though.



As we played our game, Papa said, "Carrie, kick that chunk back on the andirons—it's smoking up the room." Carrie complied.

and again he reminded her that smoke was getting in his eyes. After a few times of this, Carrie noticed smoke curling up from his side of the table. She investigated and found that his chair cushion was on fire and one of his pants legs burned off. He didn't even get up from his chair, but held his leg in the air and told Carrie to hurry and put the fire out—that it was his bid and he wanted to get going with the game. Incidentally, Mamma found at noon the following day that he had worn those one-legged pants to the bank that morning.

Mary Mallory graduated from Greenville High School in 1940, and Norris Rhodes graduated from Paris High School in 1941. Both these girls were very popular in high school. I don't know too much about Mary because she was in Greenville, but do know that she had many good friends in her school. I do know about Norris because she led all the parades, was voted the most popular girl, the prettiest, the pep leader, and all that sort of stuff. I know this much about both of them—they are mighty fine girls and not bad to look at.

Cousin Dove Roan Burgher died March 18, 1940, and was buried in Honey Grove. Mamma, Papa, Carrie, and I went to the funeral as did all the connection from Dallas, etc. Cousin Dove was just about one of our favorite kin.

In 1940, Jim Bob, Jr., went with Sherwin-Williams Paint Company in Paris (May 15) which was his first job after finishing high school, then he had an operation September 9, 1941, which knocked him out for a couple of months. When he was coming out from the ether, his sweetheart, Norris, sat holding his hand. He was nuts from the ether but kept calling for Norris. Norris assured him she was there and holding his hand. He said, "I don't feel that wart." Jim was always romantic and sentimental like that.

Mrs. Della Hackleman, Nell Hawkins' mother, died August 31, 1941. I went down with Mamma and Papa, and we met folks we had not seen for years. Looks like everyone is so wrapped up with his own affairs these days that the only time a fellow can meet his old friends is at a funeral.

April 6, 1942, I was made Chief Auditor with the U. S. Engineers who built Camp Maxey, the 30 million dollar army camp. That was my first and will be my last employment with the Government, although I enjoyed most of the two years I was there.

Susan Gay was born to Thomas and Ann, August 26, 1942, and in that year Wess Reed died in Honey Grove. Caroline Mallory taught in Corsicana in 1942 after graduating at Commerce, and Mary Mallory went to Washington where she had a Government job.

Bernard O'Brien enlisted at Houston, March 4, 1940, in the Army and was assigned to Company L, 38th Infantry. He was sent to Trinidad in April, 1941 and was there one year, being sent from there to Waterways, Alberta, Canada, headquarters for the big

"Canol" project. He was discharged from the Army March 13, 1943, with the rank of Master Sgt., Finance Department. He was married December 23, 1942, to Jessie Marion Johnson who was born September 25, 1912 to Jesse Wheeler Johnson and Jeanette Miller Johnson.

Bernard and Jessie were down for a visit in 1947, and with them and Jim and Norris, Carrie and I made a trip to New Orleans, Galveston, San Antonio, etc., and we thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it, since this is the first time we had all been together in about ten years.

Among his many other good traits and characteristics, Papa was the most complacent person I ever knew unless it was his mother, or his sister, Aunt Betty. He had a philosophy of life that can't be cultivated—I know it has to be born in a person. I asked him about it and he summed it up like this—"I never worry about anything I can't help—if I can help the situation I do something about it, if I can't help it, why should I worry?"

One night our very good friends Mrs. Betty Boyd, Mary Lowery, Al Carr, Mrs. Lige Rogers, Mrs. Pat Lewis, and Grace Lattimore were over for a game of 84. After each game we all changed places at the table. All the women got up, and Papa, who was sitting in his deep leather chair, kept trying to struggle himself up but each time he struggled, all the women pushed him back down, telling him he need not move. Then he would try again and they would push him back. He was very modest, but finally blurted out: "Plague take it, let me up—I got to go to the bathroom."

These ladies mentioned above have been our very good friends for many years. When I hear folks griping about Paris and what little there is here to live for, I am reminded of such fine friends as these and others who are here at home and can't be replaced any place on earth—The Flemings, the Walter McCuistions, Jim Bells, Bok Kimballs, Bob Berrys, Stones, Alexanders, Woods, Colemans, Fullers, Yates—well, there are so many of them I couldn't begin to list them. Carrie and I had some good friends in Dallas and Tulsa as well as Amarillo, but they are here today and gone tomorrow. These old-time good friends in Paris are here today, they were here yesterday, and they will be here tomorrow, and when trouble comes, we know they are on our side. I'll take my old friends every time and you can have the new ones.

The story of Jack Hawkins deserves and has a place in the Nation's history. From infancy, Jack was a peculiar cuss. He was a sort of "Mamma's boy" when he was little, and after he had grown into manhood and had gone through Hell to get grown, he was and is still a "Mamma's boy". And who is there to blame him for this, after knowing the mother whom he has so consistently adored throughout the years.

When Jack was a small boy he said that some day he was going to Annapolis. Just like I always said I was going to make a fence when I got big, Jack said Annapolis. Everybody knew I

wasn't going to make a fence, but I did have a good idea that Jack meant what he said, because even as a small fry, he had ideas and was hard to change on his ideas. He graduated from high school in Fort Worth, all the time working to the end that he was going to Annapolis. Jack didn't have any political connections and had other things against him. He had bad eyes for one thing, and a fellow is not supposed to go to Annapolis with bad eyes. But Jack stayed in there and pitched, worked and crammed and studied. And he did go to Annapolis. His record there stands for itself. He was among the first 25 of the class of 1939, so was given preference, the Navy or the Marines.

He chose the Marines, and that proved to be a big day for the Marine Corps. He was sent to Philadelphia for training and May 20, 1940, he finished the training and was ordered to Shanghai. He stayed in Shanghai until November 29, 1941, when he was ordered to the Phillipines. War was eminent and Jack had something to do with evacuating Americans out of danger zones.

Then on May 6th he was captured by the Japs at Corregidor and was a member of that death march. Oddly, he was promoted from 1st Lieut. to a Captain on the very day that he was captured and didn't know about it until after his escape from prison.

The story of the privations, cruelty, and beastilities suffered by that boy reads like a fairy story—it is almost unbelievable that a human being could go through it and live. But April 4, 1943, Jack and four others made their escape and made it to a camp of guerrillas who were friendly to them. They stayed with these Moros until November 1, 1943, and Jack acted as a Captain with the warriors.

He reported to General MacArthur in Australia, then arrived in the States December 17, 1943. He was married to his Annapolis Academy sweetheart, Rhea Ritter, December 23, 1943, in the Annapolis Chapel. He was used by the Government as an instructor for a time and then was sent to Okinawa as a Major. June 5, 1945, he was returned to the States for a series of special lectures in the North and East and finally landed in Chicago in charge of recruiting for the Marines for the District. His son John Mallory Hawkins was born in Detroit, February 25, 1946, and shortly afterward, the now Lieut. Colonel and his wife and son were sent by the Government to Venezuela on a special mission. They had not been there long before Jack, as always, sent for his mother, who at this time is visiting them.

Jack is a wonderful boy. No further proof is needed than what my father said many times—that Jack was one of the best, steadiest boys he ever knew.

Jim Bob Mallory, Jr., and Norris Rhodes, daughter of James and Katherine Rhodes were married at the First Methodist Church in Paris, June 5, 1942, by Rev. John Berglund. Camille Cameron and Marvin Cannon were in the wedding which was a simple affair. Tots Logan Fuller sang "Mavis" which is old and my favorite song.

After they were married, Jim and Norris went to New Orleans and around the country and landed back home June 12. Jim was at the time employed by Sherwin-Williams Paint Company at Paris.

He had nagged the Navy and the Army for a year trying to get in but was turned down because of his vision. Finally, on August 13, 1942, the recruiting officer in Paris told him to go to Dallas and talk to a Colonel in charge of recruiting. This he did, and he was accepted—not in the regular combat troop, but as a recruiting officer at Greenville. He served until September 4, 1943, when he was discharged for faulty vision.

After his discharge, he went back to Sherwin-Williams as manager of their store at Marshall. James Robert Mallory, III, my first grandson was born to Jim Bob and Norris in Marshall, November 13, 1943, at the Kahn Hospital. Dr. James Harris was the doctor. Carrie and I got the news at 8 o'clock that morning and were showing Bobby how to get his dinner by 11 o'clock. Our first granddaughter, Carol Kay Mallory, was born August 13, 1946, the same hospital, and this time it was Dr. S. W. Tenney. She was named for her grandmothers Carrie Mallory and Katie Rhodes, and what a girl she is. We are plenty proud of our kiddoes and the babies.

Jim is a mighty good steady boy of whom we are intensely proud, and his choice of Norris for a wife attests to his good sound judgement. No two people of my acquaintance have done better in marrying than these two. They are a source of much satisfaction to Carrie and me and we could not wish for anything better than the knowledge that these two children of ours are the clean, upright folks that they are.

Sarah Etta Lightfoot and Benjamin Paris Denney were married August 21, 1942, at Sarah Etta's home by Rev. John Berglund. They were married on the front steps of the home and the only attendants were Virginia Lightfoot and Roland Denney. Caroline lit some candles but I think that was about all the fol-de-rol they had. I know one thing—it was a pretty wedding and lots of us were there. Denney had enlisted in the Air Corps just a month prior, and was stationed in Paris for some time after.

Their son, David, was born in Paris, August 16, 1943, and a short time later, Sarah Etta and the baby went to Carlsbad, N. M. where B. P. was stationed until he went across. Their daughter, Patricia Claire (named for Clara Rice Thompson) was born in Paris, May 29, 1947.

B. P. Denney, Jr., ASN 18 123 652, enlisted with the Air Corps July 25, 1942, trained at Paris, then Carlsbad, New Mexico, and was in the invasion of Okinawa from April 1, 1944 to December 18, 1944. He was at Ie Shima two days after Ernie Pyle was killed there, and was discharged January 12, 1946, at Ft. Bliss, El Paso, Texas.

The first of 1943, Mamma and Papa had been married fifty-seven years and there had been seven children, besides all the

grandchildren. Only one death had, up until that time, occurred—our brother, Harry, who died in infancy in or about 1891. But this record could not go on forever.

Papa did not go to the bank April 17, 1943, because he had one of his chest colds. Then he did not feel like going the next day, but that night he got out of bed, put on his robe, and challenged Hattie Bell, Will, Carrie, and me to a game of Chinese checkers. As I recall, he beat the whole gang three straight games. The following morning I went by his bed before going to work and he complained of his chest and said he had a trouble which he had not experienced before and that he was worried about himself. From some things he said to me that morning, I am sure he had a presentiment he was not going to get over this spell. Carrie phoned me at noon that Dr. Pate McCuistion had taken Papa to the Sanitarium and that he was a sick man. I immediately came in from Camp Maxey and went directly to the Sanitarium, meeting Dr. McCuistion in the hall. He shook his head and told me that I had better get in touch with F. D., Jr., at once and tell him to come to Papa's bedside. He told me there was nothing that medical science could do for him, and that all he could do was to make Papa as comfortable as possible.

When I went into his room a nurse brought in some flowers, and I told Papa they were from Virginia Lightfoot. He smiled and said: "Law me, you just can't beat old Sister." So far as I know that was his last word. F. D. managed to get in Tuesday from Sarasota, and Papa passed away at 6:30 a.m. Wednesday, March 24. Mamma stayed with him as long as she could, and when he passed away she was confined to her bed.

Papa was buried at 4 p.m., Thursday, March 25, 1947, from the First Methodist Church. Homer Fort who was in Muskogee at the time could not come, so John Berglund, the pastor, and Rev. Sam Black, the District Superintendent who had played many a game of 84 at our home, conducted the service.

Pall bearers were Will Lightfoot, Robert Buchanan, Morrison Griffith, William M. Lightfoot, Jim Bob Mallory, and Thomas Gay. The crowd which filled the church, and the flowers, cards, telegrams, and personal calls reflected the love and high regard people had for this good man. While giving him up was the hardest blow that had ever befallen us all, the many expressions of love for him and regret at his passing were a source of deep gratification to all of us who had known all our lives that he was as nearly perfect as it is possible for a man to be.

Mr. A. W. (Sandy) Neville, editor of the Paris News, wrote an editorial that was published the day after Papa was buried. Since Mr. Neville had known Papa quite well for more than 50 years, the things he had to say were duly appreciated by the family and by Papa's many friends. This editorial was headed:

HE LIVED THAT WAY

Lamar County has been called on to give up one of her best citizens in the passing of Frank Mallory, who for four-score years has been one of us in every sense that real citizenship connotes—friend, counsellor, public servant of man and active servant of God—a man who filled every obligation of citizenship as it should be filled. Born and spending his life in Lamar County he had a wide acquaintance with the people and their problems, and he was always ready to help solve them if asked.

As a merchant, he had an excellent volume of business because he was fair in his dealings with all his customers. As a public official he was universally liked because he had none of the air of superiority that sometimes is a mark of officialdom. As an officer in a great financial institution he added to the popularity of the Corporation by reason of his sympathetic and business-like treatment of those who had business with it.

As a church member, he lived up to his profession and richly illustrated the worth of belief in the word of God by walking "worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work."

Frank Mallory was a careful man—careful of his good name, of his work, and of his treatment of his fellow man because he wanted to do no man an injustice, and because he believed whatever engaged his attention in business was worthy of his best efforts.

As County Treasurer, in the days when the treasurer actually handled the money, receiving and paying it out, he had the satisfaction of hearing a Grand Jury report at the end of his six year tenure of the office that his books showed not one sign of an erasure or corrected figures to a mistake. Every figure was correct when it was set down and all his dealings with men and affairs were based on the same practice and belief—that there is just one right way to live and Frank Mallory lived that way.

In another part of the same paper, Maude Neville wrote: "Mr. Mallory was as faithful in the discharge of his civic duties as in his church and business affairs; his personal creed being summed up in his own expression—"There's no middle ground; a thing's just right or it's wrong."

All the Nevilles and the Mallorys in the world could not set in type just what Papa meant to his family and his friends. When Grandma Mallory died, Papa had inscribed on her tombstone: "She Wrought Well." Volumes could be written about this good and great man, but suffice to say: "He Wrought Well," and we are all proud in the satisfaction of knowing that his works will live forever.

Speaking of the Nevilles—it seems that since we moved to Paris in 1894, there has always been a Neville for every Mallory. Jack and Dorothy for Madge and me, Katherine for Hattie Bell, Maude for Son and Epp and Lucy for Sarah. Mr. Sandy Neville has been



Made in the front room at home Christmas Day of 1945. In the picture are: Front Row: Milton Mallory, Jim Bob Mallory III, David Denney, Sarah Inez Mallory, F. D. Mallory III, Karl Koenig, Donald Koenig, Susan Gay. Second Row: Ellen Gay, Madge M. Griffith, Sarah M. Buchanan, Caroline Mallory (Berry), Young Mallory, Sallie (Mamma) Mallory, J. R. Mallory, Hattie Bell Lightfoot, F. D. Mallory, Jr., Will H. Lightfoot. Back Row: Robert Buchanan, Helen H. Mallory, Sarah Etta L. Denney, Norris Rhodes Mallory, J. R. Mallory, Jr., Carrie H. Mallory, Morris E. Griffith, Mallory G. Koenig, Inez Davis Mallory, Dwight Koenig, Mary Mallory (Amis), John T. Walker, Virginia Lightfoot Walker, William Mallory Lightfoot. Not in the picture are Thomas and Ann Gay, Thomas, Jr., and Johnnie Gay. Thomas, Jr. had eaten too much Christmas turkey and was being divested of the surplus when the picture was made. Denney had gone to sing in a wedding.

my good friend since I delivered the Paris Daily Advocate of which he was editor. And since I learned to read, I have read with interest and with pleasure just about everything Mr. Neville has written—and believe me, he has written lots. At this time he is running a daily column, "Backward Glances," in the Paris News, and this column is as interesting to me as was his book about Lamar County. I am afraid this generation does not appreciate just how much Paris and Lamar County are indebted to Mr. A. W. Neville.

And on the subject of reading, I have always been a push-over for book salesmen. All a fellow's got to do is to unfold one of those accordion looking things and hold it at arms length from me. Makes no difference what the books are about—it's how they will look on a shelf, of which shelves I have none. The only thing that stands between me and a book purchase is the down payment. If I can wrangle that out of somebody, the sale is made. I never read the books—just buy them. My reading is confined to Mr. Neville's column, Drew Peason, Kenneth Force, and prose and poetry on the walls of men's powder rooms over the country. Which reminds me of one I read this morning in Bully Kammer's Barber Shop Men's Room: "Stand up close, the next fellow may be in his sock feet." Where's your imagination, folks? Just visualize on that one. Now why should I buy books when I can get such choice morsels for free?



All the Mallorys have some friends—more or less. To try to list all these good friends in this book would crowd me out of the picture but some of our mutual friends are and have been so close to us that they are more or less members of the family. Among them are the Rileys and Mrs. Fannie B. Rountree.

Miss Fannie was our neighbor for years and to this day she

is as much at home with us as any member of the family. When she is in Paris from her home in Austin she comes in unannounced, picks out a bed with a clean sheet, if there is one, has her visit, and leaves as she came—without ceremony. Miss Fannie was always a favorite of Grandpa and Grandma Bell and spent much time making their last days as pleasant as only she could do. Papa was in bed all one summer with a bad hip, and visits meant more to him than she could possibly know. And throughout the years, she has always managed to be with us when she was needed. She is truly a friend, and since she has moved to Austin we miss her very much and speak of her as though she were a member of our immediate family. There is only one Miss Fannie, and we consider ourselves fortunate indeed that we have been privileged to know her as our neighbor and friend.

In my life I have had lots of friends and in many cases I lost their friendship due to some misdeeds of my own. In 1937 while living in Dallas, I met Hobart and Jewell Owens Riley of Wills Point, and from my first meeting with them, I knew they were my good friends. Unlike others whose friendship I abused, and lost, the Rileys seemed to be hogs for punishment, and try as I did, it seems I could not lose their friendship. For ten years they have been closer to me than any other person outside my immediate family. In July, 1947, my good friend Hobart passed away at the home of his daughter, Betty, in Austin. No finer girl has ever lived than Betty, who married Frank H. Stephens, a promising young student in the University. Frank and Betty continued their studies after their marriage, and Hobart had just gone to Austin for the weekend after hearing that he would definitely be a grandfather early in 1948. Never a day that I don't think kindly of Hobart, and of what his friendship meant to me. When a fellow is up he has plenty of friends who may be inclined to weaken a little when the going gets rough. Not so with the Rileys—when they were most needed was when they really bore down with consideration and with real friendship. Personally, I don't want any better friends than Hobart and Jewell Owens Riley, and Harley and May Dee Peace who also live in Wills Point and have been life-long friends of Hobart and Jewell Owens.

I have just been thinking that I witnessed three murders in Paris. One day as I stood on the southeast corner of the square Mr. McComas came by and had a shotgun in his hand. I asked him if he was going hunting and he replied that he was. I saw him walk down the side of the Pullman Bar, push the swinging door open with his shot gun, and fire into the saloon. He had killed Dr. Ben McCuiston.

Another time while I worked for Nicholson-Watson, I was sent out to collect the monthly bills—merchants presented bills in person those days. I had a bill for Mr. A. McLaughlin who lived on South Main Street just above Washington. A negro boy answered the door and told me Mr. McLaughlin was down at Mr. Jones'

store, just south of Washington Street. I started down that way and just as I got a glimpse of Mr. McLaughlin, Mr. Dick Moore shot him dead. I didn't get to present that bill.

Then one day as I stood at the corner where Joe Wunsch has his store, I was talking to Jack Smith who had a confectionery next door. A stairway ran up alongside Jack's place. We heard a shot and then a rumbling down the stairs, and right at our feet fell a man, mortally wounded. He was a gambler and had been shot at the gambling house door, just at the head of the steps. One or the other was named Copeland—the killer or the man who got killed.

During the war, I served on an O.P.A. panel, which was indeed a most thankless job. In knocking around for sixty years I have picked up a lot of oddities and queer quirks of human nature. On this O.P.A. panel I learned plenty and was more than ever convinced that "People Are Funny." Farmers and salaried people for whom the O.P.A. was instituted, and whose hides it saved were, believe it or not, it's bitterest foes. Their contention was that people should be put upon their honor in the matter of high prices and hoarding and not be restricted by law as to quantity and price. The theory was good all right, but since the war, with prices more than doubled in some cases, it is, or should be, quite apparent that there isn't enough honor to go around.

John Berglund, the Methodist Preacher, and I were made Fire Wardens for our part of town. One night we had a practice black-out when all the lights were turned out and complete and utter darkness prevailed. We stumbled up Robison Street and down Travis Street, being sure that no lights were visible. Finally we spied one dim light in a house on Cherry Street and it looked so good to John and me that we just let it burn—it was more or less a haven.



Now and then a voice from out of the dark would whisper right in my ear: "There's a light over in that house." It was someone tattling on his neighbor, but to me it was the voice of death.

After a few blocks of this, and stumbling off the curbs, John

and I held hands and walked down what we took to be the middle of the street. I was trying to get away from those spooky whispers. A picture of me and the preacher staggering down the street holding hands would have been worth the money. After trembling through this one black-out, I managed to be out of town for the next one. I ain't no game warden nohow.

In 1943, lots of boys were going into the Army and a new crop of Mallory's was coming on. Campbell Sansing died at Blossom, April 3, and was buried in Paris. Carol E. Strong was born to James and Ray. August 26, 1943, in Washington, where James had been appointed a Captain in the General Dispensary, February 1, 1943.

July 1, 1943, William Mallory Lightfoot (839-43-73) enlisted at Dallas in the Navy. He took basic training at San Diego and was assigned to U.S.S. Destroyer Gridley. He attended Radio School at Pearl Harbor and Portland, Me. Saw service in Gilbert Islands, bombardment and support of occupation of Makin, sinking of Jap sub off Makin, Marshalls Islands Campaign, Bonins and Marianna Islands Action, capture and occupation of Saipan, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th Bonins Raids, Battle of the Phillipine Sea, bombardment, capture and occupation of Guam, bombardment of Iwo Jima, Pilsu, Yap and Ulithi Raids, Okinawa, Formosa, Aparri and Visayas Raids, Phillipine Operation, support and occupation of Leyte and sinking of Jap sub at Lingayan Gulf Landing. He was discharged March 20, 1946, and attended Radio School at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine, until September 28, 1946.

F. D. Mallory, Jr., (ASN 0192576) enlisted September 17, 1943, at Sarasota, Florida, rank of Captain, European Military Government, Specialist Reserve, and was sent for training to Fort Custer, Michigan, Stanford University, and Camp Kilmer, N. J. Sailed January 17, 1944, and landed in Shrivenham, England, February 1, 1944. June 1, 1944, to Highclere and June 8 embarked on LCI to France; joined 82nd Airborne June 10 at Picaudville, Normandy; took over Civil Affairs in St. Sauveur Le Vicompe, June 16; captured German "88" July 3; sent back to 1st Army HQ for rest July 5; joined 7th Corps, Patton's 3rd Army in Brickabeque, August 7; in Orchard Avranche August 13; Le Mans, August 16; St. Calais August 22; Sens, August 30; At Troyes September 1; Ligny September 3; Commercy September 10; Nancy, September 18. Transferred from French Civil Affairs to German Military Government, detachment G3-B2, reporting to Goudreville, Oct. 16; Lucky Rear (3rd Army HQ) at Maxeville, November 3; Arlon Belgium December 26; Bastogne (Battle of the Bulge) December 28.

In Clervaux, Luxemburg, January 15, 1945, and February 1, entered Waxweiler Germany, (15th Cavalry); Schoennecken Germany February 15, with 7th Corps, 3rd Army (Patton's Army). Mar. 1, 1945, Andernach on the Rhine, Stronberge on the 22nd, and Offenbach on April 10. May 23, 1945, to hospital in Frankfort, and via Hospital Train to Commercey Hospital, May 26. June 2, 1945, to Cherbourg for three-day wait for boat, June 5 sailed on Hospital

Ship for U. S., arriving in Boston, June 15, 1945, then to Camp Edwards, Massachusetts. June 25, 1945, arrived Brooks Hospital, San Antonio, promoted to Major December 1, 1945, and placed on inactive duty December 7, 1945.

The U. S. Engineers closed their office in Paris, March 15, 1944 and on that date I opened an accounting and tax office in Will Lightfoot's building. Ellen Gay was born to Thomas and Ann, July 24, at Paris. Nancy Bell Strong was born to James and Ray, July 12, 1945, and John Banks Gay was born to Thomas and Ann, January 19, 1946.

Virginia Lightfoot was in the Headquarters Office at Camp Maxey during the war and got acquainted with some of the soldiers who were stationed out there, as did all the girls in Paris. Among others, she met John Thomas Walker who was with the 14th Mech. Cavalry and came here from Fort Riley, Kansas. John was born September 22, 1918, at Holloway's Prairie, Louisiana, to Matthew and Eula Walker, and was christened John Thomas Felder Walker—wonder if he was named for Felder Morris. John graduated from Louisiana Baptist College at Pineville, Louisiana, and the Coaching School of Louisiana State. He coached Vinton, Louisiana, High School football and was President of the Vinton Rotary Club in 1940. He was always pretty active in church and Sunday school work and outside of Charles Berry, I think he had more religion than anybody who ever married into our family. Understand, now, the Mallorys have religion, generally speaking, but it just always seemed to me that boys with religion fought a little shy of us. There is nothing personal about this statement, but as I look back, I don't recall that any of the in-laws or kin-by-marriage could be classed as religious fanatics.

Well, John joined the Army June 16, 1941, and after a lot of training he finally got down to Camp Maxey. He sailed for France aboard the Queen Elizabeth August 28, 1944, and was badly wounded December 18, 1944, at the Battle of the Bulge in Belgium. I think he had a piece of metal about the size of a goose egg imbedded in his lungs. I have never been able to get him to discuss this wound and I have often thought what a time I could have if it had happened to me and I had lived to tell the tale—tell the tale is right: by this time I would have had that piece of metal grown into a bull dozer. I can't understand why guys like John seem to want to pass up such a good chance. John knocked around hospitals in France and then went to England where a great specialist cut that drag line out of his lungs one morning and let him up that afternoon.

John's closet friend in the Army was Stanley Porche whom he had known at Ft. Riley. In the Battle of the Bulge, Porche was captured and that was the last John had heard of him. John sailed for home from England aboard the same Queen Elizabeth and arrived in the U. S. April 14, 1945. He was at Brooks Hospital at San Antonio for some time, but on a visit home he had a visit from his

old buddie, Porche, who had managed to live through it.

John came to Paris several times for a visit with Virginia, and they were married at the Methodist Church in Paris at 5 p.m., November 14, 1945 by Rev. Walter H. Vanderpool, the pastor. Betty Prock sang "Because" and "I Love Thee" as Clara Rice Thompson gave with the organ. Bill Lightfoot gave the bride away. I don't know why they have to sing "Because" at all the weddings—that's all a fellow can get out of his girl while he's courting her, then he has to listen to it while he gets married; and forever after, he hears "Because."

Sarah Etta was matron of honor and Caroline and Mary Mallory were bridesmaids. Sarah Mallory and Ula Jean Ward were junior bridesmaids, and Susan Gay was the flower girl. Captain Stanley Porche was best man and the groomsmen were Major F. D. Mallory, Jr., Harry Ward from Sulphur, Louisiana, James "Pe-Wee" Griffin, and W. C. Gammill from Tullos, Louisiana.

The night before the wedding, they had a rehearsal dinner at Mamma's and among other things they served chicken salad. It was good, all right, but chicken salad can go just so far. They either covered it or left it uncovered that night, then the day of the wedding everybody filled up on it again at noon. It could not have been more perfectly timed. Just as the organ started up with Mendelssohn's, Mrs. Kirby who was there with Mamma made a bee line for the door. She was followed by about all the family one at a time until all of them but me and Epp had shot their lunches. The bridal party couldn't be still for the chicken salad and I thought every minute that Sarah Etta was going to give. At the reception that night, all the beds at Hattie's were occupied with bridesmaids and things hanging their heads over the edge of the beds, retching and irping. John and Virginia went from here to Shreveport and scattered chicken salad from Mount Pleasant to Jefferson. All this was unfortunate, of course, but it accomplished one thing—it taught the women to put a lid over chicken salad if they held it over for a day, or don't put the lid on—well, it's something about the lid.

John and Virginia went on down to Louisiana where John is in the saw-mill business with his father. They are very happy and especially so since on May 29, 1947, the first one of their eight (according to John) children was born at Leesville, Louisiana. They were living at Florein, but the baby was born at the hospital in Leesville. This baby has a head start in life with two fine parents like John and Virginia, and me for a great-uncle, but to make it perfect she was named Sally Mallory Walker for her Grandma, Sally Mallory.

Captain Walker didn't get his discharge until January 26, 1946, and with the rank of Major.

Helen Caroline Mallory was married November 30, 1946, to Charles Daniel Berry, Jr., son of District Judge and Mrs. C. D. Berry of Greenville. The wedding took place at the Methodist Church

in Paris at 7 p.m. and the ceremony was performed by Rev. Walter H. Vanderpool. Jane Miller, Mary Hutchison's daughter, sang "Because" and B. P. Denney sang "Until". Clara Rice Thompson operated the organ. Mary Mallory was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Sarah Etta and Virginia. Joe Germany of Houston was best man and the groomsmen were W. H. Maier and William M. Lightfoot. Bobby and Billy Hutchison lit the candles and the wedding was a success from every angle, I guess. It seemed as if Greenville had just emptied her population right smack into the church. They were present from all over Delta and Hunt Counties, not to mention Lamar. Charles and Caroline couldn't get married for a long time because they couldn't get an apartment in Dallas where Charles was with the U. S. Rubber Company. After I had heard their troubles for about long enough, I went to headquarters for apartments, information, conservation or what-have-you—my double third cousin, W. Lenoir Burgher. All he had to know was that this couple was love-lorn or love-sick and that they needed an apartment. Burgher came through in his usual way of getting things done and he got them an apartment. Not only did he get them settled, but he came up from Dallas with Will and Dodie to help with the wedding.

A reception was put on at Caroline's home and the three Counties passed down the line. After the reception, the usual chase took place but nobody seems to have caught the bride and groom, and they made it to Houston for a week.

Charles Berry was born in Cooper Dec. 22, 1920. He graduated from Greenville High School in 1937 and from A&M College of Texas Jan. 28, 1942. He enlisted in Dallas, April 7, 1942, and was made a 1st Lieutenant April 18, 1945. He sailed from New York for Falmouth, England, February 24, 1946, arriving there March 1, this being his second trip over. May 24, 1946, he sailed from England, and arrived in New York aboard the Sheepshead Bay Victory, June 7, 1946. He received his discharge June 24, 1946, at Fort Sam Houston Texas, with the rank of Captain.

At this date, Charles and Caroline with their son C. D. III (Danny) live in Longview where Charles is with the East Texas Chamber of Commerce and is making quite a name for himself in his profession.

"Grace McGee who was Carrie's roommate at Mary Connor College became our mutual friend at that time and our friendship has grown throughout the years since 1905. Grace married Dr. J. Dellis Thompson in 1909 or 1910 and we all became the best of friends. Through the forty years, we have felt a kinship for them just like we have our own blood brothers and sisters. When our children moved to Marshall, Grace and Dellis took them in and treated them as their own children. I think Grace and Dellis were the most devoted couple I have ever known, their interests were identical, and when Doc left his office he was with Grace until he opened it up again next morning. His recent passing was a blow

to Grace as it was a shock and a distinct loss to all the Mallorys. All Mallorys love Grace and the memory of Dellis, and about 4 or 5 friends like them would be all I would need to put me over the hill. Wonderful folks.

Mary Mallory and O. D. Amis were married Friday afternoon, June 20, 1947, at 4 o'clock by Rev. Walter Vanderpool, the pastor of the First Methodist Church of Paris—they were married in the Church. In Caroline's wedding, Jane Miller sang "Because" and B. P. sang "I Love Thee", but in Mary's wedding this was reversed—B. P. sang "Because" and Jane sang "I Love Thee." I don't know whether Mary was just hard-headed or whether the singers opened the wrong page. While this was a fine wedding and a success from my point of view, it was simpler than most of the church weddings—Mary and O. D. wanted it that way. Caroline was Mary's only attendant, but O. D. was pretty well supported. He had Jack Denman, A. L. Brown, Mac Clement, and Tom Amis; and Bill Amis, his brother, who was best man. Sarah Inez Mallory and Nance Le Hew of Guthrie lit the candles.

At the reception after the wedding, Dodie Burgher and Camille Cameron Wunsch served the cake, while the punch was served by Sarah Etta, Bobby Jean Amis, Martha Stewart, Mary Kimball Ayres, Mrs. John Scarborough, Jr., Mrs. Charlene Taylor, and Mrs. Woods McLellan. This was really an occasion, and after the reception Mary and O. D. went over to O. M. Parks' across the street and started hiding and everybody started out looking for them. Finally, the bride and groom ran for a car, jumped in and were on their way, with cars screeching and brakes jamming—everybody trying to catch the bride and groom—why, I don't know.

I have been to lots of weddings and each time the crowd goes on a rampage trying to catch the bride and groom, but so far as I know they have never caught a pair yet. Just let's suppose they should catch a pair—what would be the outcome? I can't imagine why anyone would want to be with a bride and groom on their wedding night, but every wedding winds up with this same trouble. For real company and a good sociable time, I'll take a pair that's been married about 20 years, or one that just happened to meet—not a bride and groom on their first night, nor for many nights thereafter. They just ain't sociable with other folks, I figure.

O. D. Amis is the son of Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Amis who have lived here for a long time, and they are fine people. O. D. finished high school in Paris and is very popular with young men around town and has made a good start at becoming a good business man. He is connected with the National Hardware Company of Paris. He enlisted in the Army Air Forces at Dallas in March 1942, (ASN 18083733) and was two years in the CBI theater in Burma, with the 5th Liaison Squadron, 10th Air Force. He received his discharge at Tyler, Texas, in January, 1946, with the rank of Corporal.

William Mallory Lightfoot was married at 5 p.m., Sunday, August 22, 1948 at the First Christian Church of Paris to Thelma Christine Knowles, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Knowles of Paris, by Rev. Wesley Hite, Pastor of the First Methodist Church of Paris. Clara Rice Thompson played while B. P. Denney sang "The Sweetest Story Ever Told" and "Because". Maid of Honor was Mrs. Leo Rogers, a sister of Thelma. Best Man was B. P. Denney and ushers were John Walker of DeQuincy, La., Roland Denney, Sam McClure and Truman Holloway who lives in Dallas. After the double ring ceremony a reception was held at the Lightfoot home and at the reception, Patricia Bankhead served frozen punch. Helping her serve were Sarah Inez Mallory, Billie Lou Brown and Mary Speairs. After the reception William (Sonny) and his bride left for New Orleans, then on to Travis Heights, Austin, Texas, where William is taking a course in Architecture at Texas University.

The Garden Club of Paris of which Mamma was a life member honored Mamma and Papa in 1946 by using a picture of them in the garden on the front cover of the Garden Club Yearbook for 1946-1947.

Mamma was confined to her bed for several years and although she was helpless and knew she was hopelessly sick, it took a long, long time for her to start giving up and losing spirit. It was a sad day indeed for all of us when we saw her gradually losing her grip. She was the most wonderful woman I have ever known and right up to her last days I have never seen her run for cover on any issue. She had plans—scads of 'em, and she always carried them through. When a fight came on she figured the right side of the question, took her stand and grabbed that phone or went in person. She never lost a battle. The most miserable days of my life were those last days of hers when she lay helpless and still wanted to get up and going. She was so little—so very dainty, and silly as it may sound, she reminded me of a little crippled bird. After she had reached the point that she knew she would never get out of bed she always looked at us so appealingly when we approached her bed—as much as to say: "Isn't there something you can do to get me up from here?" During her long illness there was never a day that folks didn't inquire about her and remark on her wonderful past. With all her troubles, there were lots of times when her old time spirit asserted itself in some way. She always had a sense of humor, and even in her most weakened times, she displayed it. An entire book could be written about this grand little woman, and still a lot of her good works would not be mentioned. While all of us resented the fact that she had to lie in bed so long and suffer the agony of not being able to continue in her role of leader, yet from a selfish angle we were fortunate even in her misfortune, because if she had been taken suddenly I don't understand how any of us could have withstood the blow. All of us have had troubles—just lots of them, misfortunes of all sorts—mine were self-imposed,—but whatever our trouble, we always—

all of us—knew that if we could hold out long enough to get to Mamma, she would have the solution. Not only her own children, but the Campbells, the Pooles, and the preachers and their families as well as all the neighbors and friends. God put Mamma here for a purpose, and I am sure He did not call her to him until she had carried out His mission. Surely after what she accomplished in her life, He couldn't have asked for more of her.

Mamma passed away at 9 o'clock on the morning of April 4, 1949, in my sister Hattie Bell's home. We were all with her and as she peacefully went away we all of us gave thanks to God that she was our Mother and that we had been blest with her for all these years. Dr. Walter McCuiston who had ministered to her so faithfully and so tenderly through the years of her illness was with her. Never during those years, nor at the time of her going did he ever treat her in a professional manner. For his personal feelings toward Mamma and his faithful, and untiring work when he literally brought her back from death on several occasions, all Mallorys will be forever grateful. He is a man and a doctor.

I would be remiss indeed if I failed to mention in connection with Mamma's last illness and her passing, the tender care she received from Carrie and my brothers and sisters, and the loyal, loving and efficient service of her nurses, Mrs. George Kirby and Mrs. Frank Osburn, both of whom gave all they had to make her comfortable and easy in her last days. All the Mallorys will reserve a warm spot in their hearts for these two good women.

Our grand friend, Homer Fort, and his wife came up from Beaumont as did Miss Fannie Rountree from Austin. Homer had charge of the services in accordance with Mamma's wishes, and Rev. Wesley Hite, our present pastor, assisted. Mamma was placed beside Papa in Evergreen Cemetery, where she had expressed a desire to be, many times since he passed away in 1943. We Mallorys may never have anything else to crow about, but we can always say we had the two finest parents — there were never better ones.

When Mamma passed away I wired Bob Shuler in Los Angeles and in the following issue of his magazine he wrote:

OUT OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

"I met them on the trail."

I cannot write of one without writing of the other. They were inseparable in their inspiring association with the preacher's family that lived on Graham Street in Paris, Texas, from 1916 to 1920. They lived next door. He was the president of the First National Bank of Paris and she his busy, interesting, eager, active little wife. He was also the treasurer of the First Methodist Church of Paris, of which I was the pastor.

Frank Mallory had been a farmer before he was a banker. He never ceased to be a farmer. He looked like a prosperous farmer. He acted like a farmer. He smoked a cob pipe, which is a farmer's pipe, and although I do not believe in the use of tobacco,

I must say that Frank Mallory was not complete without that pipe.

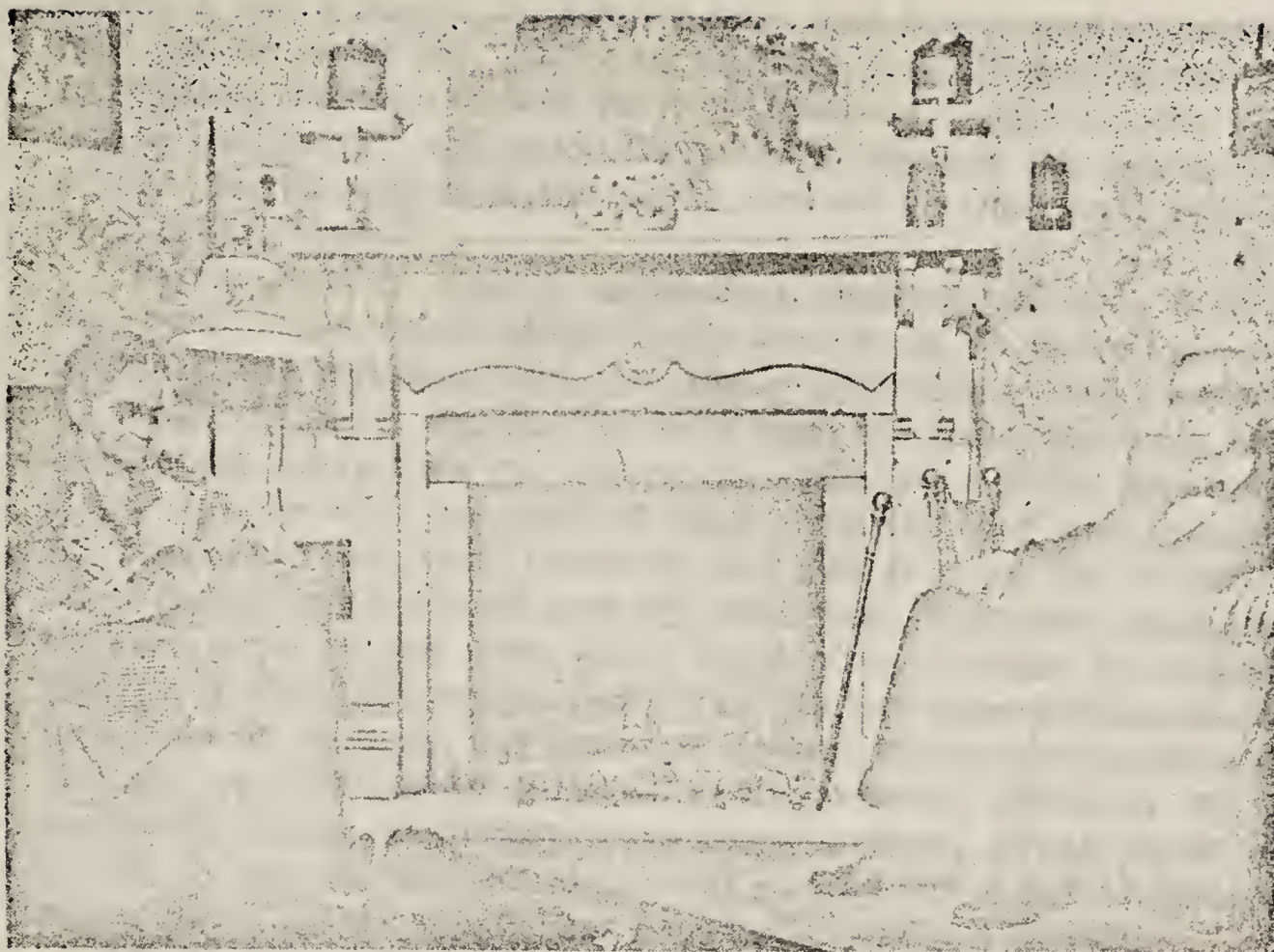
I think I have never felt so secure and happy as when I would pass the front window of the First National Bank of Paris and see just inside Frank Mallory sitting in his chair, his cob pipe beside him on the desk, talking earnestly with some woman who had just lost her husband and now must have financial advice and a friend whom she could trust. Something got warm and comfortable down inside of me. I knew that the widow in that banker's office was in good, safe hands. Her friends would pass the window, glance in and smile at each other. They knew that their friend, who must now walk the way alone, had found the friendship and counsel of a man whose heart was as loyal and true as the heart of mortal man could be.

Frank Mallory never looked at ease in a swivel chair. The mahogany furniture of his office did not seem to belong in the same room with him. He was homespun. You never noticed how he was dressed. The things about him seemed to disappear in the presence of the fineness of the man. He did not have to "dress up". His simple, clean-cut, marvelous personality took over the moment he walked into any room or stood in the presence of any group.

Sarah Mallory was a very different individual. She was a bundle of nervous energy, while he was calm, serene and never ruffled. She knew all the town gossip and was sometimes tempted to repeat to intimate friends what she had heard over the telephone. She was into everything over at the church. She was a part of every movement among the women. He, on the other hand, was reticent and retiring. And yet no two people ever lived together for a long life-time whose characteristics complemented each other more satisfactorily.

Frank and Sarah Mallory (always called "Sally") reared a large family, and their children and grand-children came and went constantly. The Mallory home was ablaze with light and abuzz with activity every evening. The family gathered in for big Sunday dinners. Life with the Mallorys was a constant family reunion. Through it all, Frank went his slow, sure, steady way and contented himself with "sitting about" while his wife managed the show like an artist. Not a daughter was as alert as she. Not a grand-daughter was so alive. She even helped take care of the swiftly arriving family over at the parsonage.

When we went to Paris, my wife was carrying a month-old babe in her arms. During the four years of our pastorate, two more came. The children had measles, chicken pox, roseola, pneumonia, together with other like diseases, capped off by four years of sniffing colds. "Sally" Mallory was in attendance constantly. She always spotted the ailment, knew the answer, had the remedy and assured my sorely beset wife that the "youngun" would live. It did. They did. Her optimism and cheerfulness was as contagious



Mamma and Papa and Dog (Buttons) 1934

as the diseases. And she always afforded the small news of the community on the side. I even got to where I liked to sit about and listen in.

While Frank was a slow, sure-footed plodder, "Sally" was chained lightning. Her father had come west with the forty-niners. She inherited his venturesomeness and daring. Though Frank Mallory was one of the most influential members of the official Board of First Church, I cannot recall, though I saw him practically every day, that he ever suggested some place where I was failing or that a little more activity on my part might be desired. But Mrs. Mallory saw to it that I made a success in that town! She was a born "Section Foreman." She drove with a whip. Her's were the spurs. Every morning, if I did not slip out and escape her, she had more work mapped out for me than two normal men could do. I learned all the blind alleys. I discovered when she might possibly be on the other side of the house. Then I made my get-away. And yet, though no woman, including my wife, ever drove me as did "Sally" Mallory, I came to love and appreciate that bit of vital, aggressive flesh and blood as few women I have ever known. Her height was about five feet and she weighed around a hundred pounds, but there was plenty there to handle the situation, whatever it might be, with the grasp and authority of a master.

Once I got it back on her with emphasis. She was over early that morning. "Brother Shuler have you called on Mr. _____?" "Why no," I answered, "is something wrong with him?" "Sure, he's awfully sick, you must go right on over there first thing," she in-

sisted. I did. I found the brother hale and hearty and at work. He told me he never felt better in his life. I really took great pride in relating the facts to Mrs. Mallory. She was visibly shaken. "Why, it's in the paper," she said. To prove it, she got the paper. There it was. But the date of the paper was of six months before that visit that I made.

Frank Mallory was a methodical, dependable man who left his house for the bank within thirty seconds of the same time every morning and returned with the same punctuality every evening. He made the same number of steps from the front sidewalk to the front porch every time he walked the distance. I never counted the steps, but he was the kind of man who did that kind of thing. He tended to his own business and did it well. He helped the other fellow when asked, and did that well. The only suggestions he ever made to me were about gardening. He was an expert. I thought I was not bad myself. The contest was always on. The first head of cabbage, the first ripe tomato, the best sweet potatoes! Though we both loved First Church, we never dreamed of that institution being as important as those gardens. Frank never asked me to call on my members, but he did insist that I keep the weeds out. I do not recall that he ever let one get started.

The great hobby with Frank Mallory was counting the "penny collection" Sunday evening, after the night service. He would pour out on the dining-room table the cash received in the basket collections, morning and night. I would join him.

Mrs. Mallory saw to it that we did not starve. He would discuss the various coins as he would count them. With a twinkle in his eye, he would suggest that some well-known skinflint or tightwad had dropped in some twisted penny. "Here's one Carl McWherter bit before he dropped it in," he would say. He and I both thought as much of Carl McWherter as we did of our own kin. "Now here's a nickle that Pete Coffee dropped into the carbolic acid before he gave it to us," he would venture. Pete Coffee was the druggist, and I spent a small fortune with him during those four years. I think I never enjoyed anything in my whole ministry more than I did sitting at that table with Frank Mallory, counting the "penny collections." I never did know why he called them "penny collections." Paris was a rich town and there were more quarters and half dollars and even bills in those collections than in any other I have ever seen counted, but to Frank they were the penny collections.

When we moved to Los Angeles, the train left Paris before daylight. Mrs. Mallory had asked for the privilege of packing our lunch for the trip. At four o'clock in the morning, wife and I and our five little fellows were in the Breakfast Room eating our breakfast. Frank was waiting on us and "Sally" was dishing out the hot biscuits. I can never untie from those moments. The tall, lank, grayhaired Texas banker-from-the-farm poured the coffee, while tears streamed down his weathered face. I don't think he said a

dozen words. He just cried unashamedly. And "Sally" was daubing the corner of her befloured apron into her eyes also. We never left sweeter people or truer friends!

Frank went on ahead of "Sally" by six years. She followed him less than a month ago. They had lived together more than fifty years. I do not think Frank Mallory will run a bank in heaven. I think he will devote himself to growing wheat and fields of corn and lovely gardens and herds and flocks. I think he will live outside the city on the broad slopes where the laughing waters flow. And I'd sure like to have him for a neighbor, for I expect to live out there somewhere, too. I'd like to have our gardens side by side. I've improved a lot since Frank used to hand over the fence the first radishes of the season. And I have learned how to dodge a little better, so that "Sally" couldn't get at me with more work to do every morning.

Really, it would be a scream if St. Peter would appoint Frank to count the "penny collections" and make me his assistant!

Two sweeter, lovelier, more loyal people never came my way, as friends, neighbors and parishioners, than Frank and Sarah Mallory. I think I could live next door to them for ten million years and never tire.

It's funny how when we get in trouble we take so many good folks as a matter of course. As long as such folks live, we feel mighty secure in the knowledge that we don't have to look them up and tell them our troubles — they beat us to the draw every time. Some of them we seldom see because our paths don't cross too often, but whether we have daily contact with them or not, we understand the mutual feeling existing that we're for them and they're for us. Lifelong, true friends cemented to us by a friendship and love that cannot be broken by minor differences, rumors or lack of understanding. They always know where we stand and we have never had occasion to doubt their loyalty to us. There are our long-time friends Bok and Margaret Kimball, Jim and Mae Bell, the McCuistions and Galbreaths, all the Colemans, Morris and Early Fleming, Lloyd and Ruth Deshong and the Hicks', Walter and Ann Beasley and Bob and Norene Keener, Carl and Estelle McWherter and the Baldwins, Hugh and Jimmie Campbell and the Lockwoods, the Thornhills and Mrs. Bill Russell, the Felts, Forts and the Caddels, the Worthams, Lightfoots and Longs, the Procks, Bassanos and Nevilles, Bob and Louise Province, the John and Annie Barnes family, the John Hammans and the Scott Hammonds, the Lige Rogers', Fullers and Adens, the Xarter Andersons and the Bob Hammacks, Mary Lowry and Al Carr and the Boyds, the Alexanders and the Tinnins, the Alexanders and Sam and Lottie Bedford, the Hutchisons, Steeleys and Berrys, and on and on. Then there's Lenoir and Will Burgher in Dallas. Burgher's our double third cousin but as far as being close to us he stands about double first. Never a wedding,

funeral, graduation or other occasion that Lenoir and Will are not present and willing. It's people like all these that make life worth while, and we love them all.

Recent births in the family include: O. D. Amis III born to O. D. and Mary at the Sanitarium of Paris, March 22, 1948; Jane Elizabeth born to John and Virginia Walker, November 7, 1948; Charles Daniel Berry II born to Charles and Caroline at St. Josephs Infirmary February 28, 1949; and John Bernard Mallory born to Jim Bob and Norris at Kahn Memorial Hospital, July 12, 1949. John Bernard was named for John the Baptist, or Corporal John Mallory and for his Uncle Bud—Bernard O'Brien.

I guess life has been pretty good to us Mallorys, all six of the brothers and sisters. We've had lots of troubles like all folks have and have hubbed it many times. But we all married honorable fine husbands and wives who fitted themselves right into the pattern of the Mallory family, and we have always been very congenial and happy with each other. Oh, now and then one of them tells me something smutty about another one, but that sort of stuff runs in well regulated families. I have noticed that when one of us gets in trouble we always know where to turn for help. Mamma and Papa have never treated their in-laws any different than they have their own children and I doubt if one of them would hesitate to say that they have felt about as close to Mamma and Papa as they did to their own parents. I am sure and am proud that there has never been a family more closely bound together than the Mallorys and the men and women they married. Most of us have children who are a joy and blessing to us and who will, I am sure, bring honor to the Mallory name.

Carrie and I do not have, never have had and never will have any worldly goods or chattels, but we do have our children, Jim Bob Jr., and his wife Norris, and Bernard O'Brien and his wife Jessie. And our wonderful grandchildren, Bobby, Carol Kay and John Bernard. Jim Bob is office manager for Mr. Watson, who has the International dealership in Marshall and Carthage, and Jim is a very popular boy with all the folks in Marshall. We are proud of that boy and his wife. They have built a home in Marshall and enjoying life, as they should. Bernard and Jess are in Prineville, Oregon where he too is office manager for a Nationally known lumber company and is doing well. He could not have done better in a marrying way and he and his wife are bound to come through with flying colors.

Madge and Morrison have two fine girls, Mallory and Ann. Mallory is now Mrs. Dwight Koenig and they have two sons, Donald Morrison and Karl. They live in Minneapolis where Dwight has a fine position with Armour and Company. Ann married Thomas Gay and they have five children, Tommie, Susan, Ellen, John and Amy. They live in Dallas, where Thomas is one of the foremost builders and real estate developers.

Young and Helen have two daughters, Caroline and Mary.

Caroline is married to Charles Berry and they live in Longview where Charles is with the East Texas Chamber of Commerce and holds high promise in his field. They have one son, Danny. Mary married O. D. Amis, Jr., who is Vice-President of a wholesale hardware company and is doing well. They live in Paris and have one son, O. D. III.

Hattie Bell and Will Lightfoot have Sarah Etta, Virginia, and William Mallory Lightfoot. Sarah Etta married B. P. Denney Jr., a very talented young man who drew the cartoons for this book. He is in the University of Texas rounding out his education in architecture. They have David and Patricia Claire. Denney is destined to go far since he has a natural bent for architecture and is ambitious. Likewise William Lightfoot who is also working for a degree at Texas in architecture and will make the grade. William married Thelma Knowles and they have no children—yet. Virginia married John Walker who has been in the Saw Mill business with his father in Louisiana, but they have moved to Paris recently where John has entered the dairy business. They have two daughters, Sally Mallory and Jane Elizabeth Walker.

F. D. Mallory Jr., and his wife Inez live in Paris where he is in the photo supply business and has recently taken over the old Mallory farm. They have three very interesting children, Sarah, F. D. III and Milton.

Sarah and her husband Robert Buchanan live in Denver and he manufactures concrete products, incinerators, gutters, drains, etc. They have no children.

A new generation of Mallorys and Bells is coming on now, and there will be more to come. They will have all missed something indeed in that they have not had the privilege of knowing their forebears, James and Magdalene Mallory, and William and Sarah Bell, as well as the combination of these two couples in the person of my parents, Frank D. and Sallie Bell Mallory. To you who have not known these six wonderful people, let me drop a word about the inherent good qualities with which you were born. There will be people in your day who will likely hold themselves out as being better than you are and who will maybe turn up a nose at you. Let me admonish you to be always proud of your heritage and to forever hold your head as high as anyone with whom you are thrown.

Your James Mallory grandparents were hardy, rugged individuals who dared to come out to Texas one hundred years ago and help blaze the trail which the best citizens of this country have wisely accepted as their course. They were circumspect and upright in their living and set an example which we would all do well to adopt as our way of life. Their integrity was never questioned and their aims and purposes were of the highest type. They cultivated the good and turned their back upon what was bad. Both were well educated and their education came the hard way. They may have heard of colleges but they never saw one. They

never asked nor received any help from the Government, but rather when adversity came, they stood up and fought for what they needed and felt they were entitled to. They did not take, but they gave.

William and Sarah Bell contributed much to the moral, educational, social and political development of Lamar and Fannin Counties as well as of the State of Texas. William Bell's influence for good and right was not local in its scope but was state-wide. He disliked the limelight and let the credit for his wise counsel go to somebody else. It was by accident that I learned of the power he exerted in the brilliant careers of the Culbertsons, and of Governors Roberts, Ireland and Hogg, as well as Sul Ross. Others asked and received favors from these men but William Bell never asked nor accepted either. His reward was the satisfaction of knowing that he had contributed something to the welfare of the State and to us who were to come after him. Sarah Bell was one of the best known educators of her time, and many men and women whose names were to occupy prominent places in the history of Texas received their High School education from this brilliant and accomplished woman.

The combined qualities of these two couples—Mallory and Bell—were reflected in their children, Frank Mallory and Sallie Bell Mallory, to whom we owe the credit for our existence and the honor of being a Mallory-Bell. Unlike me, their son, these two grand folks appreciated and took advantage of their inherent goodness and they developed their natural bent for good citizenship as they went along, which made them two of the best citizens and parents, as well as the most highly respected persons of their time.

If you are in doubt about your ancestry there are certain tests which are fool-proof. If you are a Bell you will be very sensitive and a student. You will ask questions of such a personal nature that a non-Bell would not ask them of his own wife without a blush. You will consider a man who does not live up to your ethical standards as "trashy" and will treat him as such. You will have your personal dislikes but your tact and diplomacy will eventually overcome them. You will be socially ambitious and will cut a lot of corners to get ahead socially. You will want to be, and soon will be head of any organization to which you belong. If you are playing a game you will be an overbearing winner or a mean loser.

If you are a Mallory you will carry a chip on your shoulder and the first fellow who knocks it off is in for trouble. You will not only not ask personal questions, but very few of any kind. You will not ask advice from anybody and will resent any advice proffered. If you ever develop a dislike for a fellow you will not try to get that dislike out of your system but will cultivate it as you live, and with careful nursing you will develop it into a sort of mania, or phobia, or obsession and you will neglect your own wel-

fare in order that you may look after and nurse your hate.

These are just the traits which are not nice, and can be overcome by those who care.

If you are a combination Mallory-Bell you will be born with so many fine, honorable qualities that these bad traits will be far overshadowed by the good ones. It is up to each of us to develop either the good or bad and with Frank D. and Sallie Bell Mallory as a background, there is but one reason why one of their combinations should not become and remain an outstanding good citizen as long as he lives. These two were, because they had enough sense and character to overcome the bad and accept the good that was born in them. I did not have either the sense or the character and look at me.

In the foregoing pages I have listed a lot of good and some bad, about all the Mallorys and Bells I have ever known, but have refrained from going too far with my own personal virtues and shortcomings, all for good reason. I cannot for the life of me think of any true virtues to mention, and the sordid story of my shortcomings is too well known for me to put out some good money to have it published. For forty years I have been married to Carrie, as fine a woman as ever lived. She has been wonderful. It is true that there have been times when I thought she was very unreasonable because she could not see eye-to-eye with me on my way of life. Three years ago, almost too late, I came to my senses and realized that she was as right as a fox, and that I have been wrong—oh, so wrong. We can all look back and regret and rue, and if I should let myself go, I could cry my eyes out for the heartaches I have caused my loved ones, the opportunities I have by-passed and the precious time I have wasted over the years. Would it not be foolish for me to sit around and mope, mope, mope about what has gone? Instead, I have to take a different view of things and reconcile myself to the thought that maybe my sons, grandchildren, nieces, nephews and friends may accept my mistakes as danger signals and save themselves the unpleasant experience of growing old to look back upon a mis-spent life. I have at this late date found a new way of life, and with the few remaining hours, days or years allotted to me it is my aim to live each hour so that when Gabriel blows a low note on that bassoon and I am hailed into that High Court for examining trial, I will have in some measure made up to those dear to me for what I have done to them in the past. Nobody has ever discussed religion with me — probably because I have always been afraid to lay myself open for such a discussion. I have no idea what the average man thinks about what will come after the examining trial and the habeas corpus or the corpus delecti, but I do have my own notions, and my mind is closed to any arguments to the contrary. If I did not believe in all sincerity that Mamma and Papa know what is in my heart today, and that they share with me my aims and purposes for the future, I would be a broken man. My strength stems from

the fact that I know that they know, and from the confidence of Carrie and my good friends.

As for the past, I have adopted wholeheartedly and without reservation, the creed of Alcoholics Anonymous, an organization second only to the church as a power for good, and of which I am proud to be a member. My daily prayer is and shall be:

"God, grant me the serenity
To accept thing I cannot change;
Courage to change things I can,
And wisdom to know the difference."

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY

Year	Date	
1733		Chas. Scott born Cumberland County, Va. Frances Howard Sweeney Scott born. (William Bell's Grandparents)
1759	3-11	John Mallory born Orange County, Va. (Our Great-Great-Grandfather)
1764		Jos. Burgher Sr., born Amherst Co., Va. (Grandfather of Magdalene Mallory)
1769		Mary Patrick (Burgher) born (Grandmother of Magdalene Mallory)
1775	7-10	Chas. Scott, Corporal, Battle of Monongahela
1777	7-1	John Mallory enlisted, 2nd. Va. Regiment
1778	6-28	Charles Scott battle of Monmouth
1779	7-15	Charles Scott battle of Stony Point
1780	5-12	Chas. Scott made Brig.-General, wounded and taken prisoner at Charleston
	4-1	John Mallory received discharge from Gen. Scott
1781.		John Mallory re-enlisted for 17 months Same at surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown, a Corporal under Brig.-Gen. Chas. Scott and General Wayne James Mallory, Brother of Wiley, born
1782		Samuel, brother of Wiley Mallory, born
	8-1	John Mallory transferred to Gen. Washington's H. Q.
	9-17	John Mallory discharged 2nd time Cumberland Co. Courthouse
1784		Wiley Mallory, son of John, born (Our Great Grandfather)
1785	6-15	John Mallory Married Lucy Southerland
1786		Mary Coleman Mallory, half sister, Wiley, born
1788		Patsy and Lucy, twin half sisters Wiley, born
1789		Jane, half sister Wiley Mallory, born
1791		Gen. Scott relieved Wayne at Ft. Recovery Elizabeth, half sister Wiley, born
1793		Jos. and Mary Burgher moved to Butler Co., Ky. Sally, half sister Wiley, born
1793		John Mallory moved from Orange Co., Va. to Gochland Co., Va.
1794	8-20	Chas. Scott battle of Fallen Timbers Henry Hickerson Mallory, half brother of Wiley born
1795	5-19	Ann Scott (Burgher), mother of Magdalene Mallory, born
	6-4	Belinda Scott (Bell), mother of William, born
1796		Roger, half brother of Wiley, born
1797	5-27	Robert Bell, father of William, born
1798		John Mallory, Jr., half brother of Wiley, born
1800		William, half brother Wiley born

Year	Date	
1804	6-7	Richard Van Way, father of Sarah Bell, born, N. Y., (Our Great Grandfather) Wiley, Samuel and James Mallory moved to Calloway Co., Ky., from Orange Co., Va. Chas. Scott elected Governor of Ky.
1805	12-25	Wiley Mallory-Martha Freeman married, Nelson Co., Kentucky
1807	1-3	James Mallory born to Wiley and Martha
1810	2-7	Cath. Van Way, mother of Sarah Bell, born, N. Y. Nancy, sister of James Mallory, born Wm. Mallory, brother of Wiley, killed in fight
1812		John Allen Mallory, brother of James, born
1813	9-24	Wiley Mallory enlisted Creek War, Col. Dyer
	10-22	Chas Scott died Woodford Co., Va.
	11-3	Wiley Mallory, battle of Talluschatchie
	11-9	Wiley Mallory, battle of Talladega
	12-24	Wiley Mallory, mustered out—sickness Wiley Mallory served on jury Wm. Outlaw vs Peebles and Wm. Hogan vs. Ben Edwards
	10-8	John Mallory married Nancy Brown in Greene County, Ga. (4th wife)
1814	1-28	Wiley Mallory re-enlisted, Col. Dyer
	3-27	Wiley Mallory, battle of Horseshoe Bend or Tohopeka.
	5-10	Wiley discharged at Dover, Tenn. Jane, born to Wiley and Martha Mallory
1815	12-20	Roger, brother of John, married Eliz. Boisseau, Dinwiddie Co., Va.
1816		Louvicy, born to Wiley and Martha Mallory
1820	2-20	Robert Bell-Belinda Scott married, Rhea Co., Tenn.
1821	11-19	Young Burgher born to Jos. II and Ann
1822	4-7	Pension granted to John Mallory Wiley homesteaded 640 acres, Calloway, Co., Ky.
1824	1-18	Ewing Trousdale born, son of Allen.
	3-4	Magdalene Mallory born to Jos. and Ann Burgher Francis Marion Mallory born to Wiley & Martha
1825	3-4	Harriett Eliz. Jane Bell born to Robert & Belinda
1826		Wm. Trousdale Mallory born to Wiley and Martha
	10-30	James Scott Bell born to Robert and Belinda
1828	12-13	Mary Ann Rebecca Bell born to Robert and Belinda
1830	6-24	Sarah Lord Van Way born, MacArthur, Ohio Joseph Burgher, Magdalene's father died
1831	2-13	William Bell born to Robert and Belinda
1832	6-10	Lavanda Trousdale born, Tennessee
	12-20	Minerva Wortham (Bell) born Robert Bell moved Rhea Co., Tenn., to Cherokee County, Ala.
1833	7-30	John Bell born to Robert and Belinda
	11-20	Sarah Trousdale, half sister Magdalene, born

Year	Date	
1835		David Crockett made his famous "To Tell or Texas" speech from Jas. Mallory's store in Dover, Tenn.
1836	3-13	Sallie Ann Lightfoot (Aunt Sallie Ewing) born
1837	8-24	John Allen Mallory-Elizabeth Peason married
1839		Robert and Belinda Bell to Texas
1840	2-23	Jas. D. Mallory born to J. A. and Eliz.
	3-24	James Mallory bought negro Sam
	11-5	John Mallory died Benton Co., Ala.
1841	10-5	Young Burgher arrived Lamar County from Arkansas
1842	3-1	Belinda Bell (Aunt Bell New) born
	3-1	Belinda Bell, her mother died
	3-29	Jas. Mallory bought Nancy and York (slaves)
	5-15	Harriett Bell-Wm. W. Howeth married
1842	6-13	Robert Bell, father of William, died
	Oct.	Wm. and James Bell left Ruck Co. for Louisiana
		James Bell took mail route, Minden, La.
1843		James Mallory started to Arkansas and Texas
		Wm. Bell took James Bell's mail route
1844		Francis Marion Mallory born to John A and Eliz.
		Wm. Bell arrived Lamar County from Louisiana
	6-11	James Mallory-Magdalene Ann Burgher married
	8-29	Young Burgher-Mary Ann Rebecca Bell married
	9-2	Young Burgher left Lamar County for Butler County, Kentucky to claim grandfather's estate
1845		Young Burgher bought land Lamar County, Wm. Bell helped clear
1846		Wm. Bell started freighting Jefferson to Paris
	2-28	Young Burgher Mallory born Dallas Co., Ark., to James and Magdalene
	8-25	Isadora (Dodie Reed) Burgher born to Young and Mary
	9-13	Mary Jane Mallory born to John A. and Elizabeth
	12-29	Henry W. Lightfoot born
1847		Young Burgher certified by Rev. James Graham to collect funds for building Methodist Church (first in Lamar County)
	3-31	Jones M. Hawkins born Marshall County, Miss.
	3-8	Wm. Wesley Howeth born to W. M. and Harriet
1848	4-15	James Mallory, Jr., born to James and Magdalene
	8-26	Ewing Epps Burgher born to Young and Mary Ann
	12-30	Wm. Trousdale Mallory born to John A. and Eliza.
1849	10-16	Virgil Andrew Howeth born to W. M. and Harriet.
1850	5-1	J. M. and Emaline Campbell to Lamar County from Tennessee.
	5-15	Sarah Mallory born to James and Magdalene Ann.
	8-8	James Bell-Minerva Wortham married.
	10-15	James and Magdalene arrived Lamar County from Arkansas.

Year	Date	
1850		William Bell visited Harriet and met Sarah Lord Van Way.
1851	2-11	Solon Burgher born to Young and Mary Ann.
1851	6-26	Louvicy Mallory born to John A. and Elizabeth.
	13-3	Solon Burgher died.
		-James and Magdalene moved to Samuel Hunter Farm.
		H. W. Harding and J. C. Spann certified in court in Calloway Co., Ky., that Wiley Mallory was of good character.
1852	4-17	Harriett Bell, born to James and Minerva.
	5-30	Elizabeth Mallory born to Jas. and Magdalene.
	9-13	Wm. Bell enrolled Mackenzie College.
1853	1-7	John Foster Campbell born to J. H. and Emaline.
	4-23	Wm. Bell 1st trip to California.
	9-6	Wm. Bell arrived San Francisco.
1854		James Mallory sold Nancy and Little York to Capt. Beauchamp.
	12-27	James and Magdalene Mallory bought 320 acres Lamar County from Samuel Hunter.
	1-25	Nancy Emaline born to John and Eliz. Mallory.
	5-28	Thos Bell Howeth and Louisa May Howeth killed in cyclone at Gainesville.
	8-22	Wm. Bell Burgher born to Young and Mary Ann.
	12-10	John Bell, brother of William died Mackenzie Cillege.
		-Sarah Van Way married Mr. Pasteur.
1855	10-31	Mollie Bell born to James and Minerva.
		James and Magdalene Mallory built home—Lamar Co.
1856	11-12	Wm. Bell Burgher died.
	11-24	Caroline Virginia Mallory born to John A. and Eliz.
	12-20	Wm. Bell left San Francisco for Texas.
1857	1-6	Wm. Bell returned to Lamar Co. from California.
	3-13	Allen T. Mallory born to James and Magdalene.
	2-14	Robert Young Burgher born to Young and Mary Ann.
	10-1	Same, died
		Wm. Bell took degrees Honey Grove Lodge A.F. & A.M.
1858	3-9	Laura Bell born to James and Minerva.
1859	Mar.	Wm. Bell took Royal Arch Degrees, Lafayette No. 48 Paris.
	5-20	Wm. Bell, 2nd trip to California.
1859	9-22	Ballard McDougal Burgher born to Young and Mary Ann.
1860	10-21	Emma O. Bell born to James and Minerva.
	10-19	Paralee Ella born to Tom and Sarah Glass Gibbons (Cousin Ella Rowland)
1861	1-8	Wm. Bell married Sarah Lord Van Way Pasteur.
	2-13	Rev. John O. Ewing—Sallie Lightfoot married.
	5-30	Frank Drake Mallory born to James and Magdalene
	7-10	Sarah Mallory died (sister of F.D.M.).
	10-20	Catherine Lord Van Way died Rosalie, Texas.

Year	Date	
1861	12-15	Mary Catherine Bell (Aunt Mollie) born.
	6-10	Wm. Bell and Young Burgher joined army.
	12-19	Wm. Bell bought land from W. B. Fort.
1862	3-1	Robert Bell Howeth born to W. W. and Harriet.
	5-11	Joseph Trousdale Burgher born to Young and Mary
	9-7	Etta Wooten (Lightfood) born.
		James Mallory appointed Chairman Prec. 3 to look after war widows and orphans "needy and dis- tressed."
1863	3-19	Wiley Brooks Mallory-Mary Alice Morehead married.
	5-5	Hugh L. Ewing born to J. O. and Sallie.
	7-4	William Clinton Bell born to William and Sarah.
	8-8	Ewing Trousdale, step-brother of Magdalene died.
	9-18	Fannie A. Bell born to James and Minerva.
1864	10-1	Robert Young Burgher died.
	11-14	Lena Ewing born to J. O. and Sallie.
	11-29	Young Burgher Mallory died (brother of F.D.M.)
	12-21	Pleas New-Belinda Bell married.
1865	8-22	James Mallory subscribed oath of Amnesty.
	10-5	James Mallory re-appointed J. P., Prec. 3 by Andrew Hamilton, Prov. Gov. of Texas.
		William Bell organized Klu Klux, Naomi, Texas (Grand Dragon).
1866	3-26	Sallie Laura Bell born to William and Sarah.
	6-20	Maggie Burgher born to Young and Mary Ann.
1867	3-3	John W. Reed-Isadora Burgher married.
	3-12	Harriett Bell born to James and Minerva.
	8-21	James Mallory took oath of allegiance to U. S.
1868	4-6	Robert Richard Bell born to William and Sarah.
	5-3	Ewing Epps Burgher-America Jane Hall married.
	Sept.	Frank D. Mallory started to school, Pleasant Grove.
1869	9-26	Thos. N. Bell born to James and Minerva.
	11-6	Harriet Ann Bell born to William and Sarah.
1870	2-29	Laura Reed (Doak) born ot John and Dodie.
1871	5-4	Wiley Mallory applied for pension, Creek War
		Martha, wife of Wiley Mallory, died
		FRANK D. MALLORY met SALLIE BELL at Young Burgher's.
		William Bell elected Junior Warden, Honey Grove No. 164.
	8-8	James Robert Mallory born to Wiley B. and Alice.
	8-30	Tom L. Ford, born.
		William and Sarah Bell moved to Honey Grove.
1872	8-1	Young B. Reed born to John and Dodie
	6-17	Last pension paid to Wiley Mallory.
		Wiley Mallory died, Calloway County, Kentucky.
	8-30	Campbell Sansing born to Ruffin and Dora.
	8-29	Mollie (Daughter of James Bell) married to James O. Bailey.

Year	Date	
1872	10-14	Jones M. Hawkins arrived Lamar County from Miss. William Bell Worshipful Master, H. G. Lodge 164, A.F. & A.M.
	8-22	Nellie L. Bell born to James and Minerva.
1873	6-1	John Milton Mallory born to Wiley and Alice.
	12-3	Ella Council (Buchanan) born (mother of Robert F.).
1874	2-4	J. M. Hawkins-Elizabeth Mallory married.
	5-13	Laura A. Bell married George King.
	11-3	H. W. Lightfoot-Dora Maxey married.
	12-31	Mallory Hawkins born to J. M. and Elizabeth.
1875		William Bell committee No. 3, return and charter Lodges, Grand Lodge of Texas A.F. & A.M.
1876	7-15	Olive Hockenhull born to George and Mildred.
	9-18	Estelle Hawkins born to J. M. and Elizabeth.
	10-6	Young and Mary Ann Burgher moved to Honey Grove.
1877	9-16	J. Wess Reed born to J. W. and Dodie.
	8-1	William Bell organized Honey Grove Chapter No. 142, R.A.M.
	8-1	William Bell, High Priest, H. G. Chapter 142, R.A.M.
	2-22	Dove Roan (Burgher) born, St. Joe, Texas.
1878	6-5	James Mallory, Jr. arrived Callahan County.
	6-6	Same wrote his mother of trip.
	9-12	James Walter Cannon born.
		William Bell, W. M. Honey Grove Lodge A.F. & A.M.
		William Bell to Legislature.
		J. F. Campbell graduated Va. Med. University
		FRANK D. MALLORY to Honey Grove High School.
1879	11-11	James Mallory, father of F.D.M., died.
	11-15	Phil Ernest Hawkins born to J. M. and Bettie.
	12-28	Emma O. Bell married to E. Pendleton.
		Dr. J. F. Campbell practiced medicine Delta County.
1880	June	FRANK D. MALLORY graduated Honey Grove High School.
	1-18	Richard S. Van Way, father of Sarah Bell, died.
	5-1	Dr. J. F. Campbell practiced Brookston.
	6-19	Mac Reed (Dowlin) born to John and Dodie.
	12-21	Nell Hackleman born to George and Della.
		William Bell High Priest Honey Grove Chapter R.A.M.
		William Bell first of 17 consecutive trips to Grand Chapter at Waco.
	July	FRANK D. MALLORY to Jack County with cattle.
	10-28	Same wrote "Ma" that he missed her terribly.
1881		FRANK D. MALLORY returned from Jack County and entered Prof. I. W. Clark's advanced school, Honey Grove.
	3-23	Morrison Elmo Griffith born Conroe.
1882	3-22	Mary Catherine Bell-John Foster Campbell married.
	12-29	B. Mac Burgher-Jessie Williams married.
		William W. Fisher born.

Year	Date	
1882		William Bell, Scribe, Honey Grove Chapter, R.A.M. FRANK D. MALLORY entered Hawkins & Mallory Store as partner.
1883	4-30	Mary Bell Campbell born to J. F. and Mollie.
	3-15	Fannie Bell married William W. Boswell. FRANK D. MALLORY appointed postmaster, Brookston.
1884	6-18	Nellie Hawkins born to J. M. and Elizabeth.
	10-17	William Clinton Bell, died Seymour, Texas.
	12-29	Bird Burgher born to B. M. and Jessie.
1884	10-27	Baby born to Dr. J. F. and Mollie Campbell, died 11-6. William Bell, Tiler, H. G. Lodge No. 164, A.F. & A.M. Joe Burgher, Maggie Burgher, Sallie Bell visited Mal- lory home at Roxton.
1885	June	SALLIE BELL graduated Honey Grove High School.
	10-20	Maggie Burgher to N. Y. for Specialist.
	10-8	FRANK D. MALLORY-SALLIE BELL married.
1886	7-1	William Henry Campbell born to J. F. and Mollie.
	8-6	Ballard Young Burgher born to B. Mac and Jessie. Robert Richard Bell graduated Honey Grove High School. Same taught school.
1887	1-21	James Robert Mallory born to Frank D. and Sallie.
	10-20	Joe Epps Reed born to John and Dodie.
1888	3-11	Will Stewart (Burgher) born in Virginia.
	4-11	W. Lenoir Burgher born to B. Mac and Jessie.
	6-23	F. D. Mallory took E. A. Degree, Roxton Lodge A.F. & A.M.
	7-10	Maggie Burgher-Nat P. Doak married.
	9-15	F. D. Mallory, Fellowcraft Degree, Roxton A.F. & A.M.
	10-14	Magdalene (Madge) Mallory born to F. D. and Sallie.
1889	9-28	Cedric Burgher born to B. Mac and Jessie.
	10-5	Carrie Samphier (Mallory) born to Chas. D. and Helen.
	10-14	Robert Greenwood Alexander born.
	10-31	Mildred Campbell (Alexander) born to J. F. and Mollie.
	11-21	James D. Mallory died Starksville, Miss.
	12-4	H. W. Lightfoot-Etta Wooten married.
	12-20	F. D. Mallory, raised, Roxton Lodge No. 543, A.F. & A.M.
1890	6-16	Lavanda Trousdale Reed, half sister Magdalene, died.
1891		Harry Mallory born to F. D. and Sallie (died in infancy).
	11-11	Nellie L. Bell married John Wentworth. R. R. Bell, B. A. Degree, Univ. of Texas.
1892	2-1	Francis Marion Mallory, son of John A., died.
	5-14	Emma Lloyd Campbell born to J. F. and Mollie.
1892	8-23	Will H. Lightfoot born to H. W. and Etta W.
	June	F. D. Mallory sold interest in Brookston store.
	July	F. D. Mallory defeated for Tax Collector. F. D. Mallory on Demo. Executive Committee.
	11-1	F. D. Mallory opened store at High, Texas.

Year	Date	
1892		R. R. Bell to Gainesville, Campbell Sansing graduated Univ. of Virginia.
1893	1-8	Hattie Bell Mallory born to F. D. and Sallie.
	6-20	F. D. Mallory bought farm at High from Mr. Ezell. J. F. and Mollie Campbell to Chicago Fair. Capt. H. W. Lightfoot Justice, Ct. of Appeals, Dallas. Campbell Sansing to Tulane.
	12-21	Harriett Ann Bell- John Jefferson Poole married H. G. Mallorys moved to High.
1894	7-7	F. D. Mallory elected County Treasurer.
	9-23	John Robert Campbell born to J. F. and Mollie.
	11-15	F. D. Mallory took over office of County Treasurer.
	11-21	Mallorys moved from High to Paris.
1895	1-2	J. R. and Madge Mallory started to Graham School.
	2-20	John Milton Mallory-Elouise Sparks married.
	4-3	F. D. Mallory demitted, Roxton Lodge 543.
	5-16	Same affiliated with Paris Lodge No. 27. Brookston business district burned.
	7-12	Young Burgher Mallory (Son) born to F. D. and Sallie.
	11-21	Mallory Hawkins-Tom L. Ford married.
	12-22	Young Burgher Reed-Lillie Garrison married. F. D. Mallory made Steward Centenary Church. Campbell Sansing graduated Tulane. Same started practice in Brookston.
	6-12	F. D. and Sallie Mallory bought Rountree place, Graham Street.
	9-10	James R. Bell-Josie Simmons married.
1896	3-29	William Waldo Mallory born to J. M. and Eloise.
	7-15	Guy Cornett born to W. D. and Martha. R. R. Bell elected County Attorney, Cooke County.
1896		F. D. Mallory elected Trustee, Centenary Meth. Church. Will Lightfoot entered kindergarten, Dallas.
	1-15	James Robert Mallory and Lula Gore married.
	1-18	Elizabeth Mallory, wife of John Allen, died.
1897	4-22	Elyse Ford born to Tom and Mallory.
	1-19	Robert R. Bell-Olive Hockenhull married.
	8-28	Ewing Epps Burgher died.
	9-2	Mary Elizabeth Doak born to Nat and Maggie.
	10-2	Will Lightfoot started to public school.
	12-5	Charles Burgher Reed born to Young and Lillie.
	3-14	Linvin Doty born, Danville, Ill. F. D. Mallory elected treasurer, Centenary Church. Lightfoots moved back to Paris.
1898	10-11	Marjorie Bell born to Robert R. and Olive.
	11-19	Genevieve Campbell born to J. F. and Mollie.
	12-8	Helen Hutchison born to William A. and Edna. Cousin Wiley Olive visited us from Tennessee. F. D. Mallory made Supt. of Sunday School.

Year	Date	
1899	8-1	Elizabeth Mallory Hawkins died Brookston.
	9-18	Hattie Bell Mallory started to Graham School (Etta Jones).
	9-18	Estelle Hawkins-Campbell Sansing married.
	9-23	F. D. Mallory, Jr., born to F. D. and Sallie.
	12-3	Robert Burgher born to B. Mac and Jessie.
	12-23	Raymond Reed born to Young and Lillie.
1900	1-9	F. D. Mallory elected Asst. Cashier, Paris Exchg. Bank.
	1-24	Mac Reed-Luther Dowlin married.
	3-2	Gilbert Durican born.
	3-2	Noble C. Thompson born.
	7-17	Jack Ford born to Tom and Mallory.
	8-6	James Scott Bell, brother of William died in Calif.
		F. D. Mallory resigned County Treasurer.
1901	4-21	James Walter Cannon-Nena McCaslin married.
	4-24	Joe T. Burgher-Dove Roan married.
	5-26	James Rhodes born in Dallas County.
1901	7-28	Nat Doak, Jr., born to Nat. P. and Maggie.
	8-27	Capt. H. W. Lightfoot died, Skagway, Alaska.
	11-20	Phil Hawkins-Nell Hackleman married.
	12-11	Robert Francis Buchanan born to Robert and Ella.
	7-27	Thos. N. Bell married Sadie McGovern.
		F. D. Mallory to Nat'l. Sunday School Convention, Atlanta, Ga.
1902	5-20	Mac Reed born Trenton to Young and Lillie.
	9-9	Y. B. Mallory (Son) to school, Mrs. Ballinger.
	11-19	Nellie Hawkins-Bernard Simms, married.
1903	1-8	Christine Campbell born to J. F. and Mollie.
	2-20	Nellie Hawkins Simms died.
	1-25	Laura Burgher born to B. Mac and Jessie.
	June	J. R. Mallory Graduated Paris High School.
	7-23	Gordon Earl Cannon born to J. W. and Nena.
	5-2	F. D. Mallory appointed Dist. Rep. Sunday League of America by Bishop Hoss for observance of Sunday.
1904	2-8	Chas. Ragland born to N. H. and Jeanie.
		W. H. Campbell graduated Brookston High School.
	8-28	Laura Reed born to Young and Lillie.
		F. D. Mallory had Diptheria (This is F. D., Jr.)
	10-13	Cecille Sansing born to Campbell and Estelle.
	12-8	John W. Reed died.
		Carrie Samphier (Mallory) finished public school, St. Louis.
		Mary Bell Campbell taught Mary Connor College and T.M.C.
		J. R. Mallory worked nights at Frisco.
1905	1-29	Helen Hawkins (Ragland) born to Phil and Nell.
	2-19	Magdalene Ann Burgher Mallory died.

Year	Date	
1905	1-25	Katie Jeffcoat (Rhodes) born Blue Ridge, Texas.
	12-23	Mary Augusta Cannon born to J. W. and Nena.
	9-30	J. R. Mallory to Paris National Bank.
	8-28	Tallulah Campbell born to J. F. and Mollie (died 2-19-05).
1905	Sept.	Carrie Samphier (Mallory) to Mary Connor College.
		Morrison E. Griffith manager Princeton Baseball Team.
		Morrison E. Griffith graduated Princeton University.
		F. D. Mallory to Graham School (Margie Webster)
		Mary Bell Campbell taught Chicota School until 1908.
1906	3-10	Emelyn Ford born to Tom and Mallory.
	3-31	F. D. Mallory elected City Treasurer.
	1-5	Bernard O'Brien born to Josh and Minnie.
	1-18	Mary Augusta Cannon died.
	5-18	Mildred Campbell graduated Brookston High School.
	10-21	Phillip Hawkins, Jr., born to Phil and Nell.
		Madge Mallory graduated Paris High School.
		Madge Mallory to Kidd-Key College, Sherman.
		Campbell and Estelle Sansing to Courteney, S. D. (until 1916).
1907	3-4	F. D. Mallory Asst. Cashier 1st. Nat'l. Bank, Paris.
	1-18	Elizabeth Cannon (Thompson) born to J. W. and Nena.
	7-7	J. R. Mallory had blood poison, St. Joseph's Inf.
	10-7	Mary Ann Rebecca Bell Burgher died.
	10-21	Maggie Burgher Doak died.
	3-4	F. D. Mallory elected director 1st. Nat'l. Bank (until death).
		Robert Buchanan to Catholic Kindergarten, Stamps, Arkansas.
1908	2-25	Bird Burgher-William W. Fisher married.
	5-12	Wess Reed-Hattie Harvey married, Belton, Texas.
	5-13	Harriett Howeth died.
		Jennie Ligon Howeth, wife of Robert B. died.
		W. H. Campbell to French Drug Store, Dallas.
		J. R. Mallory to American Exchg. Nat'l. Bank, Dallas.
1909	1-6	Laura Reed-Nat Doak married.
	4-28	Madge Mallory-Morrison Griffith married.
	9-8	Joe Cannon born to J. W. and Nena.
1910	1-4	James Mallory, Jr. died.
	1-24	James Robert Mallory-Carrie Samphier (Hill) married.
	5-2	Campbells moved to Paris from Brookston.
		Hattie Bell Mallory graduated from Paris High School.
		Will H. Lightfoot graduated Austin High School.
	7-10	America Jane Hill Burgher died, Petty, Texas.
	11-7	Elyse Ford died, Pueblo, Colo.
	12-7	Joe Epps Reed-Jessie Leverett married.
		Jessie Fisher born to Will W. and Bird.
		R. R. and Olive Bell to Oklahoma City.

Year	Date	
1910	6-17	Pleas L. New died. Robert Buchanan to public schools, Stamps, Ark. Sarah Mallory started to school, Graham School.
1911	3-11	Mallory Griffith born to Morrison and Madge, Conroe, Texas.
	4-7	Inez Davis (Mallory) born to J. W. and Hattie Alzanda Southern Davis.
	1-8	Wm. and Sarah Bell celebrated Golden Wedding, Paris.
	10-23	Nadine Ford born to Tom and Mollie.
	12-1	Campbells moved to new home, Lamar Avenue.
	12-21	Mary Bell Campbell-James Strong married. F. D. Mallory Director Greiner Kelly. Papa bought first car—Hudson 33.
1912	Jan.	F. D. Mallory elected V. P. 1st. National Bank.
	5-12	Ruth Bell, born.
	7-2	Wiley Brooks Mallory died, Mississippi.
	7-22	Marvin Van Zandt Cannon born.
	8-27	Mary Frances Vanlainingham Cannon born.
	8-31	Allen Trousdale Mallory died.
	9-14	Hattie Bell Mallory to Hollins. F. D. Mallory elected Chmn. Board of Trustees Church. Robert B. Howeth died. J. R. and Carrie Mallory lived in Deport. Y. B. Mallory Grad., PHS.
1913	1-6	Young Burgher died.
	5-15	Hattie Bell Poole died, Guthrie, Okla.
	8-12	Wm. Wesley Howeth died. Joe Dudley Fisher born to Will and Bird. Mary Stewart Burgher born. F. D. Mallory in bed months—Hip trouble.
1914	6-12	Mollie Bell Campbell died.
	9-3	W. H. Campbell-Dorothy Rountree married.
	10-2	Hugh L. Ewing died.
	11-3	Emma Lloyd Campbell married Chas. Elliott. Will Lightfoot B S Degree Univ. of Texas. Same enrolled Harvard Grad. School. J. R. Mallory Paying Teller Guaranty St. Kk., Dallas.
	8-27	Elizabeth Scott Hawkins born.
1915		Genevieve Campbell graduated PHS. Helen Hutchison graduated PHS. Morrison and Madge Griffith moved to Paris.
	9-26	Ann Griffith born.
	10-14	James Campbell Strong born.
	12-15	Jos. Young Reed born to Wess and Hattie.
	12-23	Gordon Earl Cannon died. Will Lightfoot finished Post-grad. Harvard. Helen Hutchison to SMU (Zeta Tau Alpha). Y. B. Mallory to SMU.

Year	Date	
1915		Genevieve Campbell to Sullins College.
	9-29	Mary Rachel Elenrode (Strong) born.
1916	3-21	Paris destroyed by fire.
	1-5	Sarah Lord Bell died.
	3-24	Will Lightfoot to Paris from Austin.
	5-31	Guy Cornett graduated A. & M.
	6-26	Chas. Lloyd Elliott born.
	7-21	Thos. Ford, Jr., born Lewiston, Idaho.
	10-25	Jack Hawkins born.
		F. D. Mallory, Jr. graduated PHS.
		F. D. Mallory, Jr. to SMU.
		W. H. Campbell joined Rotary.
		Y. B. Mallory manager SMU Football.
1917	4-6	War declared.
	5-8	Y. B. Mallory to Leon Springs.
	5-10	Will Lightfoot, same.
	1-12	John Robt. Campbell-Francesca Stevens married.
	7-12	Y. B. Mallory Battery F, 133 F A, Capt. A. L. Ward.
	8-20	F. D. Mallory, Jr. to VMI.
	9-10	Mallory Griffith to 4th Ward School (Georgia White).
	9-17	Y. B. Mallory to Camp Bowie, Ft. Worth.
	9-27	Mary Irene Strong born.
		June Fisher born to Will and Bird.
		Patsy Lenoir Burgher born.
	June	Will Lightfoot to Ft. Leavenworth.
	Nov.	Same, made 2nd Lieut.
		Hattie Bell Mallory to Camp Ketchawan, Mich.
		J. R. Mallory to Burton Peel D. G. Co.
		Campbell Sansing in Banking in So. Dakota.
		Hattie Bell Mallory-Frances Kirk to Camp Michigamme.
1918	1-15	Jack Cannon born.
	1-22	Sarah Jane Campbell born.
	3-25	Will Lightfoot 1st Lieut., Eng.
	6-15	Y. B. Mallory to OTC, Louisville, Ky.
	8-31	Y. B. Mallory, 2nd Lieut.
	9-8	Y. B. Mallory to Camp Jackson, Columbia SC.
	9-22	John Thos. Felder Walker born Holloways Prairie, La.
	12-23	Y. B. Mallory discharged Army.
		F. D. Mallory, Jr. to Plattsburg, N. Y. Camp.
		F. D. Mallory, Jr., enlisted marines.
	11-18	Campbell Sansing, Major, sailed for France Base Hosp. 3, 32nd Division.
1919	3-12	Isadora Burgher Reed died.
	5-14	Ballard Burgher-Grace Dexter married.
	6-11	Hattie Bell Mallory-Will Lightfoot married.
	6-18	Mildred Campbell-Bob Alexander married.
		William Fisher born to Will and Bird.
		R. F. Buchanan graduated Castle Heights.

Year	Date	
1919		F. D. Mallory Chairman Building Comm. Church.
	3-3	Will Lightfoot discharged.
1919	5-22	Major Campbell Sansing discharged.
	April	Will Lightfoot re-opened office, Paris.
		Y. B. Mallory with Paris News.
1920	6-18	F. D. Mallory, Jr., Graduated VMI.
		J. R. Mallory took all Masonic degrees.
	9-6	Ann Griffith to 4th Ward School.
	9-25	Mildred Strong born.
	10-1	F. D. Mallory, Jr. to Westinghouse Co.
	1-13	Jack Ford-Elizabeth Bowen married.
		R. F. Buchanan to Culver, Sewanee and VMI.
	7-31	Linven Doty-Harriett Poole married (Doty).
		Emma Lloyd Campbell Elliott graduated Horner Institute.
	1-27	Y. B. Mallory-Helen Hutchison married.
		Y. B. Mallory took Masonic degrees.
	4-28	Guy Cornett-Genevieve Campbell married.
	12-22	Chas. Daniel Berry, Jr. born, Cooper, Texas.
	12-27	Sarah Etta Lightfoot born.
	6-7	Rhea Ritter (Hawkins) born.
	6-4	Christine Campbell graduated PHS.
		Christine Campbell to Maryland College.
1921	2-24	Jim Bob Mallory, Jr. born.
	2-24	Nena McCaslan Cannon died.
	5-10	F. D. Mallory, Jr., took Masonic degrees.
	6-10	Caroline Mallory born.
	7-14	William Bell died.
	9-15	Harry C. Snider-Emma Lloyd Elliott married.
	11-19	B. P. Denney born to B. P. and Abbie.
		Sarah Mallory graduated PHS.
		J. R. Mallory Pres., Paris Shrine Club to 1923.
		Chas. Elliott died, Mexico.
		Campbell and Estelle Sansing in Minneapolis.
1922	2-18	Christine Campbell-Lee Aikin married.
	5-22	Y. B. Mallory and others organized Battery A, 132 F A. TNG.
	9-21	Virginia Lightfoot born.
	11-23	Waldo W. Mallory married Alice Hotchkissorme.
	11-27	James C. Rhodes born.
1922		Joan Burgher born to Ballard and Grace.
		F. D. Mallory to Texas Power & Light.
		Sarah Mallory to Hollins College.
		J. R. Mallory organized Chas. Manton Chapter DeMolay.
		Coleman Sniders to Manila.
	3-6	Jim Bob Mallory, legally adopted.
1923	2-25	Robert C. Snider born, Manila.

Year	Date	
1923	4-13	Betty Ann Doty born. Gloria (Dodie) Burgher born.
	9-25	Mary Mallory born to Y. B. and Helen. Morrison and Madge to Tulsa.
1924	7-14	Norris Rhodes (Mallory) born at McKinney. Coleman Sniders to San Antonio.
	8-2	Waldo W. Mallory, Jr. born. R. F. Buchanan Graduated VMI. R. F. Buchanan founded Buchanan Inv. Co. Sarah Mallory to SMU.
	11-19	Thelma Knowles (Lightfoot) born.
1925	1-21	R. F. Buchanan-Sarah Mallory married.
	1-22	B. Mac Burgher died.
	1-27	William Mallory Lightfoot born.
	1-12	Patricia Campbell born.
	2-22	J. F. Campbell died.
	6-6	J. R. Mallory, Worshipful Master Lamar Lodge 1191, AF & AM.
	9-27	Lee Aikin, Jr. born. Elizabeth Burgher born to Ced and Elizabeth. Campbell and Estelle Sansing to Dallas.
	2-10	Aunt Bell New died.
	3-1	Linven Doty, Jr. born.
1926	6-1	Bill and Dorothy Campbell moved to Clarksville. Coleman and Emma Lloyd to Jeffersonville, Ind.
1927	1-24	J. R. and Carrie Mallory to Amarillo.
	2-23	Y. B. Mallory made Capt. Batt. A., 132 FA.
	6-1	F. D. Mallory from Amarillo to Ft. Worth. Ballard McDougal Burgher II born to W. L. and Will. Lightfoots to Amarillo.
	1-13	Robert Richard Doty born.
1928	4-17	J. R. Campbell, Jr. born. Mallory Griffith graduated Tulsa High School.
	9-18	Mallory to Stephens College.
	9-26	Noble Thompson-Elizabeth Cannon married.
	11-1	J. R. and Carrie Mallory to Tulsa.
	11-9	Morrison and Madge to Chicago.
	12-25	Chas. Ragland-Helen Hawkins married. Adriene Atwell born to Webster and Laura. Campbell and Estelle Sansing to Fargo, N. D. Sniders to Fort Sill.
1929		Inez Davis graduated El Paso High School.
	9-4	Emelyn Ford-Carl Bock married. Diane Burgher born to Ballard and Grace. Inez Davis to Mrs. Gardners School for Girls. Sniders to Camp Devers, Mass.
1930	4-10	Robert Buchanan, father of Robert F., died. Mallory Griffith graduated Stephens College.

Year	Date	
1930	7-15	Bill and Dorothy Campbell moved Clarksville to Paris.
	9-15	Mallory Griffith enrolled Northwestern. Campbell Sansing to Veterans Hosp., Muskogee.
	7-15	Y. B. Mallory to Gulf Oil Company.
	1-19	Tom Ford died.
1931	5-3	Lena Ewing died.
	9-12	Cecille Sansing-Gilbert Duncan married.
	11-2	F. D. Mallory, Jr.-Inez Davis married. David Burgher born to Cedric and Elizabeth. Robert and Sarah Buchanan to Canim Lake, B.C.
	6-13	Mallory Griffith graduated NW University.
1932	6-16	Ann Griffith graduated New Irier High School, Chicago.
	8-13	Nadine Ford married Lawrence Frisch.
	12-14	Sallie Lightfoot Ewing died. Webster Atwell born to Webster and Laura. F. D. and Inez Mallory to Florida.
	7-4	Joe T. Burgher died.
	2-16	Jack E. Doty born.
1933	2-24	Jim Bob Mallory joined Boy Scouts, Tulsa.
1933	3-17	Jim Bob Mallory passed Tenderfoot Test.
	3-7	Banks Griffith, Sr. died. James C. Strong and Chas. Elliott graduated PHS.
	6-8	Jim Bob Mallory graduated Lee Grammar School, Tulsa. Anthony Atwell born to Webster and Laura. James C. Strong to Junior College. James C. Strong to Band, 132 F A.
	8-27	Marvin Cannon-Mary Frances Vanlandingham married. Barbara Burgher born to Ced. and Elizabeth.
1934	8-10	Betty Jane Bock born.
	4-17	Johnnie Bell Poole died. James Strong to John Tarleton College. Rev. Homer T. Fort came to Paris Church.
	2-12	Sarah Inez Mallory born.
	4-28	Mallory Griffith-Dwight Koenig married.
1935	3-5	Howard Bennette died. Y. B. Mallory to North East Texas Motor.
	2-2	Phillip Hawkins-Elizabeth Scott married. James Strong graduated John Tarleton. James Strong entered Baylor Med. School.
	Jan.	Y. B. Mallory to Greenville.
	Feb.	J. R. Mallory to Dallas, Old Age Pension Sup.
1937	2-12	Wm. Mallory Lightfoot, Boy Scouts.
	10-21	Donald Morrison Koenig born.
	11-7	Helen ("Ma") Gault died. Joe Dudley Fisher died.
	Mar.	F. D. M., Mamma, Carrie, Bob to Florida Visit.
1938	4-28	Ann Griffith-Thos. Gay married.
	8-20	F. D. Mallory III born.

Year	Date	
1938	12-4	Thos. Gay, Jr born. J. R. and Carrie Mallory to Paris to Stay. Caroline Mallory graduated Greenville High School. Caroline Mallory to Commerce—School.
1939	3-19	Mary Miner Ragland born. Jim Bob Mallory Graduated PHS.
	11-5	Milton Wiley Mallory born.
	12-4	James Walter Cannon died. Joana Jenkins born to Ray and Mary Stewart.
	6-1	Jack Hawkins graduated Annapolis.
	6-5	James Strong graduated Baylor Med.
	6-5	James Strong 1st Lieut. Med. Reserve Corps.
	7-1	James Strong Intern Gen. Hosp.
1940		John Milton Mallory died in Savannah, Ga.
	3-4	Bernard O'Brien enlisted 38th Inf., Co. L.
	3-18	Dove Roan Burgher died.
	5-15	J. R. Mallory, Jr. to Sherwin-Williams.
	5-20	Jack Hawkins ordered to Shanghai.
	7-1	Dr. James Strong to Bethlehem Steel.
	June	Mary Mallory graduated Greenville High School.
	9-14	Karl Koenig born to Dwight and Mallory.
	Nov.	Homer Fort left Paris for Fayetteville.
1941		Norris Rhodes graduated from PHS.
	4-1	Bernard O'Brien ordered to Trinidad.
	6-16	John Walker enlisted Army.
	8-31	Mary Adela Hackleman died.
	9-9	Jim Bob Mallory operated on at Sanitarium.
	10-3	Joe Larry Cannon born.
	11-29	Jack Hawkins ordered to Philippines.
1942	1-28	Chas. Berry graduated Texas A&M.
	4-7	Same, enlisted Army.
	4-7	J. R. Mallory, Sr., Ch. Auditor, U. S. Engineers.
	4-24	Jas. Strong 1st Lt., Statn Hosp. Ft. Belvoir, Va.
	5-6	Jack Hawkins captured by Japs, Corregidor.
	May	Bernard O'Brien to Waterways, Alberta, Canada.
	June	Caroline Mallory grad. Commerce ETSTC.
	5-31	Jas. String-Mary Rachel Elenrode married.
	6-5	J. R. Mallory, Jr.-Norris Rhodes married.
	7-1	Saretta Cannon born.
	7-25	B. P. Denney enlisted Army Air Corps.
	8-13	J. R. Mallory, Jr., enlisted Army.
	8-21	B. P. Denney-Sarah Etta Lightfoot married.
	Mch.	O. D. Amis, Jr. enlisted Army Air Corps.
1942	8-26	Susan born to Thos. and Ann Gay. John Wesley Reed died.
	Sept.	Caroline Mallory taught school Corsicana.
	12-23	Bernard O'Brien-Jessie Marian Johnson married.

Year	Date	
1943	2-1	Capt. James Strong, Gen. Dispensary, Washington.
	3-24	Frank D. Mallory died, 6:30 A. M.
	3-13	Bernard O'Brien discharged Mstr. Sgt., Finance.
	4-3	Campbell Sansing died—Blossom.
		Caroline Mallory taught, Grand Prairie.
	4-4	Jack Hawkins escaped Jap Prison.
	5-28	Robert Buchanan enlisted Coast Artillery.
	7-1	Wm. Mallory Lightfoot enlisted Navy at Dallas.
	7-4	Same: Arrived San Diego boot camp.
	8-16	David Carl Denney born to B. P. and Sarah Etta.
	8-26	Carol E. Strong born.
	9-4	Robt. Buchanan finished C. A. School, Fort Monroe, Va.
		Same: Sent to Ft. Winfield Scott, San Francisco.
	9-4	Jim Bob Mallory discharged Army, account eyes.
	9-7	Same: Re-entered employ Sherwin Wms., Marshall.
	9-17	F. D. Mallory, Jr. enlisted Sarasota.
	10-24	Wm. Lightfoot sailed U. S. S. Gridley.
	11-1	Jack Hawkins reached Australia.
	11-13	J. R. Mallory III born, Marshall, Texas, 6:00 A. M.
	11-18	Wm. Lightfoot crossed equator, Gilbert Islands.
	12-17	Jack Hawkins reached U. S.
	12-20	John Walker promoted to Capt., 14 Mech. Cavalry.
	12-23	Jack Hawkins-Rhea Ritter married—Annapolis.
1944	1-17	Capt. F. D. Mallory, Jr. sailed for England.
	3-14	J. R. Mallory opened accounting office—Paris.
	4-1	B. P. Denney to Okinawa until 12-18-44.
	4-19	1st Lieut. R. F. Buchanan to Camp Barkley, 4th Army.
	6-16	Same to Ft. Monroe, Va.
	6-16	Capt. F. D. Mallory, Jr. took over Civil Affairs, St. Aauveur Le Compte.
	7-24	Ellen born to Thos. and Ann Gay.
	8-28	Capt. Jno. Walker sailed Queen Elizabeth—France.
	9-4	Lieut. R. F. Buchanan discharged Ft. Sam Houston.
	12-18	Capt. John Walker wounded Battle of Bulge, Belgium.
1945	Jan.	R. F. and Sarah Buchanan to Denver to live.
	2-1	Capt. F. D. Mallory, Jr. entered Waxweiler, Germany
	3-10	Wm. M. Lightfoot arrived San Diego.
		Robert R. Bell died Oklahoma City.
	4-14	Capt. John Walker arrived U. S., Queen Elizabeth.
	4-18	Chas. Berry promoted 1st Lieut.
	4-29	John Phillip Hawkins born.
	6-5	Jack Hawkins returned to U. S. from Okinawa.
	6-15	Capt. John Walker arrived Boston from France.
	7-12	Nancy Bell Strong born to James and Ray.
	10-15	J. R. Mallory, Jr. left Sherwin-Williams Co.
		Same: To Marshall Tractor and Imp.
	11-14	Capt. John Walker-Virginia Lightfoot married.
	12-1	Capt. James Strong promoted to Major.

Year	Date	
1946	Jan.	O. D. Amis discharged Tyler, Texas.
	1-12	B. P. Denney discharged—935 Eng.
	1-19	John Banks Gay born to Thomas and Ann.
	1-26	Capt. John Walker discharged Brooks Hospital, San Antonio.
	1-30	Maj. James Strong discharged.
	2-25	John Mallory Hawkins born to Jack and Rhea, Detroit.
	3-1	Dr. James Strong, post graduate, Baylor University.
	3-20	Wm. Lightfoot discharged, Norman, Okla.
	6-24	Capt. Chas. Berry discharged.
	7-24	Wm. Lightfoot entered Bowdoin College.
	8-13	Carol Kay born to J. R., Jr. and Norris—at Marshall.
	9-28	Wm. Lightfoot left Bowdoin College.
	11-30	Chas. Berry-Caroline Mallory married, Paris.
	12-1	Capt. F. D. Mallory, Jr. promoted to Major.
	12-7	Same: Discharged, San Antonio.
	12-9	James Strong, Lieut. Col., 210 Med. Btn., T.N.G.
1947	5-21	Patricia Claire Denney born to B. P. and Sarah Etta.
	5-29	Sallie Mallory Walker born to John and Virginia.
	6-20	Mary Mallory-O. D. Amis, Jr. married.
	6-24	Jane Scott Hawkins born to Phil and Elizabeth.
1948	3-22	O. D. Amis III born to O. D. and Mary.
	8-22	Wm. Lightfoot-Thelma Knowles married.
	11-7	Jane Elizabeth born to John and Virginia Walker.
	9-7	Wm. and Thelma Lightfoot to Austin (University).
1949	2-28	Chas Daniel III born to Charles and Caroline Berry.
	4-4	Sallie Bell Mallory died.
	1-1	Chas. and Caroline Berry to Longview.
	2-28	Chas. Daniel Berry III born to Chas. and Caroline.
	4-4	Sallie Bell Mallory (Mamma) died.
	7-12	John Bernard Mallory born to J. R., Jr. and Norris.
	9-8	B. P. and Sarah Etta Denney to Austin (University).
	9-12	David Denney started school—Austin.
	Oct.	John and Virginia Walker moved to Paris.
	10-10	Bobby Mallory III to kindergarten, Marshall.
1950	1-1	O. D. Amis made V. P. National Hardware.
	2-17	Rachael Irene born to James and Rachael Strong.
	2-23	Robert C. Snyder II born to Robert and wife.
	2-27	Amy Appleton born to Thomas and Ann Gay.

